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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

THE Canadian Communists (for whom the newly arrived Russian Minister to Canada expressly takes no responsibility) may possibly have gone a little too far in their newest "party line" of extreme urgency for the maximum war effort, and extreme denunciation of the bourgeoisie and the capitalists for half-heartedness and an inclination to fascism. The truth probably is that they cannot help themselves. They are too well drilled, too responsive to the word of command. Once the party line has been decided on, they all sing it at once, in exactly the same phrases, somewhat like a church congregation reciting the creed, only much noisier and more pugnacious. After a few weeks of this recitation it becomes evident to even the dimmest-minded that here is not an ordinary party, composed of people who are doing at least a little of their own thinking and have arrived at more or less similar conclusions by different routes, but a small and highly trained chorus, taking words and tune from the printed text and time from the baton of the conductor. And Canadians do not like highly trained choruses in their political life, especially when they sing foreign music. They like it still less when they remember that the singers were singing an entirely different tune less than eighteen months ago.

Canadians do not like being told, by people who less than eighteen months ago were bidding them keep out of the war, that they and the British and the Americans ought to be immediately invading Europe. They like it less now that they have had time to think about Dieppe and all that it implies. They know that the reasons why they are not invading Europe are not that they or their governments are fascist-minded or terrified or that their own people and the people of Britain and the United States are soft. They have the profoundest admiration for the heroism of the people of Russia, but they do not see why that heroism should be used for the advancement of a Canadian political party. And they do not think the Communists are entitled to make half so much noise as their precision drill enables them to make. So if the Canadian Communist conductor is wise he will put his choir into pianissimo for a few weeks. Too long continued a chorus of "Second Front" might even impair Mr. Tim Buck's chances of being a Controller of Toronto, let alone getting into Mr. Hepburn's cabinet.

Divide the Enemy

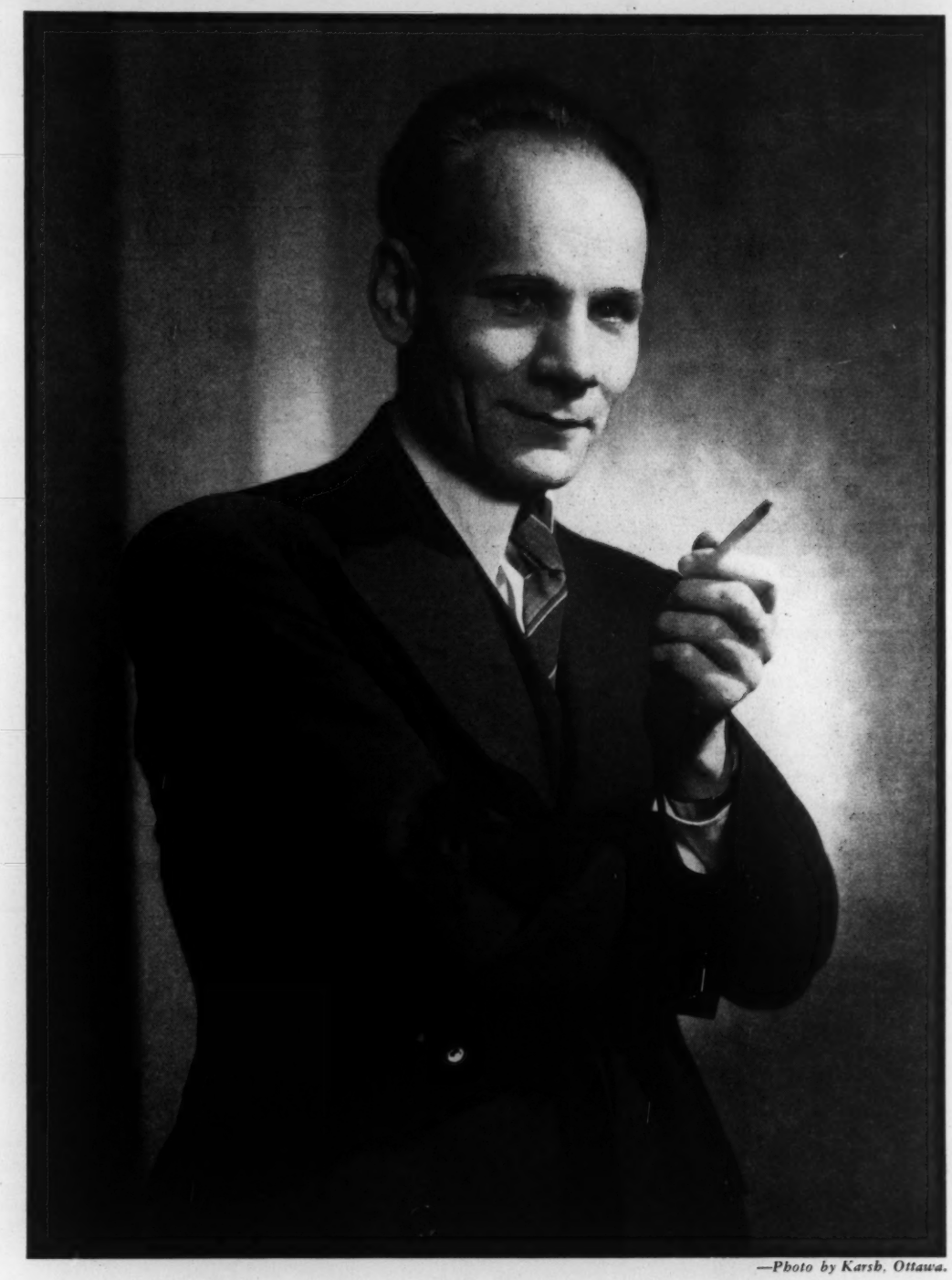
DURING the early months of the war we entertained much too optimistically as we now realize, but not without support from official British opinion at the time—the belief that by the judicious use of propaganda the Germans could be divided into good Germans and bad Germans, and the good Germans could be largely dissociated from the German war effort. The event proved, not necessarily that there are no good Germans, but that there were not enough good Germans who could be dissociated from the war effort to make any appreciable difference.

The time seems to have arrived, however, when by the judicious use of propaganda a very real division could be established between Germans (and Italians) who are tired of the war and are not so personally responsible for its atrocities as to be afraid of vengeance when it comes to an end, and Germans who are not tired of it or who fear its ending more than they fear its continuance. For the war is moving rapidly into its fourth winter; and this time it is the second war within German memory that has moved into its fourth winter, and the first one does not afford a very hopeful precedent. (Have you noticed that the word Blitzkrieg has disappeared from all war commentaries?)

Mr. Roosevelt seems to have a more lively appreciation of this fact than some of the other United governments; the British have not as yet gone as far as they might, and the Russians, with their impractical scheme for the immediate trial of Rudolf Hess, have gone too far. (They seem indeed to be making it their consistent tactics to demand more of the British than it would be wise to concede, which may be a part of their manoeuvering for position at the peace table.) A joint proclamation by all the United Nations that persons accused of atrocities will be tried by an international court, and the continuous publication of new lists of names of persons against whom such charges are being prepared, accompanied by assurances that these will be the only punitive measures to be taken and that only individuals with real responsibility will be punished, should have a most valuable effect. Needless to say, the holding of any office in the Nazi party above a certain grade would be regarded as prima facie evidence of responsibility for the conduct of the Germans in Poland and other occupied countries, and all members of the Gestapo, of whatever rank, should be automatically included. There need be no difficulty about including Herr Hitler in the first list; his position in no way resembles that of the Kaiser at the end of the last war, for he is not and never was a "legitimate" ruler, having risen to power by long-continued violence and conspiracy.

Mr. Roosevelt's idea of relieving the Italians in the United States from the stigma of being "enemy aliens" was a most happy inspiration, and could well be followed by Canada. In the United Kingdom there are not enough of them to matter much, and the fact that the whole country is a potential battlefield may make such a policy hazardous.

An assurance that food supplies would be made available to Germans as soon as the urgent requirements of the nations which they have despoiled have been met would be both sound humanitarianism and sound tactics. Expensive though it would be, it is nevertheless cheaper to feed Germans than to fight them; and the withholding of food from an entire nation is not a proper way of punishing it for its misdeeds.



—Photo by Karsh, Ottawa.

Feodor Gusev, first Soviet Minister to Canada, is now in Ottawa. A typical Russian, he smokes his cigarette in Continental manner.

What Size Army?

See article by Maxwell Cohen, page 6.

On Making Tea

WE HAVE noted for some time past what strikes us as an odd attitude on the part of a great many Canadians towards that unhappily-named institution, "domestic service"; and our reflections on this subject were brought to a head this week by a letter from a reader who protests against the *Punch* cartoon used in our own Victory Loan advertisement, on the ground that the old lady should have been making her own tea instead of having it made for her by her maid, thus releasing the maid for work in a war industry. The cartoon of course was published in *Punch* a year or more ago, and we have no doubt that the dear old lady with the gun has long since, like the Miniver family, had to give up all claim to have anything done for her in her own establishment. At the same time we feel impelled to set down a few ideas on the subject of the making of tea for other persons, which we fear our more rampant equalitarians are in danger of losing sight of.

We are still rather strongly attached to the principle of the division and specialization of labor, purely on the ground of economic efficiency. It seems to us to be better that men and women should spend most of their time doing the one or two jobs for which they are equipped and qualified, especially when these happen to be rather important jobs, than that they should have to take time off from these to make their own tea, their own beds and their own garden vegetable plots, on the principle outlined last session by the C.C.F. in the House of Commons.

The point is simple. Beds must be made; tea must be made; garden vegetable plots must be made. Is it wise to demand that all these things, and many like them (such as the sweeping of the floor and the washing up of the tea-things) should in all cases and at all times be done by the person who consumes the tea and sleeps in the bed and walks on the floor—or by some member of his family working without wage, if that arrangement be permitted by the more equalitarian of our critics? Suppose that the person in question is a cabinet minister and (as some cabinet ministers are) a bachelor; must he drop his cabinet ministering to minister to his own rather elementary domestic requirements? Is not an hour of cabinet-ministering worth more to the country than an hour of dish-washing? And if so, is it not proper that a cabinet minister should be paid enough to enable him to pay somebody else to do his dish-washing? Of course, if the dish-washer could do the cabinet-ministering, that is another matter, and the extreme equalitarian view seems to be that she (or he) could do it just as well as the cabinet minister. In the early days of the Union of Socialist Soviet

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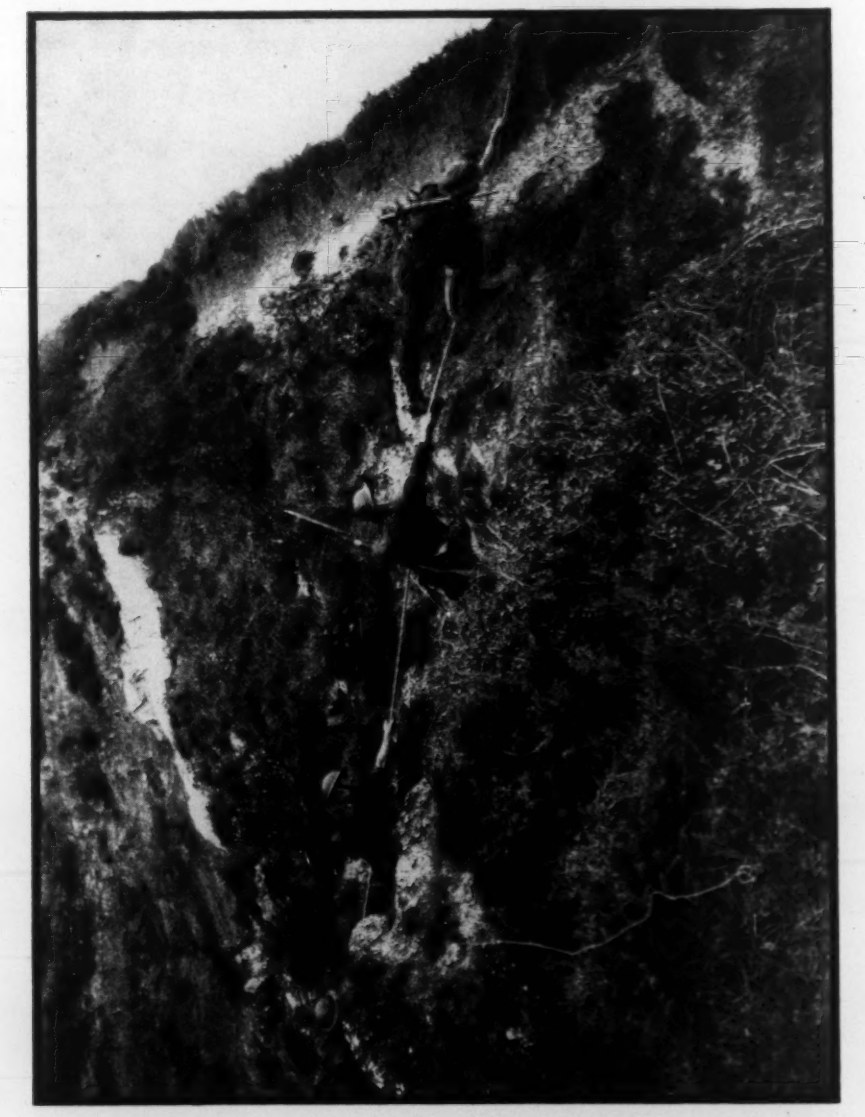
"This thing is really just beginning. We have just succeeded in not losing this war. Now we have got to start winning. The battles are yet to be fought." Thus spoke Canada's Defense Minister last week in a message to the 500,000 Canadians now on active service. That these men are ready to win the battles yet to be fought was impressed upon Col. Ralston during his recent tour of inspection in Britain. He saw "tough" troops carry out assault exercises calling for almost super-human endurance. Some of these exercises are pictured here. Above, landing is effected through barbed wire; below, scaling a cliff under fire from live ammunition. Note that climbing men carry full battle equipment.



Below: stripped to the skin, clothes and equipment kept dry in ground sheets, these men cross a fast flowing river in face of "enemy" fire.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

A Trojan Horse for Labor

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN A RECENT issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, Mr. Raymond Arthur Davies refers to Mr. Hepburn's new attitude toward labor. He cites as evidence of a new attitude, Mr. Hepburn's attempts to secure the release from internment camps of noted communists, his attempts to have the ban on the Communist party lifted, his support of the W.E.A. and lastly, his promise of a bill making collective bargaining compulsory.

We know nothing as yet of Mr. Hepburn's proposed labor legislation. While Mr. Hepburn has served notice on employers that they will under this act be compelled to accept collective bargaining, not much has been said of what compulsion will be placed upon labor. But the Toronto *Evening Telegram* lost no time in suggesting that labor unions should be compelled to incorporate.

If the act contains a clause, as we imagine Mr. Hepburn's bill might, calling for the incorporation of the trade unions, organized labor might well be in a worse, not a better position. The English and American unions have put up a steady and successful fight against the incorporation of trade unions. If a trade union is incorporated, not only may its officials be sued, but its membership lists and financial status must be publicly accounted. By thus publicly declaring its strength a union loses one of its chief weapons, safety for its members.

The city of Troy fell when the naive Trojans accepted the gift of the Greeks and brought the wooden horse into the city. Mr. Hepburn's compulsory collective bargaining act may well be a wooden horse for Ontario labor.

May I suggest another possible interpretation of Mr. Hepburn's latest change of front than that given by Mr. Davies? Has the leopard really changed his spots? Is it not possible that Mr. Hepburn, having failed completely in his total war upon the C.I.O.'s economic front, is now seeking to outflank them on the political front. We cannot be expected to close our eyes completely to Mr. Hepburn's past record. He went into his last election promising to crush the C.I.O. In subsequent speeches he gave offence to both the United States and Russia, with both of which he believed the C.I.O. to have entanglements. As late as last March the power of the provincial government was used to break the C.I.O. strike at Kirkland Lake. In the February by-election in York South, Mr. Hepburn, speaking on behalf of Mr. Meighen, referred to the CCF as the political arm of the C.I.O.

What has happened in the meantime? Notwithstanding all Mr. Hepburn's huffing and puffing, both C.I.O. and A.F. of L. organizations have expanded enormously. More than that, a few weeks before Mr. Hepburn's about-face, a large gathering of trade unionists representing both C.I.O. and A.F. of L. had recommended the political affiliation of trade unions with the C.C.F. Was this a mere coincidence?

The large vote polled by the C.C.F. in the B.C. and Nova Scotia elections and the victory in the South York and Edmonton by-elections, as well as the recent Gallup Poll, are all evidence of C.C.F. growth. Mr. Hepburn cannot discredit it, but it looks very much as though his latest move is a smart political one under the guise of total war to deflect a certain section of the trade union vote from the C.C.F.

The drift of the political current, at present, seems clear. Mr. Hepburn having discredited himself with the Liberal party is hoping to capitalize on all discontent with our war effort. He hopes to swing behind his band wagon the conscription forces, Conservative, Liberal and Communist. He hopes by flag-waving to divert attention from his gross mismanagement of the job to which he was elected.

Were it not of such importance to our country, we might accept Mr. Davies' suggestion that Mitch Hepburn was the only politician who worked for the release of the communists, the lifting of the ban on the party, the restoration of the grant to the W.E.A. and the advocacy of collective bargaining. May I modestly call attention to the fact that in every case Mr. Hepburn's blow was struck very late in the battle and that in most cases the leaders of the C.C.F., both in Parliament and out, along with liberal-minded gentlemen of other parties, had fought diligently for years before Mr. Hepburn was heard from?

The workingman is not likely to be so misled, by Messrs. Jackson, Sullivan and Burt. Some workers will follow their leadership, but the mass of the Canadian workers do not forget that two years ago when France lay dying and Britain gasping for breath our Communist leaders were trying to sabotage what they termed imperialist war. Canadian workmen who have been giving all they have for four years to the support of the war are unlikely to be affected by the dramatic exhortations of Messrs. Hepburn *et al.*

I and many others have advocated the lifting of the ban on the Communist party not because I believe in their belief but because I believe in democracy. Much as I admire the Russian economic system and always have, and much as I admire their heroic struggle against Hitler, I cannot accept their political system. I must still pin my faith to British constitutional democracy. It is because of our faith in British democracy that we of the C.C.F. have been unable to make a working alliance with the Communist party. Mr. Hepburn has, of course, no troublesome scruples in this regard.

J. W. NOSEWORTHY, M.P.
Toronto, Ont.

The Belleville Key

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE story of the Belleville key
Has fairly landed back on me
And proved a perturbator.
Allow me now the truth to tell
And all will rosy be and well
With this poor Moderator.

The key, a symbol or a sign
Of Belleville's graciousness benign
Was truly given to be mine
As being Moderator.
A replica of Belleville's keys
To homes where welcomes always please
Each visitator.

A gift it was; and though not gold
It spoke of that which from of old
Is worth much more—
The friendly heart that chiefly can
Bring comfort to a brother man. . .
Whereof we found great store.

Wherefore I'll do what Belleville meant
And keep the key so given, not lent,
For all the folk I represent.
And maybe later,
Remembering those hearts of gold,
I'll hand it to the Church to hold.

Yours truly, SCLATER.
Toronto, Ont.

Dorothy Duncan's Book

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THERE appeared recently in SATURDAY NIGHT a letter concerning Dorothy Duncan and her new book, "Bluenose: A Portrait Of Nova Scotia," signed by Mary Flett of Saint John, N.B.

I am puzzled to know *why* Mary Flett wrote her letter. "Bluenose" sets out to be a portrait of a province. Does Miss Flett, in effect, warn us not to read the book because she honestly thinks it is not a true portrait of a lovely land and an interesting people? She is entitled, of course, to her opinion, and so am I to mine. I have spent only two summers in Nova Scotia, and am quite aware of my limitations as a judge, but as far as I can tell there *is* truth in this portrait—truth, because of the author's shrewd observation, her knowledge of other lands (making a narrow provincialism impossible), and her generous warm-hearted understanding of other folk.

Could it be that Miss Flett is such an ardent lover of her native city that certain observations uncomplimentary to it in Miss Duncan's previous volume, "Here's To Canada," have rankled until the poison must out? I can hardly believe that. I seem to remember that Miss Duncan was not very kind to Toronto which is *my* home town, but I did not on that account admire any the less her wise and witty book.

But "Bluenose" is not only a portrait of Nova Scotia painted by one who possesses the artist's eye and the artist's hand, it is, as the author candidly informs us in the prologue, "the story of how an American fell in love — not suddenly and irrevocably, but slowly and sometimes painfully—with a land and a people as foreign to her Yankee spirit as though they spoke a strange language and lived half-way across the world, instead of next door."

I find that story one of the most interesting and important things in the book. Has Miss Flett ever reflected upon the need for better American-Canadian understanding? Here is an answer—in miniature, perhaps—but with implications as great as a great theme demands. With this story is inextricably intertwined Miss Duncan's own story of love and happy marriage to a Nova Scotian, and very gently, deftly and delicately are these shining golden threads woven into the pattern of the whole.

ETHEL HUME BENNETT.
Toronto, Ont.

How I Save Gasoline

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WE ARE all trying to be patriotic even in small things these days. One way is to save gasoline. Even if one has a priority rating, every gallon saved means more power for the national effort.

My first device is a simple one. I walk where I used to ride. Instead of going to the drug store, the post office or the church by car, I walk or take the street-car. This is not a waste of time because I get needed exercise which used to go for tennis or golf.

My work happens to require a car to visit certain war camps. Even so, I have discovered a way to save at least fifteen per cent of my gas—by coasting. Whenever we come to a good down grade I put the car in neu-

(*Continued on Page* 21)

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THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

Republics something like this idea seems to have been prevalent; it will be remembered that the management of the school system was placed in the hands of the school janitors, but the practice was soon abandoned, and there is now a careful evaluation of abilities and a frank recognition that special ability must be specially rewarded.

Some regard must be had, also, to the feelings of labor. There are people, strange as it may appear, who prefer dish-washing (probably because they are used to it) to munition-making; and we have not yet taken to compelling people to make munitions. If the domestic servant in the *Punch* cartoon wanted to make munitions, and was capable of being useful at it, she was perfectly at liberty to do so; it was by her own choice that she went on making tea. If war industry absolutely needs her labor, as it no doubt does in England today, and is able to use that labor effectively, then we are as ready as the C.C.F. to withdraw her from domestic service, for the duration. But let us not get the idea that domestic service performed for a cabinet minister, or for anybody else who is employing some special and valuable skill for the benefit of the community, is labor misapplied, and that the domestic servant, however reluctant, must be dragged off to do something else which is only ranked as more important because it is less "menial," whatever that means.

And may we add that Mr. Ilsley's income tax provisions have so cut down the differential between the reward of editing and that of domestic service that we are now making our own tea and our own bed and getting our own breakfast? If our readers notice any deterioration in our editing, that is undoubtedly the explanation.

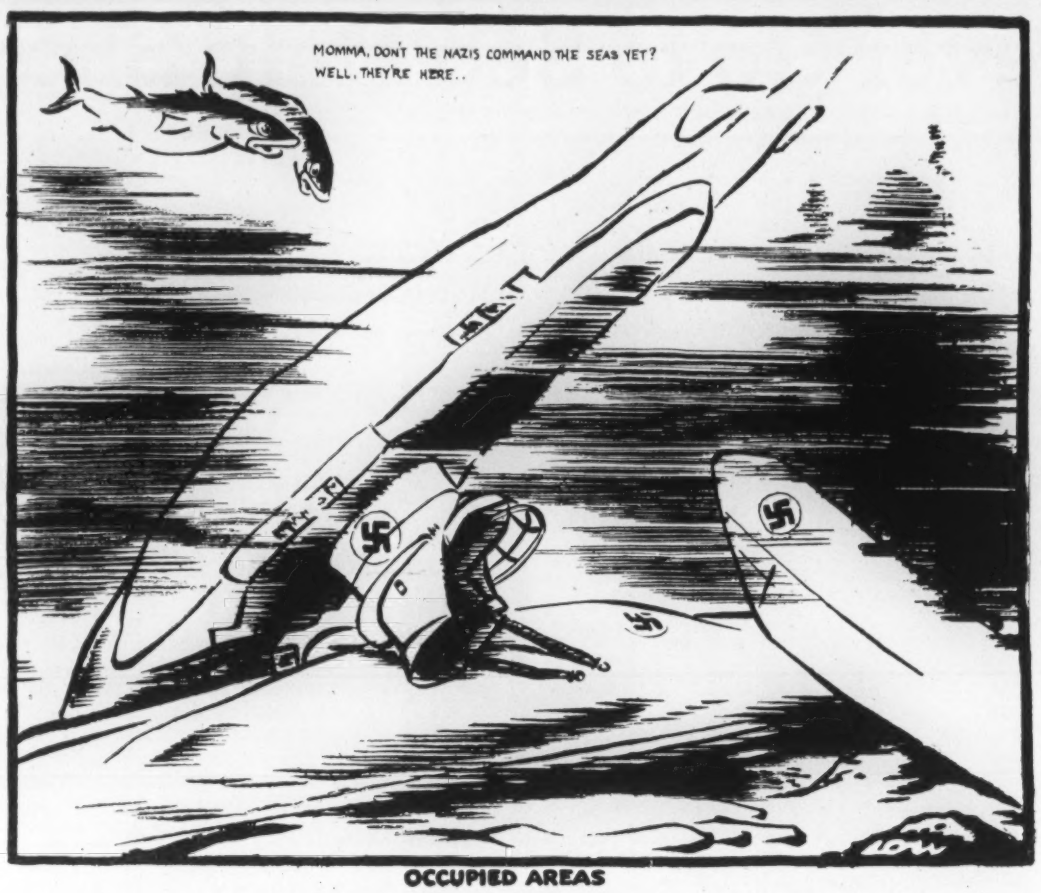
Good at the Time

"IT LOOKED like a good idea at the time" is probably about all that can be said now in support of the price-freezing method which was chosen by the Canadian Government a year ago as the best available method of preventing inflation. Price-freezing is simply one out of many possible methods of price-fixing. At the beginning of a period of price-fixing it looks like the best method, because the most "natural" one, and the one which calls for the minimum exercise of discretionary power; it simply establishes "for the duration" whatever price relationships existed at the moment when price-fixing began.

But in a non-compulsory economy—and we are still refraining from compelling people to produce what we want produced though we are to some extent and indirectly compelling them to stop producing what we don't want produced—the only force which brings about a constant adjustment of production to demand is the constant adjustment of the price relationships between different commodities. And the price-freezing method prohibits that adjustment of price, and hence prevents that adjustment of production.

Foodstuffs are a kind of goods of which it is almost impossible to maintain the production if the producer can make more money by doing something else; and foodstuffs are to a large extent frozen at so low a level that great numbers of farmers and farmers' helpers can do much better for themselves by going into war industry at a wage which has been frozen at a very high level indeed. This situation exists because the relation between farm products and farm labor on the one hand and war factory labor and war factory products on the other hand was not properly adjusted at the time when the price level was frozen. Agriculture was then only beginning to feel the pull of industry competing for its labor supply; it is now feeling it much more sharply. The price of agricultural products was depressed by long years of bad markets, unemployment, and consequent reduced buying power among the industrial classes; it was beginning to show signs of recovery, and would long before now have recovered quite extensively if the freezing policy had not prevented it.

The close of the war may be a long time coming and it may not. When it does come it will release a starving continent from the chains of its temporary conquerors, and start such a demand for foodstuffs, for immediate supply, as the world has not experienced in all its history. For Canada to cramp her own foodstuff production by an unwise price policy—a price policy justifiable only by the anxiety of its controllers to shoulder all responsibility for their actions on to the accidental combination of circumstances which was operative in September 1941—may contribute to a world-wide disaster.



OCCUPIED AREAS

Remember the Farmer

CONSIDER now the farmer down Essex way who usually has a hundred acres in sugar-beets. This year, owing to scarcity of labor, he planted none but went to a near-by town and got employment in a munitions plant at seven dollars a day. When he was urged to reconsider he wasn't impressed by the argument. He believed that in the past the tests for sugar-content of his crop had been too rigidly applied; weather-conditions affecting the beets had not been taken into consideration. Too often the money return for his labor and general outlay had been unsatisfactory.

A like situation has appeared in other beet-growing areas, with the consequence that one of the two big refining plants in South-western Ontario stands idle, the million-dollar investment making no return; and this at a time when sugar, a prime necessity of life, is doled out on a ration.

A farmer in the neighborhood says gloomily: "It's not in beets alone. Other food-products are not coming on the market in usual quantities. The farmer can't be expected to work without a profit. Nobody else does. And unless there's a change in policy pretty soon, I look for a sharp scarcity of food within two years."

Everyone admits that agriculture is the most important activity in Canada. But if by reason of carelessness or misunderstanding on the part of our governors it is allowed to become an uneconomic pursuit the consequences will be disastrous.

Sporting Event

WHETHER by mental habit or by ordinary "dumbness," a lot of people in this Dominion are still looking upon this war as a game; a contest, to be reported like the World's Series on the Sports Pages. They follow it on the radio or in the newspapers with the same air as if they were mere spectators.

People in England have no such detachment. To them the war is a personal threat of robbery and murder. That is to be expected when 50,000 civilians have been killed by bombs and thousands more maimed for life.

Here in Canada no bombs have fallen, but in the St. Lawrence ships have been torpedoed and in the Gulf a ferry-steamer crowded with civilians has been sunk. The relatives and friends of the murdered folk are not thinking in terms of the Sports Page, but rather in the spirit of the Prophet Isaiah, waiting "for the arrogancy of the proud to cease and for the haughtiness of the terrible to be laid low."

It's a personal thing now, a driving of spears towards them and all their peace, a threat of disaster beyond all imagination to picture. So it is also to the kin of the men who died or were riddled with lead at Dieppe or at Hong Kong.

But for the many who as yet are untouched by grief, the world goes on as usual; so much attention to their jobs, so much recreation, so much social pleasure. The war to them is a mere inconvenience spelled in the rationing of sugar and tea, not a catastrophe that may strip them naked to the north-west wind.

Therefore in order to sell Victory bonds and help avert this black menace the Government finds it necessary to stir up a fever of publicity and high-pressure salesmanship. The money will be raised, but it would come in more quickly if the ordinary citizen could realize that the war is against *him*, instead of against Canada.

A Health Campaign

THE Tri-City Institute of Public Health announced for the week just ended in Toronto, Hamilton and London should be merely the beginning of a much wider work of the same kind, and we have no doubt that its promoter, the Health League of Canada, hopes that it will be. The main immediate aim of the three conferences is the reduction of industrial absenteeism due to illness; and at the present moment there is of course much more than a dollars-and-cents saving in mind, for absenteeism is proving one of the heaviest drains upon war-production efficiency.

War confers a great many benefits, and not least among those which it is conferring upon Canada is a great increase in the national consciousness on the subject of health. We not only know vastly more than we did about the prevention of illness by co-ordinated effort, but we are becoming more and more determined to make the effort.

We wonder however whether the people who are most ardent for reducing sickness among industrial workers have ever thought of the correlation between such sickness and the system of paying wages for time worked only, or in other words the absence of wage-paid holidays. In cases where there is no wage-paid holiday, and where the worker has heavy family responsibilities, there is a strong tendency to go on working without let-up so long as work is available and the worker's health suffices. A mild illness is then the only circumstance that will compel the worker to take a needed time off for rest; and we have all known cases where the physical condition was actually improved after an illness, not because of the illness, but because of the rest which it imposed. It will, we think, be found that a reasonable holiday system, such as has in the last few years become common in the better-managed industries, is a necessary concomitant of any good industrial health program.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE with a dinge on our modesty a tribute of personal compliment which ends as follows:

"J. E. M., neither fulsome or messy
Admired by all others and also S.S.C."

We wait his treatment of a less embarrassing subject.

•

"So you're going to get into this embroglio," said the University girl at the dance to the rookie. So new was he that his khaki pants were still pressed.

"Not me!" he replied. "But I'll try the rhumba. That's the only new dance I know, and I'm not so hot at that."

•

PRE-CHRISTMAS

When little Nick was three years old at Christmas time I said
"Let's get him an electric train" but wifey shook her head.
Said she "He's far too young for that," and so I passed it up
And bought some blocks, a picture book, a little woolly pup.
The next year, once again I tried and said "Now that he's four
He'll get an awful kick from trains which run about the floor!"
But, darn it all! It didn't work. She still held out on me,
And so the train that year again was *not* beneath the tree.
Last year I took my little Nick through every store in town
Showed him the trains. Said "Aren't they great?" Alas! he turned me down.
But now he's six and just last week said "Dad, I wanna train,"
Say! Was I thrilled? I rushed right out to get one, but in vain.
For I was told where'er I went "We haven't one on hand,"
It seems there are not half enough to meet *adult* demand.

NICK.

•

J. D. H. of Prince Albert, Sask. has discovered a perfect specimen of the independent man in John Diefenbaker, M.P. for Lake Centre. "No matter in which direction John must swim for political safety, the distance to shore is exactly the same. No other dazzlers at Ottawa are so lucky."

•

Says a doggy person, "A dachshund has real intelligence, but being completely self-centred, uses it to avoid doing things he doesn't want to." He'd make a good office boy.

•

NOTHING SUCCEEDS . . .

The dam'dest luck attends Clarke Gable who
Succeeds a lot, when I'm not able to;
Alas!—I never ring the bell,
Though *twice* as able. Ain't it so-and-so?

STUART HEMSLEY.

•

From an advertisement by Stern's big store in New York: "It's silly to be chilly when it's easy to be warm." Passed on with courtesy to the young things hereabouts who pretend that woolies rest uneasy on the hide—and get pneumonia.

•

When the U.S.S. *Lexington* sank, the yeoman in charge of the library bobbed to the surface of the sea holding a book; Marjorie Kinnan Rawlins's *Cross Creek*. He explained that he hadn't finished it. That's the finest bit of literary criticism we ever saw.

•

JEALOUS ALREADY!

My lover came to me today,
And he put roses in my hair.
He kissed me warmly on the mouth,
And spoke me sweet and very fair.

Someday, he'll come to me no more,
But give his roses to another,
And kiss her warmly on the mouth;
Alas! He's six. I am his mother.

MARION CATTO.

•

Gilbert Norwood quotes a young woman of this terrible age as saying, "I can't read Dickens. He's too highbrow." Now if it had been Leacock—but what's the use?

Ships that Never Go to Sea Help Shape the Men...

Story by Emett Kelleher

Attired for a P.T. display, these husky lads are recent graduates of the training ship "Prevost".

"BLACKLISTERS, turn out and lash hammocks."

Ordinary Seaman Jack Jones turned drowsily in his hammock at the call, and as it came again he was suddenly wide awake.

He didn't know what it meant, but in the foggy light of early morning he tumbled onto the deck, recognizing others of the new draft who had arrived only yesterday. Gosh, only five-thirty! And they had told him they didn't get up until six a.m. in the navy—for awhile at least.

Then another voice split the half-gloom. "Hey, you new fellows, that call isn't for you. It's for us defaulters—guys who have broken ship's regulations. So go back to sleep, children, for another half hour."

You might think that's a scene from a bucking corvette or a trim destroyer, but really it's a bit of routine from life aboard the H.M.C.S. "Prevost", the "ship" located on dry land in the heart of downtown London, Ont. Thousands of young men are learning rudiments of the sea on such "ships." It is the same all across Canada. After a period of basic training they are sent to coastal stations, and eventually most of them do get to sea.

There is little time to be wasted these days, so instructors of the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve hurry along the landlubbers in getting acquainted with ship's talk. Their first day aboard, they learn that a certain stretch of floor is a "deck", and that they don't walk out onto the street but that they "go ashore".

"Are you a grog man? Or are you temperate?" It is explained to the new rating that he doesn't get grog rations aboard this "ship", but in lieu of such, and if he is over 20, he is entitled to an extra six cents a day.

Each recruit receives his "liberty card", green in color if he is stationed on starboard watch, with a blue card for port watch.

When he goes ashore "on leave" he must turn his card in to the quartermaster, and he picks it up when he boards ship again. If he is late his card is "lifted", meaning no more leave for at least a couple of days.

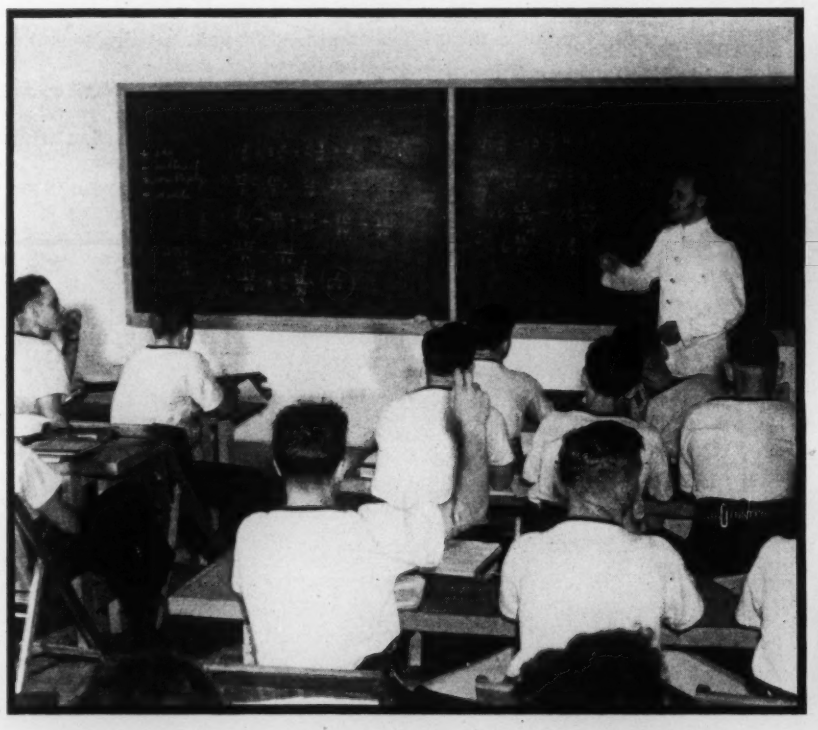
On the "Prevost" in London as on other inland ships, each ordinary seaman has his fire station, his abandoning ship station and his air raid station. He practises abandoning ship by climbing down a fire escape at the rear of the building.

Request men and defaulters are handled the same on these land stations as on a real ship. Here is a morning picture on the "Prevost":

On the quarterdeck the quartermaster pipes the order, "Request men and defaulters, fall in." And they do it on the double.

Chief Petty Officer John Montague starts calling out names, and the men fall into lines, defaulters bringing up the rear. The CPO. steps into the captain's office, "There are a number of request men and defaulters, sir."

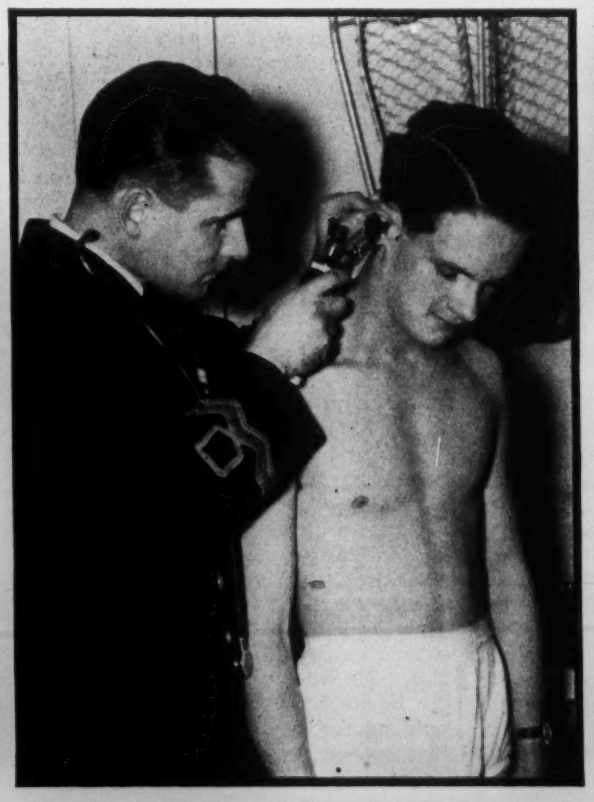
"All right, carry on," says the



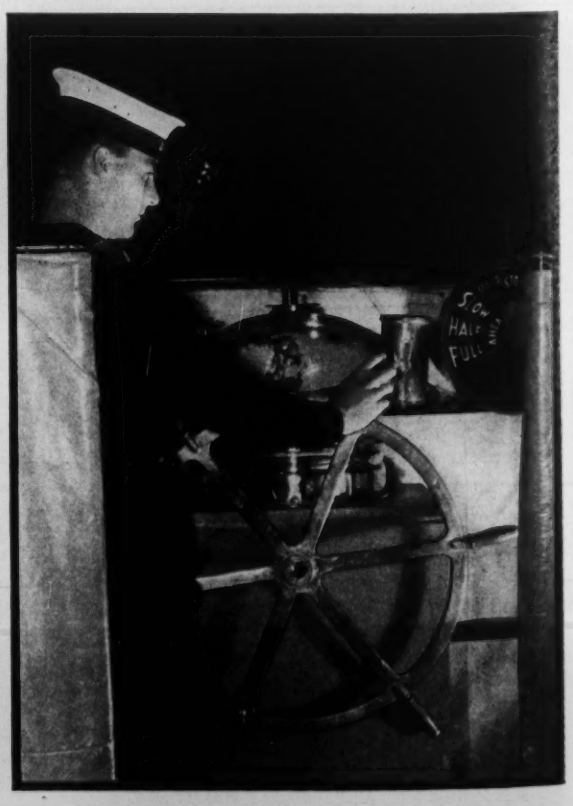
Back to school again: a sub-lieutenant is here seen instructing a class of seamen in mathematics, a necessary science in navigation.

Wireless telegraphy and visual signalling comprise "must" courses for every student seaman. Above, a practical test in receiving.

To the eager student the seamanship room offers the first taste of a nautical life. Here he learns much of the practical side of sailing.



Routine medical examinations make for healthy sailors-in-training aboard H.M.C.S. "Prevost".



The navigating bridge: here the ratings on an inland training ship learn to take the wheel.

...Who Sail with Canada's Ever-Expanding Navy

Pictures by Arthur Gleason

captain, and the CPO. calls out, "Jones!"

Jones steps smartly through the doorway, comes to attention. The CPO. who is also the regulations officer, says, "Jones, sir, requests two days' leave." The captain looks at Jones, "Why do you wish leave?"

"My sister is getting married sir, and I'd like to attend the wedding." The captain considers and finally speaks to the regulations officer, "Granted." The latter turns to Jones and repeats, "Leave granted." Jones salutes and doubles off.

Finally come the defaulters, to answer for a variety of infractions, like Suppliers' Assistant Smith who was "adrift on the rounds" when the officer of the watch poked his head into store quarters. Smith was away five minutes looking up a pal, and that is breaking rules.

In their basic training, ordinary seamen are given a fair chore of P.T. or physical training; they learn life-saving, wireless telegraphy and visual signalling; and they go to school to solve such problems as this:

"On a day when the visibility is eight sea miles, a ship steaming at 10 knots on a course 350 degrees passes close to a lighthouse. After half an hour she rounds a buoy and finally becomes invisible when bearing 055 degrees from it. Find the course she is then steering."

The "Prevost" has a working model of a ship's bridge, fully equipped with a wheel, compass, engine room telegraph, and a searchlight. It rocks, comparable to the movement of a ship, and is illuminated; suspended objects about the room simulate other vessels, rafts and mines, as well as aircraft. It takes only a little imagination for the recruit to believe himself at sea.

A navigation board, said to be the best of its kind at any inland Canadian station, is also boasted by the "Prevost". It carries several painted ships, and colored lights controlled by the instructor, teach the ordinary seaman the "traffic signals" that are used afloat.

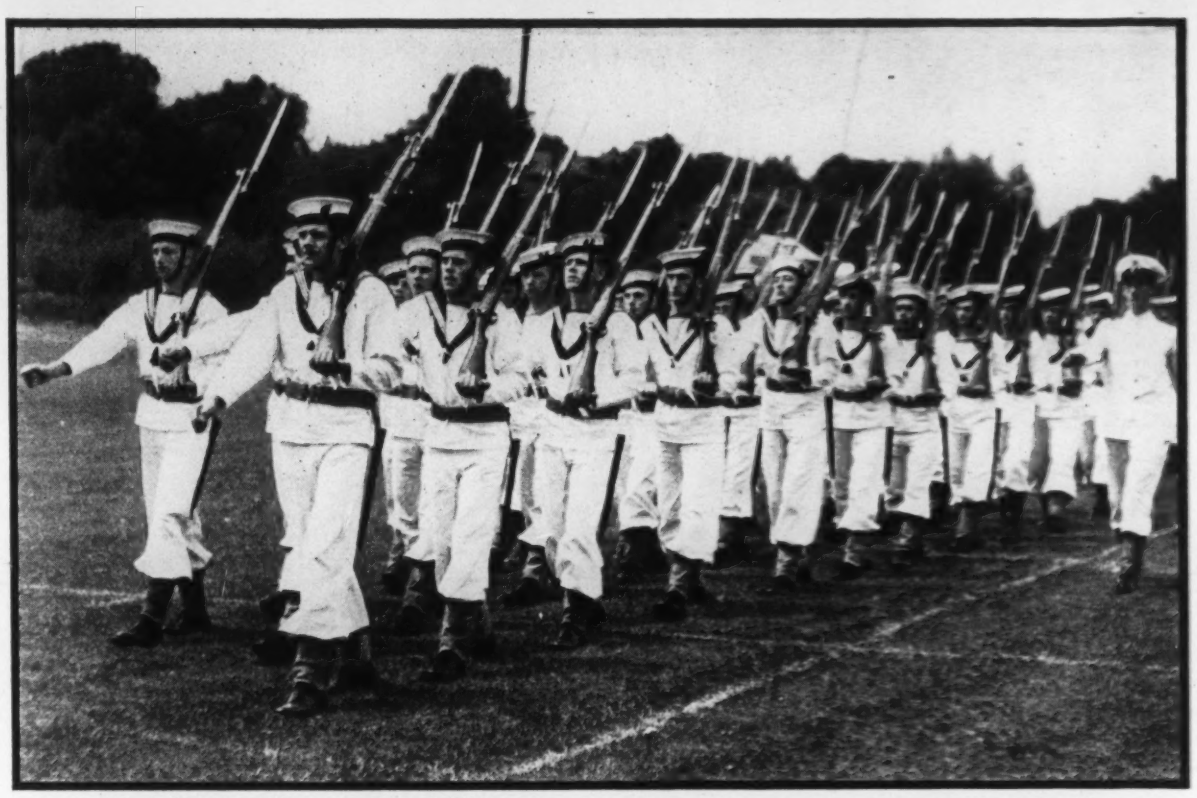
London division of the R.C.N.V.R. was organized in the spring of 1938. Lieut. E. E. (Ted) Hart, an enthusiastic yachtsman, was the first "skipper". The division grew rapidly and it provided a guard of honor for their Majesties when they visited the district in 1939.

On the outbreak of war, Lieut. Hart and most of his personnel went on active service immediately.

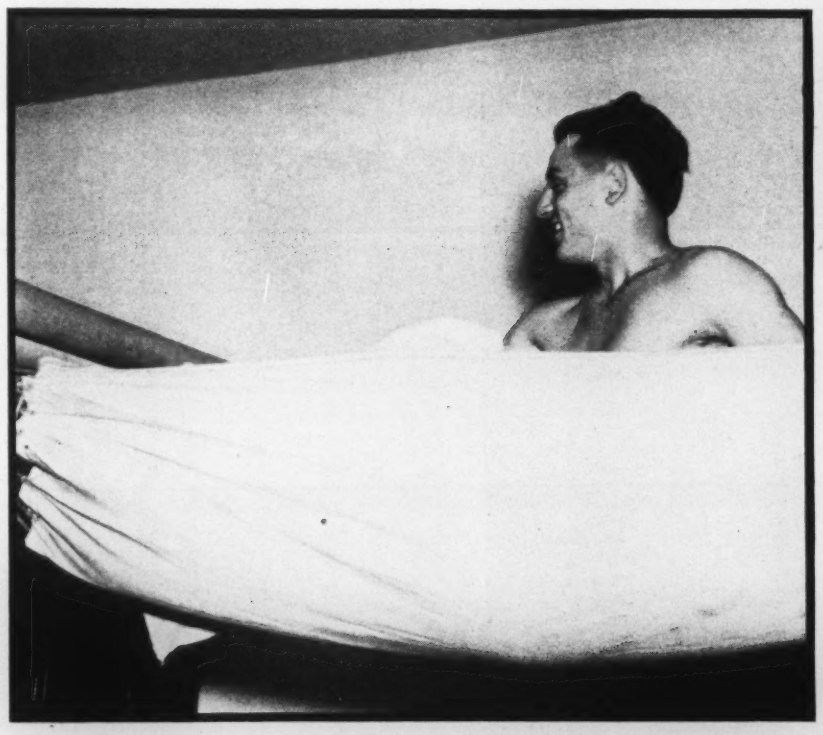
In June, 1940, another Londoner and a naval veteran of the First Great War took over the division. He is Lieut. Cmdr. John Hunter who is still in charge.

Late in 1941, the division was officially commissioned as a "ship" of the naval reserve. The name "Prevost" was chosen by naval service headquarters to commemorate the fifth ship in Cmdr. Robert Barclay's line during the war of 1812.

London headquarters is the centre of a territory close to busy ports of the Great Lakes. Sailing has a natural appeal for the young men thereabouts and perhaps that is why Western Ontario has sent more than 2,000 officers and ratings on active service since the start of the war.



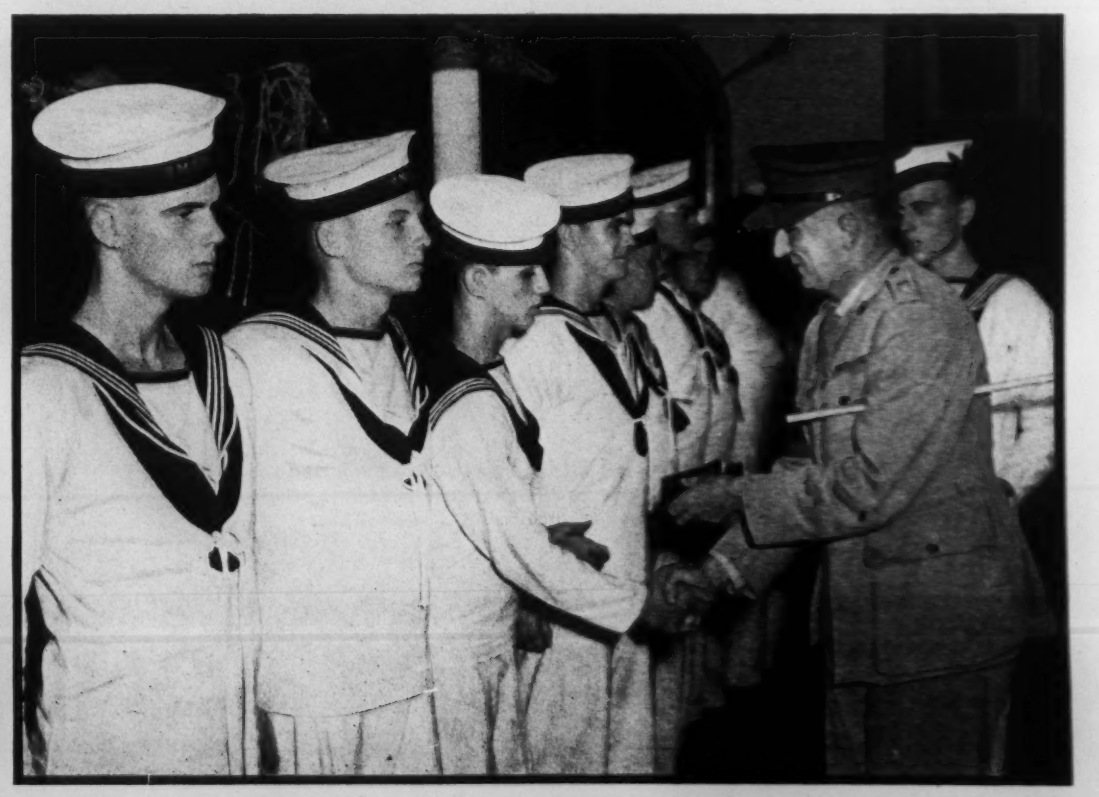
The finished product: graduation class of H.M.C.S. "Prevost", August 1942, swings by in review.



To the new recruit a hammock like this takes some getting used to but it isn't long till he finds it preferable to the softest bed.

A rousing sea chanty session is held on board H.M.C.S. "Prevost". If it were anywhere else but in the Navy it would be a sing-song.

By means of the navigation board above, ratings are taught the "rules of the road" at sea. Coloured lights on painted ships indicate course and changes of direction.



"Western Ontario has sent more than 2,000 officers and ratings on active service . . ." Here seamen receive New Testaments before leaving the "Prevost" for a coastal depot.

The Problem of Manpower

BY MAXWELL COHEN

Not until the Government has decided on its military policy—whether it wants a large army or a large air force—can anything much be done about the allocation of the nation's manpower.

Then there is the problem of how far women can replace men.

And even when all the available men and women are in the places where they will do the most good, there is the morale question. Mr. Cohen thinks that if Labor is going to deliver all it can, it must have a voice in policy.

THE integration—on paper at least—of the departmental machinery dealing with Canada's Manpower problems within the framework of a single organization, National Selective Service, was a great administrative achievement and arose out of a long struggle in the Cabinet among three members, the Ministers of Labor, National Defence and National War Services, each of whom had a stake in the problem of allocating the nation's manpower. That victory by National Selective Service was intended—to judge from the Prime Minister's statement of August 19th—to leave with one single agency the basic decisions as to what proportion of the available labor supply could go to the Services and what share absolutely was necessary for an expanding war industry and for essential, non-war functions at home.

Within a few weeks after the Prime Minister's statement, however, it became clear that the administrative situation really had not altered yet in the Government's multi-departmental approach to its manpower difficulties. For while under the Order-in-Council translating the Prime Minister's decision into legislation the Army draft boards were to be removed from National War Services and put under Elliott Little, yet even now these Boards continue to operate as part of War Services and continue to follow the policy of "mass call-ups" despite the strong position against such call-ups taken by Selective Service. Indeed, not until last week was it made clear when Selective Service would inherit the draft machinery. That date is now set for December 1. Elliott Little's position has been that he cannot make the necessary predictions about the needs of as well as allocations to industry, to farms, and to the Armed Services if there are to be mass call-ups, and it is a position against which there are few, if any, sound arguments.

What the Army Wants

It is important to realize however that these mass calls under War Services regulations were not the result of independent action by National War Services; they were due, primarily, to the quota demands made upon that Department by Mr. Ralston, and these demands were made in consequence of a policy which seemed to suggest National Defense's intention of building the largest possible army, whatever the effects immediately or later on war industry or essential services. It is known that Mr. Ralston told the Cabinet that he needed at least 25,000 men a month from August until next April in order to make up the quota that the General Staff had determined was necessary to keep Canada's eight divisions up to strength and reinforced — although probably two of those divisions are being broken up in order to provide a sufficient standard of reinforcements for the other six.

Undoubtedly National Selective Service made it clear to the cabinet that there simply could not be an organized approach to the man-power problem if Mr. Ralston were fully to have his way. Indeed, as a technical matter in the allocation of labor to industries and regions that need it, a selective service system would be meaningless if mass call-ups were employed without an orderly approach to deferments, industry by industry and region by region. Thus the failure, in the last two months, of National War Services to co-operate fully with the attempts of National Selective Service to organize a fundamental and integrated approach to manpower almost wrecked the high hopes that had been built around the Prime Minister's August statement.

Moreover, the manpower situation may have been made more complicated by the growing conviction on the part of many political and some military leaders in Canada that the emphasis in Canada's war program, on its Service side, henceforth should be on air training rather than on the creation of a large army. It is being argued that if a "second front," through a great landing of troops in Europe, is likely to be attempted only after the softening of Germany and Western Europe by huge nightly air attacks, then for the immediate future the great objective of the United Nations should be effectively to bomb Germany from her eastern borders west to the North Sea. This is the "Harris" theory of the "second front" and Britain's Air Chief Marshal has found a warm supporter in Mr. Power.

Air War Needs

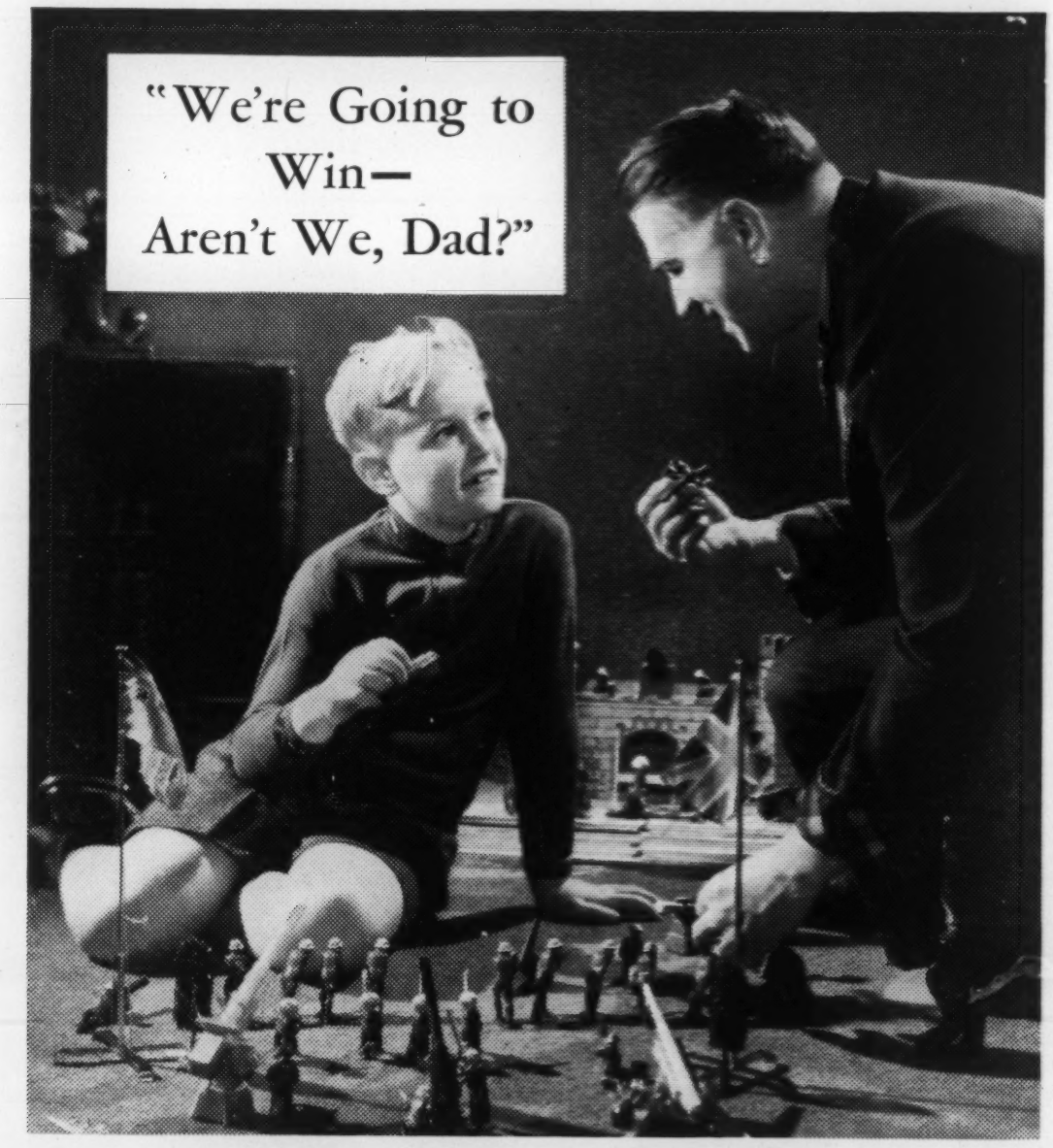
Mr. Power returned from Britain not long ago convinced that for the next ten months the war in the air over western Europe will and should be the dominant consideration in the military policy of the Allies. He is supposed to have argued to the Cabinet that it should be the policy of the United States and of the British Dominions, especially Canada, to make their air program their most important production and training effort in priority to any preparations for a land invasion of Europe. That major premise had led Mr. Power to point out in the strongest terms that he can no longer expand his great air training scheme—where he had hoped to graduate at least 30 to 40 thousand trained air crew a year,—having regard to the number of physically fit recruits that have been coming into the Air Force within recent months. Indeed the R.C.A.F. has had to go back to its ground crews in order to fill its air crew quotas, and now it is understood that Mr. Power has turned to the Army to see if he can get their co-operation in a plan to comb the eight Divisions for air crew candidates.

Mr. Power's request probably has met with strong resistance from the General Staff. Yet should Canada together with Britain and the United States, decide that their most important military task in Europe, for the next six months, is the air war over Germany, then that conception would of course change the whole basis of Canadian military policy and lead to placing the recruiting and training emphasis in Canada where Mr. Power would like to have it.

A Unified Organization

At the same time the problem of using Canada's manpower with the highest efficiency, both for military and industrial purposes, cannot possibly be pursued effectively until all of the related elements are tied into a single research and executive pattern. That means that the draft boards, the labor exchanges, the Navy and Air Force recruiting machinery, the vocational training schools, the forest, farm and fishery labor pools, all must be united in a single, co-ordinated system. Then too, into this unified organization must be placed the registration and calling up of women to replace men, and while a certain amount of preliminary headway has been made here by Selective Service there does not as yet seem to be a chance that Selective Service will attain its original objective of having at least one quarter of a million men replaced by women within the next ten or twelve months.

Only the surface has been scratched in the Government's approach to an organized assault on non-essential industry. It now appears as if Selective Service with Munitions and Supply will plan the restrictive conditions that will release labor and materials, with the Wartime Prices and Trade Board performing the job of policeman in forcing these restrictions through its recently organized non-essential industry section. Unfortunately, however, the problem is made more difficult by the as yet inferior character of Canadian labor statistics. There is no really satis-



HOW shall you carry out his trust, Dad?

Or you, Mr. Everyman?

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factory information either in the Department of Labor, in Selective Service or in Munitions and Supply about the statistical position of the Canadian labor supply, its location, its skills and its present uses. The total number of persons in the armed services and employed in all industries in Canada, male and female is supposed to be about 5 million. Of these approximately 945,000 are engaged in war industries of which perhaps 155,000 are women, while about 565,000 now are in the three armed services. No one who has played with the problem would hazard a guess freely as to what proportion of the three and a quarter to three and a half million male and female labor now engaged in "non-war" production may be described as "non-essential" and capable therefore of release to the Services. And moveover no one seems to know just what proportion of the several million males among the more than three and a quarter million persons engaged in non-war activities are fit enough to be diverted to combatant duties by an organized approach to the use of women in industry.

All of these problems must remain unresolved until the following basic questions have been decided by the government: (1) Is Canada's military emphasis henceforth to be upon air power or upon training for the Army; (2) Is National Selective Service to control and to have the final say in the operation of the whole draft system; (3) Is there to be an organized inter-departmental attack on the problem of the non-essential use of labor; (4) Is there to be an organized approach to a long-range plan for the compulsory placing in industry of large numbers of women in substitution of males capable of duty with the services; (5) Is there a need for a new kind of census or national registration in order to give the government a working picture of its labor pool, the kind of picture that will provide a sensible basis for man-power decisions? Only this last question has, up to this writing, received a clear-cut answer. There is to be a new survey and analysis of the Canadian labor supply, and there is hope that this time the curious defects in the three surveys made since 1940 will have taught the 1942 surveyors what to look for.

Co-operation Essential

But once these matters have been decided then Elliot Little will need the most enthusiastic co-operation of the three Defence Departments, of Munitions and Supply and of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. Most of all, however, he will need the unqualified support of millions of Canadian workingmen and workingwomen in order to carry out the ultimate task, which is the fullest use of the nation's labor force.

It is one thing to get the best administrative machinery set up and operating, and to settle broadly the problems of military policy, but it will be a profoundly different matter to have the workers of Canada drive themselves to the limit of their capacity, short of injury to health and efficiency, in order to yield the highest possible rate of war production and expansion. For the final purpose of any selective service system,—apart from the equalization of wartime burdens, and duty with the services—is to have so efficient a use of the nation's labor power that the greatest rate of war production thereby is made possible. But that problem fundamentally is a problem of labor *esprit*, and it is the kind of problem that should not be left to Mr. Little alone. It is a question of the highest national policy, and at its heart is one of the most challenging issues of our generation—how to make those who work in factories, in mines or anywhere where work must be done, feel a sense of participation in the total picture of which their little job is a small mechanical part. In peace-time that problem does not have the advantage of the common pressures of war; but even in wartime there may be a profound need to give industry's millions an authentic sense of "sharing" in the task of war-making and through that sense of sharing to put forward that degree of effort that transforms the whole industrial capacity of the nation into a weapon of maximum efficiency.

One answer, and perhaps the only effective one at this stage, is to satisfy immediately the demand of labor for the completest sanction both to organize and bargain collectively, and to have its representatives play a part in production policy as members of Labor-Management Committees. The six or seven years of experience in the United States with the National Labor Relations Act, and the British and Australian experience with such committees having the backing of the state, will give at least a suggestion of the kind of administrative machinery required. Without such machinery, Selective Service may direct men and women to their jobs, but it will never infuse into them the determination to work hard and long.

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LIGHTER MOMENTS

Honored Artist of the People

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

THOSE of us who were privileged to witness the earliest of the Hepburn productions, "The Boy Off the Farm", will never forget the thrill of discovery it brought us. To be sure the production was crude, the dialogue rudimentary and the element of conflict (Mitchell Hepburn vs. a harmless bucolic character known as Honest George) was weakly organized. Even at this early stage, however, the artist's instinctive genius was unmistakeable—the expert sense of timing, the profound understanding of the vocabulary of slapstick, the crude but inexhaustible invention. One needed little knowledge of the theatre to recognize in this initial effort that here indeed a star was born.

There followed a series of minor triumphs in which Mr. Hepburn appeared to be testing out his talents in a variety of fields. But with the production of that vigorous epic, "Kick 'Em Back Across the Border", Mitchell Hepburn's performance reached the level of mature artistry. Some commentators to be sure complained that in certain passages Mr. Hepburn showed a tendency towards noisy over-acting. To offset this there was the amazing subtlety and reticence of the scene in which he actually negotiated with the C.I.O.'s representatives in the fine dignified setting of the Premier's office. Let us be frank, then, and admit that it is the actor's consummate ability to play a dual role, without the aid of make-up or even a trick moustache, that sets him head and shoulders above any of his contemporaries.

"Kick 'Em Back" represents a definite cycle in the artist's career. There followed "The Lakeview Relief Strikers," a remake of "Mutiny on the Bounty" in which Mr. Hepburn's performance has been compared favorably to Charles Laughton's *Captain Bligh*. He followed up this success with the inimitable "Canners' Holiday," in which he played the leading role against the fine documentary background of a great Canadian industry. Such action-dramas as "The Hepburn Hussars" and "The Warriors of Kirkland Lake" also belong to this cycle of the Hepburn development, in which the Bligh influence may be said to dominate.

TRIUMPHANT as it was, Mr. Hepburn's career seemed to be greatly endangered at this point by a typecasting which limited the range of his versatility and talents. Critics were quick to point out that Mitchell Hepburn was being ruthlessly exploited by his producers, and even the public was beginning to complain that no matter what historic role he undertook he was "always Mitch Hepburn". Perhaps as an answer to his critics, the artist suddenly abandoned his epic parts and allowed himself to be starred in the hilarious comedy "Saints and Sinners". The picture had a simultaneous release on hundreds of screens across the country and was an instant uproarious hit. Who that saw it will ever forget the abashed irresistible drollery of the Hepburn face above a double string of matched onions!

This was followed, unfortunately as it turned out, by "The South York Affair". Replete as this was with novel situations and surprises, it admittedly added little to Mr. Hepburn's reputation. It is only fair to the artist however to point out that his part was badly written and awkwardly motivated. In fairness too, we must admit that Mr. Hepburn is never at his best in a supporting role. Genius follows its own direction and whether Mr. Hepburn moves to right or to left his natural gravitation is towards the centre of the picture.

Whether the artist will ever realize his full potential is still a question. At the moment he is at the height of his entertainment form in that lively current revue, "Right About Face". Here he has a brilliant supporting cast which includes such diverse talent as Mr. Tim Buck and Mr. Leopold Macaulay, as well as a full double chorus drawn from Conservative and Communist parties.

The artistic merit of "Right About Face" is open to debate. One feels indeed that the production is little more than a show-case for the display of the chief actor's brilliant talents —his ability to manipulate his material into shapes that are at once familiar and profoundly astounding; his irresistible audacity and invention; his skill at prestidigitation; best of all, his pretended absorption in the issues he is juggling—a superb bit of comedy this!—while all the while the roaming faintly speculative eye surveys his audience.

OF COURSE there will always be critics who claim that Mr. Hepburn's art has no logical frame. They will cynically contrast some of his nobler speeches (e.g. "I believe that the future peace of the world is only secure in the hands of labor and the great masses of organized society") with such examples of his earlier idiom as (I quote from memory) "I will bust John L. Lewis on the snoot if he ever sets foot in Ontario." To do this however is to confuse the artist and his role, the entertainer and the propagandist. As an artist, Mr. Hepburn's business is not to solve, but to present. As entertainer his task is not to settle issues but to pull them, alive and kicking, out of hats.

The critics to be sure still claim that Mr. Hepburn's act, despite its brilliant virtuosity, lacks genuine audience appeal, that the artist has already lost sympathetic touch with his public. Our answer to that is, simply, keep your eye on Mr. Hepburn. Talent so agile will bear watching.

Anglo-American harmony is well expressed in this photo of two Yankee sergeants in Britain "chairing" the winner of a Hammersmith beauty contest held to entertain U.S. troops.

Helping "deliver the goods"!
HERE'S A PICTURE of an electric motor bearing. Watch that ring coming up from the oil well. Hour after hour, day after day, the ring must pick up the oil and deliver it to the bearing.
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Greece is Plundered by the Invaders

Buying with forged notes and worthless reichsmarks, Germans have robbed and impoverished the whole of Greece.

Natives will no longer accept this "money"; all crops are requisitioned or taxed to nothing.

Black markets have sprung up everywhere.

BY R. L. STEPHENS

AN AMERICAN official caught in Greece by the German invasion was injured during an air raid and spent some months in hospital. When he was well enough to return to the U.S., not yet at war with the Axis, he considered giving his car to a Greek relief organization, but realizing that it would only be confiscated by the Germans, decided to sell it to the Germans and give the money to the Greeks. He asked a high price, but the local German official installed in a house in Athens, assented without even looking at the car.

"I am sorry I can't give you the money immediately," apologized the German, "but I do not keep so much in cash in the office. However, you need not wait long. We have installed a printing press in the basement and can run off the notes for you in half-an-hour."

The story sounds fantastic, but this, after all, is the first and most elementary method of Axis plunder in every occupied country. In Malaya, the Japanese not only had notes ready printed, but the foresight to print them in English so as to give the natives confidence! The inevitable result, of course, is wild inflation and in spite of the puppet Government's vehement denials of "rumors" of the devaluation of the drachma, it was obvious months ago that German exploitation had produced inflation. In a few months the note circulation was trebled—from 24 milliard drachmae at the time of the invasion to 85.2 earlier this year.

Confidence Gone

The result has been, of course, a complete loss of confidence in the currency, and the refusal to sell for money by those possessing anything desirable. And the Germans, working through the puppet government, are finding that money cannot even work as a bribe. They are having to offer the peasants goods instead of money and not long ago announced that peasants obeying Government regulations and handing over products as decreed would be given a bonus of sugar. The same bonus has been promised tobacco growers whose products are so much needed by Germany to soothe the nerves of civilians in the bombed areas.

The Germans having picked clean the shops and warehouses of Greece with forged money or force were no longer interested in Greek currency. "When a high price is demanded from a German soldier, his reply is usually a punch," remarked a German correspondent from Athens and went on to say "It is the soldier who buys abundant quantities of oranges, raisins and other southern fruits from the street dealers. It is the soldier who today gives Athens its characteristic stamp." Just how effective the punch is in deciding a price can be gathered from the black market price of oranges—3s. 8d. each according to the latest reports. "Abundant quantities" would cost the German soldier a year's pay—if he had to pay for it. To help matters out, the German club in Athens supplies food at about two-thirds the price charged in normal restaurants. It is able to do so by requisitioning at fixed prices.

The wholesale confiscation and loading of foodstuffs for Germany and, to a lesser degree, Italy, has resulted in the inevitable black markets. The most extensive ones are reputed to be run by a number of German officers in the quartermaster's department whose rights of requisitioning give them the opportunity. Typical prices (to Greeks) are 13s. per lb. for olives, 50s. per lb. for olive oil, 55s. per lb. for meat and fish. Vegetables and fruit, normally plentiful in Athens are being sold for such prices as 11s. for a cucumber. 15s. per lb. for cherries and 3 - 4 shillings each for oranges.

The result has been widespread starvation, now partly mitigated by Allied relief ships, but still extremely precarious. It is worth noting that the Germans not only torpedoed the Swedish relief ship *Stureborg*, sailing under the International Red Cross to which they had promised a safe conduct, but take every opportunity of claiming credit for the relief.

To deal with those who "sabotage" the new order in Greece by refusing to cultivate crops of which they will never get the benefit, the puppet Government has introduced a particularly evil system. Anyone informing the police of land which they have noticed not being properly cultivated may be awarded the land which will be confiscated from the owner. Knowing the Greeks, it is safe to say only a few Quislings will take advantage of the offer and they will probably find that the attentions of the guerillas still operating in some parts of the country do not assist agriculture.

The Italians have been boasting to their own people that they are increasing their exploitation of Greek resources. The great shortage of electricity in Athens is probably due to the diversion of the lignite from Greek mines to Italy. Italy is getting 30 per cent of all the wool produced in Greece. All wool, like all silk cocoons, must be delivered to the puppet government. The repair of the railways has made possible the plunder of Greece's meagre metal resources. Germany has been especially active in getting copper and through the puppet government has ordered the surrender of all household copper utensils. Gold has been confiscated. The penalty for not surrendering it is death and a number of these sentences have been passed on Greeks who hid their gold.

Mother budgets our future now

"What a difference," Mother says, "now there are three people in the house working. It keeps me pretty busy, but believe me, I'm not too busy to think about the future. We don't want our money to slip through our fingers the way it did a few years ago when we were prosperous. My, we were silly. Easy come, easy go, seemed to be Jim's motto in those days. But not this time. We're putting plenty aside for a rainy day.

"Jim is working on munitions. Jack is at the aircraft plant. And Nora is on war work, too. There's more money coming into the house than we've ever seen before.

"Thank goodness, they're all pretty sensible. They don't need much urging to buy Victory Bonds, not with George over there in the Commandos, and saved, by the grace of God, at Dieppe.

"We're not throwing our money around. We're cutting down here and there, so as to have a decent home for George to come back to, with no fear of the future in it. The bonds help to pay for the war, certainly, but we're doing this for ourselves."

Thousands of families all over Canada have more money today than ever before . . . three incomes instead of one, in many cases. Many of these families are wise enough to deny themselves non-essentials which they might easily afford at the moment, because they see a chance to build a secure future for themselves after the war. Self-denial is in the air. It's the mood of a people determined that the future shall be better than the past.

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Give your order to the Victory Loan salesman who calls on you. Or place it in the hands of any branch of any bank, or give it to any trust company. Or send it to your local Victory Loan Headquarters. Or you can authorize your employer to start a regular payroll savings plan for you. Bonds may be bought in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and larger. Salesman, bank, trust company or your local Victory Loan Headquarters will be glad to give you every assistance in making out your order form.

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Gold Miners Go to Sudbury

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

One of the most dramatic developments on the Canadian home front since the beginning of the war is the current transfer of miners from the gold fields to base metal mines at Sudbury and elsewhere.

The lives of some 50,000 people in the Porcupine Camp and the Kirkland Lake area have been deeply affected.

Much more must be done by the Selective Service, Management and Unions to explain the need for the transfer to miners and community. Otherwise attainment of future needs will be difficult.

TIMMINS is in the doldrums. The town is not the same. The former hustle and bustle is subdued. People are thoughtful, serious. In homes, in stores, in hotels, on street corners groups of citizens heatedly argue the one issue—the transfer of gold miners to Sudbury's base metal mines. This is a matter of life and death for Timmins. At least for the duration.

"We can not win this war without base metals," Labor Minister Humphrey Mitchell declared on October 5 in explaining the transfer of miners. Mr. Mitchell is right, of course. The townspeople of Timmins agree. But that does not relieve their fears.

Yet these fears ought to be relieved, can be relieved, partially at least. The crux of the matter lies in the Government's neglect to win the support of the community for the vitally necessary move of supplying miners for the base metals industry. The townsfolk must be taken into confidence. They must understand the reasons for the present situation. But they must also be convinced that everything possible is being done to save the community. Then, and only then, will full support be extended in a truly patriotic fashion.

The reason for the transfer is simple. At least one (some say two) furnace of the International Nickel Company smelter at Sudbury has gone out for lack of ore. Recruiting has finally drained so many men from "Inco" that there is a danger of further shutdowns unless manpower is found. And nickel and copper from Sudbury are vital sinews of war. One of Canada's major contributions, in fact.

Where to get the miners? There is only one source. The gold belt. So in the first week of October the gold mines of the Porcupine Camp and Kirkland Lake were called upon to supply 750 men as the first detachment of what is eventually expected to be a mass migration of at least 2,800 miners. This is not a great number of men. But Timmins knows that this is only the beginning. Other mining needs will arise in Steep Rock and elsewhere, and more men will be required in base mining as the war goes on.

It is easily understandable that the decision to transfer men and to declare gold an unessential industry has shaken the whole community in the gold mining area.

First of all the miners themselves. On the whole the need for transferring men was unsatisfactorily explained to them. Nevertheless in two weeks 400 of the required 450 miners from the Porcupine Camp were enrolled and left for Sudbury. This was a victory for the Selective Service which organized the move, for management of the gold mines which supported it and for the miners' union which pressed for its proper execution.

Despite the fact that the Miners' Union is neither recognized by the gold mining companies nor the International Nickel Company, it has done outstanding and patriotic work in this emergency.

The Union Position

The Union position is summarized in these words by its youthful and energetic president, Mr. Robert Miner:

"For the first time the gold miners have been given an opportunity to express their patriotism in concrete form by engaging directly in a vital, necessary war industry—nickel and copper mining.

"We must keep a steady stream of men flowing into Sudbury until the absolute peak in production capacity is attained. Every shovelful of ore is another bullet fired at the heart of Berlin. The enemy must not be permitted to pierce the line of production."

But although the Union claims to have the support of some 3,000 gold miners, many are clearly hesitant to go to Sudbury.

There are a number of reasons given.

First of all those men object who are married, have large families and own their own homes. Some have invested their savings in two or three houses which they rent. They are afraid to leave their established positions. They do not know what will happen to their property. They are not sure that their families will find accommodation and be happy in Sudbury.

Secondly, there are men who dislike the International Nickel Company. They claim that Inco has always pursued an anti-labor policy.

Thirdly, many say, and with justice, that working conditions in the Porcupine Camp are as *deluxe* in comparison with Sudbury as the Royal York is in comparison with a second rate hostelry.

What do these sentiments mean? They indicate that little has been done to mobilize the community in favor of the transfer. The few radio addresses did not and can not suffice. The fault must be laid at the door of the Selective Service.

In the first place an error has been committed when a union man was omitted from the Manpower Advisory Committee while a representative of the Workers Council set up by the working miners with company assistance during the Kirkland Lake strike was included. This casts grave reflections upon the Selective Service and its impartiality.

Workers are suspicious when they see an obvious move to leave the union out of things.

In addition, as Mr. J. P. Bartleman, Timmins councilman, told me, "The union is the sole force capable of mobilizing the miners to go to Sudbury in satisfactory numbers."

More Must Be Done

More must be done to rally the population for this job.

The Selective Service must understand that a matter of this kind, involving the livelihood of the whole community, requires not only the mobilization and support of the miners but of all citzens.

It is not yet too late to hold a mass rally of the townsfolk at which Mr. Little and company and union leaders can clarify the issue. The town ought to be plastered with patriotic posters and slogans. It should throb with patriotic desire to do the right thing. School teachers ought to explain the issue to the children who might explain it to their parents. Special attention should be paid to the winning of further support from the French-Canadian clergy and civic leaders, who, it must be said in all honor, have done quite well.

Side by side with this, responsible public groups including company management, unions, Lions and Rotary Clubs and other groups should unite in a body to study and make proposals to Ottawa for measures to save the town. There are available more than 15,000 kilowatts of electric power. There are more than 700 vacant rooms and houses. There will be more. There are comparatively large structures which can be used for factories or offices.

Is there not some industry that can be moved here to utilize all of these facilities and the untapped woman power? Can not Ottawa acceed to the request of the town to move here some government agencies from the overcrowded capital?

The Selective Service will indeed be remiss in its duty if it fails to link the two problems of transferring miners to base metal and utilizing what forces are available in the town for local war production.

And if there is no solution, if no industry or offices can be brought to Timmins, then let the Timmins folk know that everything possible has been done. Let them know that Canada needs their sacrifice.

In war, as in peacetime
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THE same qualities which made "Cellophane" an integral part of packaging in peacetime are proving to have an important wartime use. Not only is "Cellophane" preserving many food products from spoilage and unnecessary waste; new uses of "Cellophane" are releasing other packaging materials urgently needed for war supplies.

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Europe Will Not Rise to Destroy Hitler Alone

BY J. ANDERS

This article is the last of a series of three (S. N., Sept. 26, Oct. 3).

Stalin's letter to an American journalist has been taken by certain commentators as an opportunity to express their opinion that he has abandoned world revolution. There is not the slightest reason for such an assumption.

Social revolution might have broken out in Germany after 1933 if there had not been appeasement. It will come after this war. If we try to stop it again future world wars are inevitable.

IN THE preceding article of this series we suggested that Stalin is convinced that Germany will turn communist; and therefore he has, in the pact with Britain, undertaken not to interfere with the internal affairs of other countries, including Germany, after the war. This suggestion, of course, presupposes that Stalin is a Communist. Since then, his letter to an American journalist has been published, and the occasion has been used by a number of commentators to reaffirm their opinion that he has abandoned the goal of world revolution.

The topic is too important to be discussed superficially or on the basis of wishful thinking. It is too important with regard alike to the conduct of the war and of the peace to follow. It concerns not only the future relations between the Soviet Union and Germany but also those between the Soviet Union and the other United Nations, and those between the other United Nations themselves.

The argument of the commentators runs, in essence, as follows: if Stalin still were a communist bent on world revolution, he would call upon the workers and peasants of Germany and of all Europe to unite and to smash the fascists and their "British and American stooges;" and by doing so he could "put us on the spot." He has not done it hitherto—and keeps it up his sleeve as his last and strong argument to force us to do his will—because revolution in Germany would hamper him in consolidating the Russian revolution. Thus the argument.

Strategy Unchanged

It implies that Stalin is a communist only as far as Russia is concerned. It implies, further, that the revolution is not yet consolidated in Russia. Both implications are equally absurd. The Bolshevists concluded the treaty of Brest Litovsk in 1918 because they did not want to risk their workers' government by staying in the war. They preferred a certain basis for future world revolution to the uncertain achievement of immediate world revolution. There is not the slightest reason to assume that this strategy has changed though the tactics may appear to have changed in the eyes of those who prefer talking about the world revolution to studying its logic.

As for the consolidation of the revolution in Russia, one can prove it by one word: Stalingrad. One commentator also said that the German masses are socialist, and took this to emphasize that Stalin has forsaken world revolution; for, if the German masses are socialist, why does he not call upon them to rise? It ought to be easy to see that his reason for not calling upon them springs from distrust of us. He seems to suspect the possibility of an Allied peace with the German generals, in order to stop the revolution, if he called upon the German masses to rise against Hitler before the German army has disintegrated more than it has up to the present. We, of course, know that our statesmen and our peoples would never conclude such a peace. But evidently we have not yet been able to convince Stalin of our sincerity in this respect. As for the desire to stop that revolution without such a peace our record is even more obscure.

Many people of the United Nations were glad that Hitler arrived in 1933 just in time (so they thought) to stop social revolution in Germany. It is clear that if, instead, we had stopped Hitler then, this war would not have come; though revolution in Germany might have come. But it should also be clear that revolution in Germany is bound to come now; and it will come the sooner, the more clearly we realize this. In other words, the end of the war will put Germany in the position in which we could have put her in 1933; with the difference, however, that there would not have been this war.

But we were busy appeasing all those years from 1933 to 1939. This would be a dead issue today if the European countries which are our allies had had the time to do as we did—namely, to sack their appeasers.

Take the case of Poland. After Poland was re-established as an independent state in 1918-1919 she tended towards socialism. However, the differences within the country, which had led to its downfall at the end of the eighteenth century, soon flared up again. The result was the dictatorship of Pilsudski. Poland's historical record had taught him that the country could not be governed in a parliamentary manner. But Pilsudski died soon. And the country fell into the hands of a pathetically incapable Marshal, Smigly-Rydz, and of a foreign minister of infamous memory, Colonel Beck. The wire-pullers were a barbarous feudal aristocracy—the class who for years feted Goering on their estates.

Governments as Trustees

During the same years Poland and Czechoslovakia were engaged in a furious economic war which found its reflection in otherwise incomprehensible political vacillations. Recently their governments in exile have concluded a pact of friendship. The present Polish prime minister, recognized by us as the head of the Polish government, is a general. Nothing, politically and personally, is known in his disfavor. But is it not high time that he made something known in his favor? Some time ago there was a question in the British Commons as to what the government intended to do to stop the anti-Semitic propaganda of the Polish press appearing in London; a propaganda that, apparently, aimed at wiping out, after the war, the few of the three million Polish Jews whom Hitler's murderers might overlook.

We must not misunderstand each other. No one in his senses would say anything that might create even the ghost of hard feeling between the peoples of the United Nations. However, it is necessary that we do not rely only on the patriotic wrath of the peoples of the Nazi-subjugated countries; for our own sake, in order to shorten the war, we should ask their governments, which might or might not be elected in free elections today, to make it plain to their peoples that they do not consider themselves to be governments but trustees.

Events have proved that Poland could not live next to a fascist neighbor. **Events have also proved that another people, on whose secession the Nazis based great hopes, the Ukrainians, could live contentedly within the Soviet Union. The only hope for Poland's survival lies in the realization of Kosciuszko's political testament: that the future, the independence, and the strength of the country are in its oppressed and depressed classes.**

The peoples of our European allies will rise against Hitler, but not against Hitler alone. Our alliances with their governments do not demand of us that we protect their ruling classes against their rising classes.

If we persist in being blind as to what is going on in Europe; if we persist in denying, or in allowing others to deny, the common people of Europe the right to be the vitalizing element in the new European order—there can only be one of two ends: the world will become a graveyard through reaction, or a bedlam of hatred and of future world wars.

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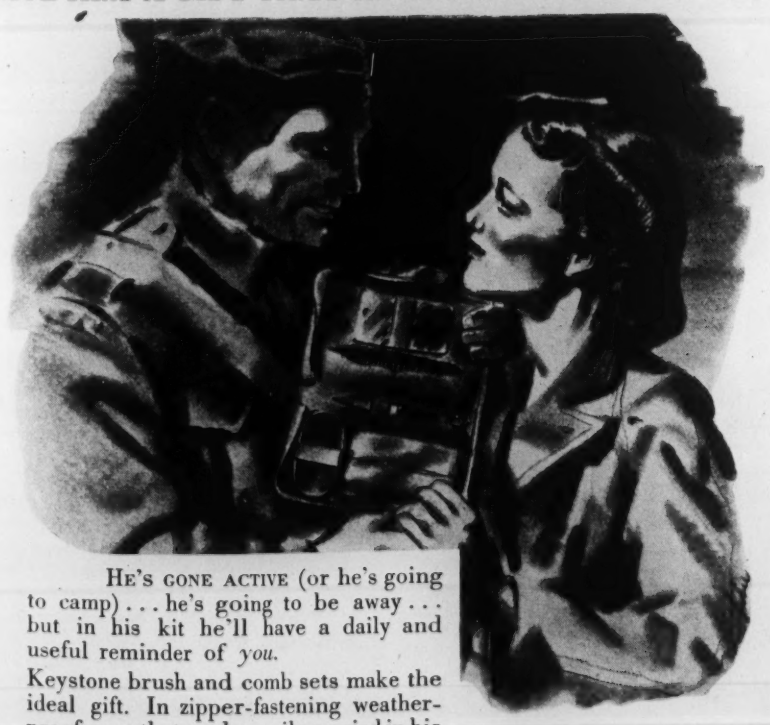

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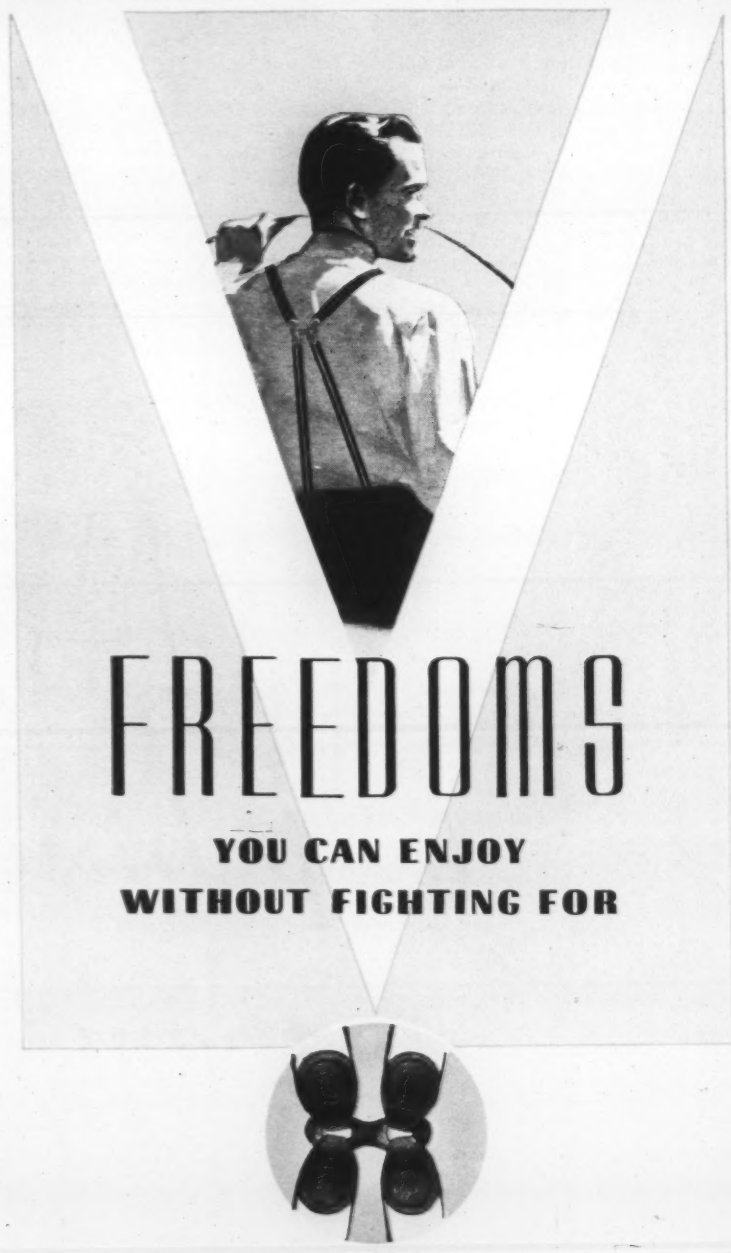

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THE SUPPORT OF A NATION

A Conservative Cook Book

BY WILFRID HEIGHINGTON

Mr. Heighington, who for quite a few years was one of the most progressive of the Conservative members in the Ontario Legislature, but was defeated in the last election, thinks that what the Conservative party needs is not so much platform planks as trustworthiness. "There is an easy victory ahead for any party that is trustworthy."

How does a party prove that it is trustworthy? Well, that is a hard matter, but here are five planks of a platform that would be taken seriously, that Conservatives could live up to, and that would in the long run prove RIGHT.

THE announcement of a convention of the Conservative party for the purposes of selecting a leader and settling general policy has not only brought under closer scrutiny the deliberations of the "intellectuals" at Port Hope but has let loose an increasing flood of new "platforms" for the consideration of the Tory pundits.

Before wading into the mass of suggestions now being put forward by both well-wishers and wishful-thinkers, it might be well for the party to take a little time to agree on the factors which contributed to its almost abysmal defeat, both provincially and in the Dominion field, this last decade or so.

The first thing—and one which stands out like the proverbial sore thumb—is that the Tory party, in complete forgetfulness or disregard of its history and principles, was literally and obviously "sucking-up" for votes. No one who has been present at party caucuses or association gatherings since the early 'twenties could conscientiously deny this statement.

This is the first and greatest weakness—and the second is like unto it.

The great asset of the Conservative party, for so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, has been that of *reliability*. The moment that the Rt. Hon. Mr. (now Viscount) Bennett took the microphone for those all-shattering speeches of January 1935 — Mr. R. K. Finlayson please note—that priceless attribute disappeared in a veritable cloud of confusion, doubt and despair. The staunchest of party-workers was blanched, the normally Conservative voter was dismayed, the great body of silent and unbiased electors wagged their heads.

Then we have the floundering Ottawa convention of 1938. You remember the one where the great mass of delegates, the large majority of which had voted for Lt.-Col. Manion, M.C., poured out of the hall openly and frankly admitting that MacPherson was really the obvious and only choice. The one, too, at which the Tories cheerfully handed over their destiny to party adherents from the province of Quebec, and in return received such a thundering licking at the next election.

There were, too, other factors. Class legislation of the worst kind in our provincial Legislatures. Unworkable, thoroughly unjust social experiments at Ottawa. The principles of sound legislation were openly chucked overboard by Cabinet Ministers and blind party hacks who were unable to see farther ahead, for their own or their country's future, than the end of their far too political noses.

Now we are faced with a whole lot of "platforms." The Conservative party in essence, really represents a point of view—not a "platform" at all. That element of *trustworthiness* on the part of Governments is part of that view. In a world that is being wracked from day to day with events of the gravest import, the effect of which—defeat or victory—will be with us for generations to come, what intelligent voter is there who believes that a gathering of learned and discerning individuals at Port Hope, Ontario, have either the prescience or the background to settle policy under present conditions? Who is there believes that a most erudite professor in Manitoba, or an amazingly ubiquitous if slightly arrogant Colonel of Artillery from Ontario, can prove to be the salvation of everything for which the Conservative party used to stand?

The answer is just this—that there is an easy victory ahead for any party that is *trustworthy*. The only promise that should be made to the electors, under present conditions, is that of "good government" and staunch adherence to the British and Allied cause. The humblest voter knows it. Everybody knows it except those who are forever constructing "platforms" when they ought to be studying history. The C.C.F. is or should be a "wash-out" in the eyes of any discerning voter. Its platform is a hopeless welter of impossible, impracticable, wishful thinking, more than a little tarnished with the prospect that those who have struggled and labored to make a reasonable competency for themselves will have to take it on the chin and hand over the products of their quiet and limited thrift to those who never did anything for anybody—not even themselves.

Here's a Platform

If, now, anyone should challenge these views as partially or wholly lacking in constructive suggestion, here is a "platform"—if such there need be—for the Conservative party, with the addenda that, beyond this, nothing is promised but "good government":—

(a) Staunch and active loyalty to Great Britain in its hour of peril.

(b) Universal national effort on the part of all adult persons, within or without the armed forces, towards complete and lasting victory over the enemies of the Empire.

(c) Complete disbandment of all Government Boards, tribunals, commissions, or quasi-judicial forums of whatsoever kind and description and a wholesale reconstruction of the same on the basis that there shall be no confiscation without compensation, that such bodies shall make no decisions without due notice to and hearing from those affected, that such bodies shall be bound by the ordinary laws of evidence and make their findings accordingly, and that they shall be bound by their own and other decisions in like case.

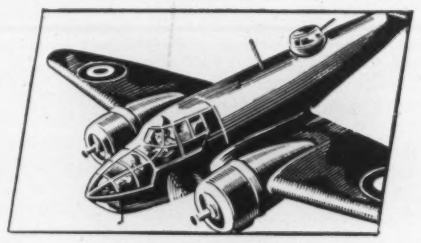
(d) An emphatic and determined restoration of the supremacy of Parliament, of the independence of individual members, and the obliteration of any undue dominance over Parliament by the Executive holding office.

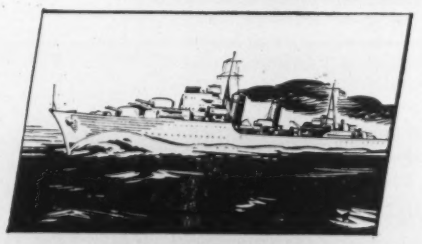
(e) Unbegrudging and generous acknowledgement of the right of the Crown, for just cause, and irrespective of the advice of the Ministry then in power, to direct a dissolution of the House and an appeal to the electors.

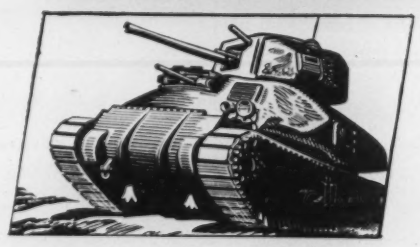
No party could go very wrong under such a charter. To those that may cry that this is reactionary, stifling of war effort, a restoration of the old law of property, the answer is that those of such view have had full opportunity — yes, even in the sovereign right of Parliament,—have had their day, and been found woefully wanting in either intelligent direction of reasonable result. All that such chasers of the will-o-the-wisp have provided us is the twenty-odd years of pacifism and disarmament that has very nearly brought our proud Empire to its knees, the destruction of the soundness of policy that gave us—even in the leanest of years—some measure of security as a nation, and the aggressive selfishness and vindictiveness of outlook that characterizes the voter of today. To all such the reply is—and Churchill is the man who, for the most obvious reasons, is foremost amongst those entitled to say it but never does—"I told you so."

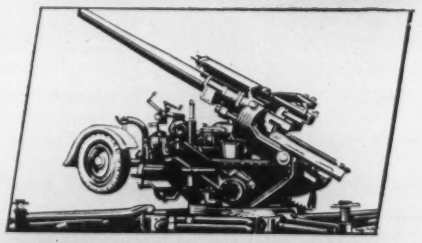
PLASTICS

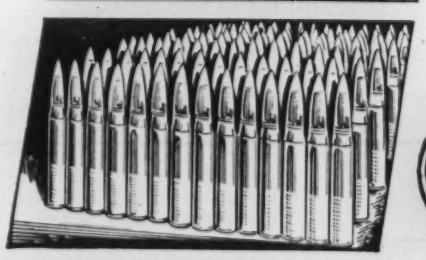
help build them ALL











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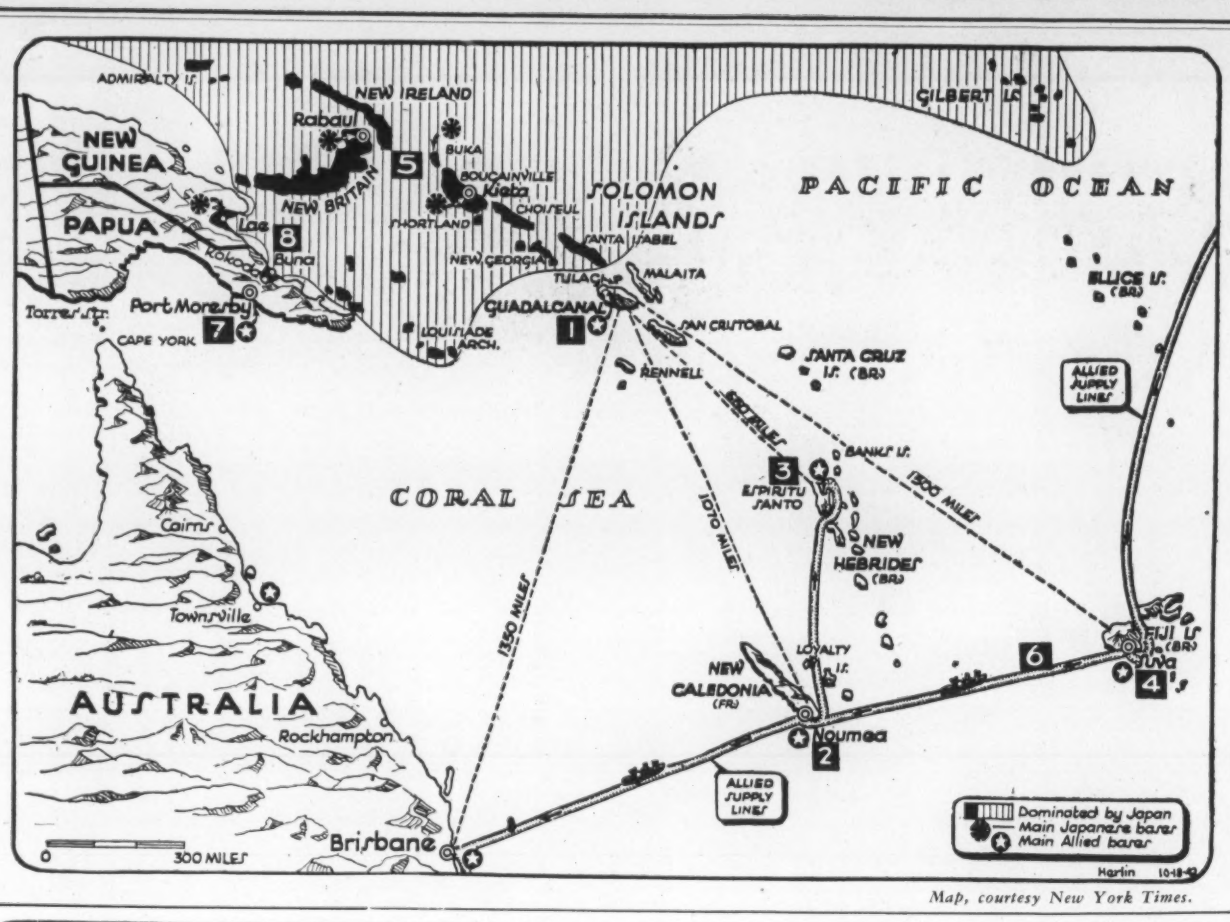

Map, courtesy New York Times.

THE HITLER WAR

Around the Fighting Fronts

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

ONE way to appreciate the vast scope of this war is to turn aside for only two or three weeks to consider its more general aspect, as these articles have done, and then find how many important military actions have developed, and how far these spread across the globe. There is the German progress at Stalingrad, the beginning of the Third Battle of Malta, the phenomenal raid by the Lancasters on Schneider-Creusot, the obvious preparations for a move against Dakar and the rumbling of a coming offensive in Egypt, the German threat to occupy the rest of France, and the action of far-reaching significance developing in the Solomons.

The German capture of the former Stalingrad tractor factory and break-

Around Guadalcanal (1) a showdown nears for control of the South-West Pacific. American aid comes from New Caledonia (2), New Hebrides (3), and Fijis (4); Jap support from Kieta-Buka-Rabaul area (5). Stakes are control of supply line (6) to Australia, and seaway to Port Moresby (7), menaced from the region of Buna-Lae (8).

through to the Volga, at the extreme northern end of the city, and its vigorous follow-up have made the situation here appear more critical than ever, after it had seemed that the worst had passed. This deception on the part of the Nazis, the employment of one of the oldest tricks in warfare, pretense that the attack had failed and then a sudden new attempt, may have played a part in the break-through, causing the defenders to relax their guard ever so slightly; but the enormous German concentration of force undoubtedly had more to do with it.

Now the Germans are fanning out northward, against a pocket of Soviet troops left isolated, with escape across the river their only hope, and southward against the remaining ruins of factories and apartment blocks still held by the Russians. These ruins probably resemble a city today about as much as the ruins of Ypres did by 1916. The Soviet chance of holding the rest of the city would appear diminished by this German success, yet by the fourth day the defenders had, once more, taken the steam out of the attack and were holding their ground. Meanwhile, the time in which other attacks can be mounted and delivered is passing steadily. November is close at hand, and it is almost certain that the German Command will go into winter quarters weeks earlier than last year. Not only does the delay at Stalingrad give that city a chance of holding out, but it appears to have saved Baku and Leningrad, and possibly Grozny, and Astrakhan.

Both Prepare for Winter

Ever since last spring the Germans have had a good deal to say about the preparations which they were making to spend the next winter in Russia more comfortably.

If the Germans are better prepared for this winter, so are the Russians. Dispatches from Moscow contrast the deprivation in the half-evacuated capital last winter with the preparations made for this season. Immune from attack for almost a year, the capital has had a chance to patch up the damage of last year's air raids, and perhaps worse, the damage of last winter to its plumbing.

Trains running into Moscow have not had to transport almost solely troops and war material, but have brought food and fuel stores for the winter. Others, running to the battle fronts, are laden with those high felt boots and long sheepskin-lined coats which make the rigors of winter fighting more tolerable to the Russian soldier than the German. Fighting in the cold isn't fun for anyone, but there is no reason to assume that the Germans are going to have a much lighter time, and the Russians a much worse time, than last year.

While the Germans have been trying to seize the ruins of one of Russia's most important munitions centres, they have had one of their own wiped out in a slashing daylight raid by Britain's Lancasters against Schneider-Creusot, which stands out as one of the greatest feats of the air war. In the space of 7 minutes, and at a cost of 7 men, Germany was deprived of one of Europe's largest arms factories.

Some correspondents spoke of this raid as being second only to the raid by the American Fortresses and Liberators against Lille a week earlier. Actually the 94 Lancasters, which have a bomb capacity three times that of the Fortresses and twice that of the Liberators, carried their raid four times deeper into enemy territory, and came back with a smaller loss, though entirely unescorted.

If Bomber Command is engaging in a little friendly rivalry with the American Bomber Group, that can do no harm to our war effort, but on the contrary, ought to produce more raids. Bomber Command and most British aeronautical writers, believe they have much the best heavy bomber presently in service, in the Lancaster. It is not only a great weight-carrier, but is very fast, and most economical to produce, requiring only one-third of the man-hours which had been expected. *The Aeroplane* believes that it is not too late for the United States to "reconsider" the question of mass-producing Lancasters; so apparently this has already been considered.

Story of the Lancaster

The Lancaster was developed hastily from the twin-engined Manchester design when it became apparent, in July 1940, that the new and more powerful Rolls-Royce Vulture engine would be delayed. It was at first considered a sort of 4-motored Manchester, using the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine, which was in very heavy production for our fighters. The Lancaster I still uses this engine, now rated at 1280 h.p., but there is also a Lancaster II powered with four 1600 h.p. Bristol Hercules.

The armament of the Lancaster, a four-gun turret in the tail and two-gun turrets on top, bottom and in the nose, was considered exceptionally powerful when the plane was designed. But the experience of the first outbound Augsburg flight, which lost four out of six machines to German cannon-mounting fighters which simply stood off out of range and potted away, made it seem doubtful if 30-calibre armament is adequate today. The Creusot raid cannot be considered to have settled this point, as the Lancasters were never once attacked by fighters, going or coming.

The armament which gave the American bombers their great victory over the Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts at Lille was the much higher-powered, longer-range 50-calibre machine gun. Fortresses carry 12 of these, plus one 30-calibre in the nose.

In any case, the raid on Creusot was a brilliant success and this great plant, plastered with one-and-a-half times the weight of bombs ever dropped on London in a single German raid, must be as effectively out of the war as the big Renault and Matford tank and truck factories near Paris, obliterated last March. This is surely the way to weaken Germany's war power before sending our men against her fortifications on the Channel.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, who has just returned from a survey of

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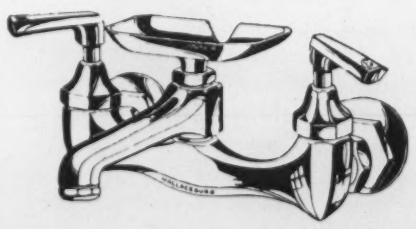

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American air power in Britain for Secretary Stimson, in fact gave as his opinion last week that "the war in Western Europe would remain an air war until we have secured superiority over the German Air Force and paralyzed the production capacity of the German aircraft industry." Rickenbacker rated the present strength of the Luftwaffe as "not exceeding 4700 operational combat planes of every type, a very small percentage of these being bombers." The final qualification seems a curious one.

Mr. Churchill, after saying at Edinburgh recently that he didn't believe that the Germans could resume their blitz against Britain on anything like the scale of our attack on Germany, thought it wise to add last weekend that this did not mean that the enemy couldn't occasionally concentrate a very severe attack against individual British towns or cities. Indeed, as Hitler sees he is cornered, I feel we must expect even more ferocious attacks than the "Baedeker" raids of last spring, against the most historic British towns. Nor is it impossible that this last destructive phase will not spread to France and even Italy, should that country seek a separate peace.

Luftwaffe Will Need Rest

It would seem, however, that if the Luftwaffe is to be rested, reinforced, refitted and ready to meet the tremendous challenge of the Allied air forces next year it must spend a quiet winter. But can it do this? Our plans, judging from German and Vichy warnings of an early attack on Dakar, from the visit of General Smuts, known to be an advocate of cleaning up the Mediterranean, to London, and from talk of an early offensive in Egypt, call for anything but a quiet winter, and have already drawn the Luftwaffe into a painful and costly operation at Malta.

This renewed assault on Malta may be intended partly to clear the path for heavier shipments to Rommel. But I believe that it has a much broader purpose, that of weakening or removing an advanced base which will otherwise be waiting there to assist our drive into the Central Mediterranean, from east and west together.

The defence of Malta has been one of the true epics of the war. Never before have aerodromes been maintained in service in such a restricted space, so close to powerful enemy bases. These half-dozen aerodromes, which the German and Italian communiqués plainly state are the chief targets of the raids, have been hit hard and often. The wastage of Spitfires on the ground, Mr. Churchill has admitted, is "enormous". Yet by careful dispersal of the planes in pits, and by prodigies of work by the army, which is often on the airfields filling in holes with its modern bulldozers and smoothing them down with steam rollers before the raid is over, our fighters have been kept in action.

"Spits" Saved the Day

Hundreds of reinforcements have been flown in to them off aircraft-carriers in the Western Mediterranean. The score which the high-flying "Spits" have rung up against the Luftwaffe since their first appearance in Malta last March is a matter of day-by-day publicity. They had just enough edge on the Hurricanes which had held the fort up until then, to make the difference. But Hurricanes still fight for Malta. It is little known that they have been adapted for carrier use, and were largely responsible for the defence of our latest Malta and Murmansk convoys.

The situation roundabout Dakar is obscure, but where there is so much smoke one feels that fire is bound to break out sooner or later. Our side has published information that American troops have landed in nearby Liberia, as well as a revealing account of the establishment of air bases and the activity of our air forces in this region. Vichy says that we have troops concentrated along the border of Gambia, ready to march on Dakar (about 200 miles by the nearest road). Berlin Radio has announced that "the first French flier has died in the Battle of Dakar", shot down while reconnoitering over Freetown, it seems.

My idea of this operation is that we will use Freetown, about 500 miles to the south and the best harbor we have between Cape Town and Gibraltar, as our main base. Bathurst, in Gambia, 100 miles by air from Dakar, will be our advanced base, and provide fighter support for both our sea and land forces. It would seem highly desirable to try American troops and air crew, together with a strong propaganda attack, to find out whether the French will fight them. If the French put up no more than token resistance this would have momentous significance and would probably be followed up quickly by our entry into Vichy North Africa.

Showdown in Solomons

The showdown which has appeared to be developing in the Solomons could have the most far-reaching influence on the whole Pacific War. The big question is whether the Japs will bring up a fleet of battleships and carriers from their main base of Truk, 1300 miles to the north.

There has been a persistent report that they were moving up a fleet of 7 battleships and 4 carriers. Could the Americans match such naval force in the Solomons area? Or, alternatively, is their air power strongly enough established on Guadalcanal to repulse the Japanese fleet units by torpedo and bomb attack? That may be doubted, for it seems that the American position here is far from secure yet.

Still, the Americans must have gone in here with their eyes open, and the record of the Battles of the Coral Sea and Midway has proven the superiority of their naval air arm. It is entirely possible that they have baited a trap in the Solomons to catch the rest of the Jap carrier strength. If the Nips really have four regular naval carriers left, that would be because, as long suspected, they had converted four 15,000-ton pocket battleships while under construction to aircraft-carriers. They are great gamblers, but would they really risk all these on one throw?

"THE WINGED VICTORY," carved by unknown hands twenty-two centuries ago, was erected by the Athenians on the Island of Samothrace, to commemorate a victory over a ruthless enemy who sought to degrade and enslave. Today, as in ages past, this figure, whose majesty barbaric hands and time itself failed to destroy, symbolizes to freedom-loving men the fulfillment of this same ideal.

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VICTORY LOAN 1942

THE OTTAWA LETTER

The Ceiling's the Thing!

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

IT IS MORE in sorrow than in anger (because we know something of their trials and tribulations) that we are moved to remark again that the price control people appear at times to be unable to see the wood because of the trees. It is a bad thing, as is well known from the mischief done by autonomists, isolationists, nationalists, prohibitionists and all manner of fanatics, to make a fetish of any cause. Price ceilings are about the last thing one would expect to see regarded as an end in themselves. Our conception of them, at any rate, has been that they were an evil to be tolerated because of the purpose they serve. Sometimes it looks very much as though the men who are having their little day of price control power forget this. Their vision seems to become distorted so that the price ceilings themselves rather than the purpose they are intended to serve become their chief concern.

These depressing reflections are occasioned by one of the latest orders on that troublesome commodity, beef. We recognized that Mr. Gordon, the so-called czar of price control, was concerned, throughout his six months' battle with Farm Bloc Leader Gardiner, for the maintenance of his beef ceilings, but we had assumed that he had at least a secondary concern in trying to manage matters so that citizens would get some beef.

On finding the contents of a meat store liquidated down to the last sausage and meat-hungry citizens being turned away empty-handed we thought the proprietor was coming to Mr. Gordon's rescue in his own small way and helping out the cause when we learned that he had gone into the country and induced a farmer to sell him an animal, which was to be slaughtered and distributed to his customers on a pro rata basis. Mr. Gordon's various devices for inducing farmers to bring their cattle to market had failed, and here was a merchant in meats who was smashing the impasse for himself by going out and dragging a critter off the pasture.

In thus approving the enterprise of the harried meat dealer we were quite wrong. True, he relieved the meat shortage (actually famine) in his immediate neighborhood. And from what we know of him we feel pretty sure that in doing so he duly honored the price ceiling law. But it appears that more effort and trouble is entailed for the Gordon Board in maintaining a check on prices and mark-ups to see that its ceilings are respected if the butcher buys his cattle from a farmer than if he buys dressed beef from a packer, because the packer is obliged to supply the Board with records of his transactions. And there is just a chance that, failing a close check, the ceiling and mark-up orders might not be strictly observed.

Remarkable Order

To leave a loophole for such an infringement of the ceiling law, intentional or unintentional, is unthinkable in the eyes of the Gordon Board. Much more unthinkable than that the counters and refrigerators of meat stores should be empty. There is no danger of price ceilings being broken in a store that has no goods to sell. And no trouble at all about keeping a check to see that they aren't broken. And the ceiling's the thing.

So there has emanated from the Gordon Board one of the most remarkable orders that that so-often astonishing wartime control body has yet devised. It directs that no dealer in beef at retail shall obtain any beef by slaughtering any cattle or having cattle slaughtered for him unless it was his regular practice to acquire beef in that manner during the basic period for price ceilings, September 15 to October 11, 1941.

The effect is that if a retail butcher bought his beef from packers during the four weeks of the base period last fall he is prohibited now from procuring it from any other source regardless of whether he can obtain supplies from the packers. He may have no beef, nor any lamb or pork (we hear of stores being frequently in that condition) and little immediate prospect of getting any, but under this order he may not go out and buy a steer, have it slaughtered and the carcass submitted to quality test, and sell the beef to his customers at prices which respect the ceilings. He must leave his counters bare and turn his customers away until such time as the packers—by grace of farmers who may choose to bring their cattle to market—are able to supply him.

Not wishing to do any injustice to earnest men who are clearly trying to do their duty as they see it—not even though their vision may be distorted by the blinkers they appear to wear—we have looked up the exact meaning of the word "fetish" and find that the Oxford Dictionary defines it in part as a "principle irrationally reverenced". If it can be maintained that this order—read in the light of the long holdout of cattle from market and the consequent scarcity of beef which has left beef counters bare for considerable periods at a time—does not connote an irrational reverencing of the principle of price ceilings we shall be compelled to conclude that we are entirely astray in our conception of the principle and purpose of price control.

Even if the civilian consumer and his appetite rank very low in the scale of wartime considerations by which the Gordon Board guides its course, other elements in the community come under the impact of an order such as the one referred to which cannot be regarded as unimportant in the national economy. In some quarters in the business community a feeling has been engendered—and it could easily spread—that the administration of price control is divorced from any very sympathetic concern for small business.

Only in the Way?

It is understandable that unless care were taken to abort and dispel it such a feeling could easily germinate and grow. Not only do price control and short supplies hit the small dealer with special severity; the small dealer is alert enough to recognize that in the midst of an effort to artificially combat the law of supply and demand he, in his numbers and with his small transactions, is not unlikely to be thought to be "in the way". Big dealers, buying in quantity for bulk deliveries, pay less and can sell for less in many cases than he can. Their quantity purchases and sales are a factor in the struggle of the control authority to keep prices down. The little fellow is smart enough to realize that in the nature of things his over-size competitor matters more to the price controller than he does.

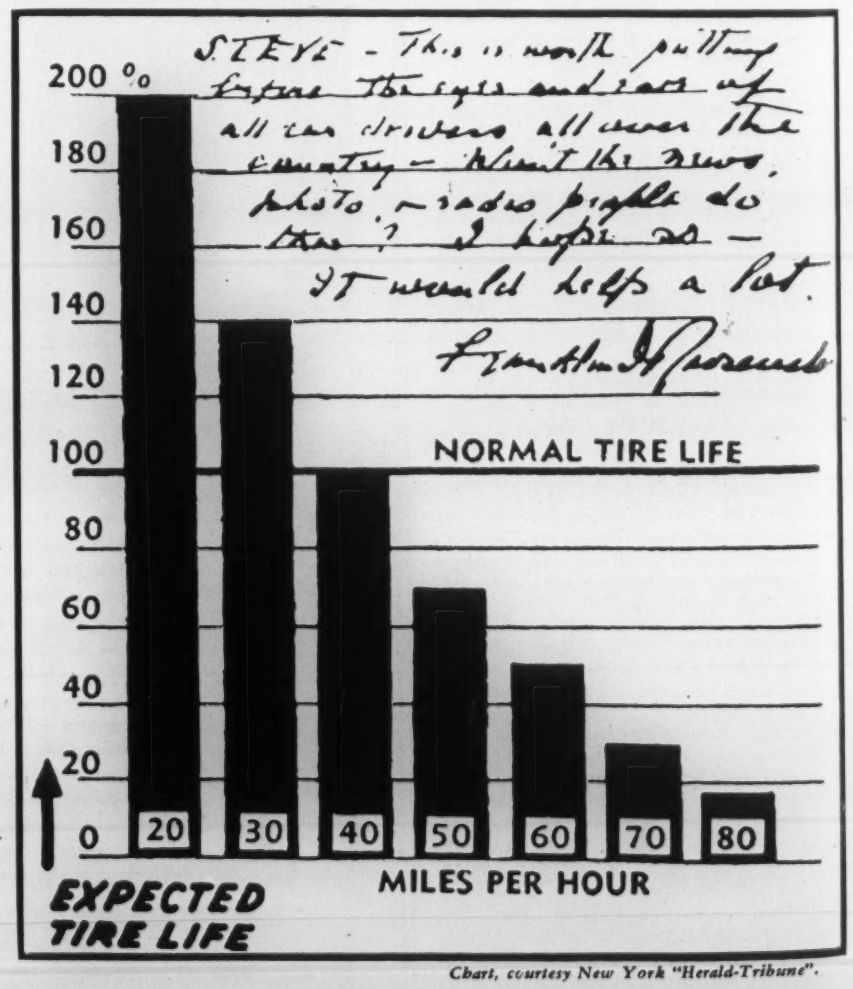
Realizing these things, the small business man is likely to be susceptible to any suspicion or suggestion that control policy and administration are directed to his disadvantage. If it is important that such a suspicion should not spread through small business, then it seems to us that any question of ease or difficulty in policing beef price regulations is of small consequence compared with the possible implications of a decree which, as long as the beef scarcity lasts, is likely to interfere seriously with the operations of small dealers and which has no better justification than that it is designed to make it easier for the price control authority to see that its regulations are obeyed.

But while we have been discussing the beef shortage in relation to the refusal of farmers to market cattle at prices corresponding to the wholesale ceiling price of beef, and while the Gordon Board itself has been so discussing it, it seems that perhaps there wasn't any shortage at all and that if there was both the Gordon Board and this column have been altogether astray as to the cause of it.

"So-Called" Shortage

The Department of Agriculture, which takes its direction from Minister Gardiner, thinks it is time the whole matter was cleared up, and in undertaking to clear it up it refers to the shortage as if it possibly may have been imaginary. At any rate, it speaks of it as "the so-called meat shortage". Then it attributes the so-called shortage to a variety of factors including increased employment in industry, increasing requirements of Canadian and Allied armed forces, the bacon contract with Britain, favorable pasture conditions, and "optimism or uncertainty in the minds of producers as to future market prospects". Nothing here of a concerted effort by farmers, encouraged by Mr. Gardiner, to force prices up by holding cattle off the market as a contributing cause of the shortage—if there was a shortage.

Has Mr. Gordon been battling with a shadow? If so he has prejudiced his reputation as the iron-man of wartime control, for he conceded the latest round, or at least let it go to a draw, by raising his wholesale beef ceiling in order to give producers a higher price for cattle, and this just when his backers were betting that he had the shadow (or Gardiner) licked.



Chart, courtesy New York "Herald-Tribune".

When President Roosevelt suggested to Presidential Secretary Stephen Early that the tire mileage chart reproduced here "is worth putting before the eyes and ears of all car drivers all over the country," he probably was thinking of the U.S. However, SATURDAY NIGHT is glad to do its part toward bringing it to the attention of Canadian drivers as well and thus circulate the President's suggestion where it can do further good. Mr. Roosevelt's mileage chart certainly provides convincing argument in favor of slower driving for longer tire life.

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STEP 4: Select the kind of policy that best fits your life insurance needs, considering the premium money you have available. As you know, there are many different kinds of life insurance policies—each designed to fit the specific needs of men in different circumstances.

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We've got a lot of Joes . . . and Charlies . . . and Harrys gone from "SUPERTEST"—about half of our entire staff . . . And there's a lot of them missing where you work—and from the street where you live.

But it's good to know they're smiling wherever they may be . . . smiling because there are so many of us here at home determined to work harder, save harder . . . to keep them supplied with the guns and tanks and ships that will let them come home to us.

So, we want to salute our heroes . . . and we want to salute Joe and all the unsung boys like him . . . AND we'd like to remind you to buy even more Victory Bonds to keep the fightin'est army in the world fighting . . . and smiling.

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"Ruml Plan" Would Lighten Taxpayers' Burden

BY B. K. SANDWELL

The income tax you paid last year was on the income of the year before. The income tax you paid last month was on the income of last January. Even with the push-up that Mr. Ilsley did this year, you are still eight months behind in your dealings with him. You OWE him eight months' tax, and you will never catch up—under the present system—until eight months after you are dead, or have stopped having an income.

Why not call next month's instalment the tax on next month's income? Then we shall never owe the government anything, and shall not leave a debt behind when we die. And as far as the present revenue is concerned, it will make no difference anyhow.

QUITE a lot of Canadians can remember when the income tax was first introduced to a reluctant population which was accustomed to paying no national taxes except those "indirect" ones which are extracted painlessly from a victim who does not know that he is being taxed. Customs and inland revenue taxes in those happy days provided the great bulk of the national income, which did not have to be very great because the national expenditure was itself modest. There were no world wars and no publicly owned railways.

The income tax was introduced in Canada in 1917. It applied to the income of the year 1918, but it was not payable until several months after the end of that year. It thus established a debt owed by the income recipient to the Dominion government; for it had to be paid in 1919 whether the taxpayer had any income in that year or not; indeed it had to be paid whether he was alive or not, if he was alive and received income on a taxable scale in 1918. Whether any individual taxpayer in making up his accounts at the end of 1918 charged this income tax up as an expense of 1918, as of course he should have done, is not known; but the present writer knows very well that he himself did not, and he suspects that practically nobody did. This was of little consequence, however, because the tax was extremely light, and the total amount collected in all Canada in the fiscal year 1919 was $9,349,720. (In the fiscal year 1941 it was $207,428,788.)

Grew Year by Year

This system went on year after year, with the taxpayer incurring each year a debt of increasing magnitude, to be paid only in April or later of the year following that in which it was incurred. It went on until Mr. Ilsley, becoming very anxious to separate us from our money more rapidly in order to prevent us from spending it, decided to advance the dates of payment and collect by instalments—instalments falling due, remember, not *after* the date set in previous years for the entire payment, but *before* it. These instalments are now extracted from our incomes to a large extent before they reach us, by the process known as deduction at the source.

But these deductions, remember, *are not taxes on the income from which they are deducted;* they are taxes on the income which reached us several months previously. True, that income itself was subject to deduction, but that deduction was not a tax on *that* income, but a tax on the income still further back. The result is that the taxpayer is still always in debt to his government and is never fully paid up; and when he dies, no matter how insignificant his estate may be, it is still burdened with the debt of the tax on his income for the last few months of his life.

The situation is identical with that which exists in the United States, where the government is making the same effort as ours to extend the income tax to all classes of the community who can possibly afford to pay it. It has led in that country to a proposal, put forward by Beardsley Ruml, chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and Treasurer of R. H. Macy & Co., the great department store, for doing what is termed "putting the income tax on a current basis." This proposal involves no change in the current collections; it consists simply in declaring that the sum collected each month or week or pay-day *is the tax on that item of income from which it is deducted,* rather than being the tax on an item of income received some months previously.

When Taxpayer Gains

Substantially this proposal does nothing more than abolish the debt to the government existing in respect of income received some months ago and not yet taxed. The taxpayer will go on making the current payments exactly as now, but they will be payments of the tax on his current income, and not of a tax on past income. The only important change—the only change that is not a bookkeeping change—is that which occurs when he stops having a taxable income, whether the cause be death, retirement, illness or anything else. As it is now, when that happens he, or his heirs, still have to go on paying the government its income tax for a year, or for several months at least. As it would be under the Ruml plan, neither he nor his heirs would owe the government anything after he stops having an income—unless, as may happen with people whose incomes come from several different sources, his source-deducted tax fell short of the proper rate on his total income, when he would still have to make a final adjustment, as he would also at the end of each taxation year while still receiving income.

Thus the taxpayer gains nothing in immediate cash, but he does gain the remission of a debt now due to his government; a debt which would under the present system go on existing until there ceases to be a taxable income, when shortly after that event it would be paid off out of the estate or the accumulated possessions of the taxpayer. Similarly the government loses nothing in immediate cash, but does lose the ultimate right to collect this debt at some future time.

Loss to Government?

This may look like a considerable sacrifice on the part of the government. But consider a moment: This debt of the taxpayer is an asset of the government, it is true, but it is an asset of a not very desirable kind. In a vast number of cases it is an asset which will have to be collected at a time and in circumstances which make the collection a bad thing for the community; it will be taken out of the assets of a family which has just ceased to be able to rely on its major source of income, the earnings of its chief breadwinner. True, there are cases where the income is derived from investments, and therefore goes on irrespective of the death of the owner; but in these cases the new owners become taxable (and have to pay the tax) the instant the old owner ceases to be taxable, and in any event there is a heavy inheritance tax on the transfer, which can be increased if necessary. Where the income is earned, the necessity for going on paying the tax after there has ceased to be any income is obviously a hardship occurring at a most inopportune time. Moreover with the tax now reaching down into the poorer classes the delinquency rate is certain to be high in the future.

The Ruml proposal, which has already been widely discussed and vigorously supported in many quarters in the United States, has now received the endorsement of a long and vigorous article by its propounder in the influential magazine *Fortune.* In this article Mr. Ruml discusses three problems. The first is simple. It is: How can we get on to a current basis without paying two years' taxes in one year? The answer is: By calling the tax collected in 1942 a tax on 1942 and not a tax on 1941. (Canada has already done a little collecting of two years' taxes in one year, when she moved up the instalment dates; all we have to do is to call the tax paid in September a tax on September and not a tax on the previous January.)

The second problem is: How can we taxpayers estimate the year's income in such a way that we can start paying on it at the beginning of the year? The answer is that such an estimate must be tentative, and can always be corrected, up or down, when we know the true income at the end of the year. The bulk of the 1942 tax will be paid in 1942 anyhow; something may have to be added to it, or perhaps something refunded from it, early in 1943.

The third problem is: What rate of taxation should be applied? This is the only one that creates any difficulty for the government, for it requires it to set its income tax rate before it has any idea what the national taxable income will be to which it will apply. As it is, when the tax rate on 1941 income is determined, which is in the early summer of 1942, it is possible to make a pretty close guess what the national income of 1941 was; but it would be much harder to say what the national income of 1942 is going to be, and therefore what the income tax revenue in 1942 is going to be if levied on the 1942 income. But this is an objection which was never raised against the customs and internal revenue taxes, whose rates also have to be determined long before the transactions take place on which they are levied; and as a matter of fact the income tax has now reached a point at which there is not likely to be any need or any possibility of much change in its rate either up or down.

The weakness of the present system—a weakness which did not matter so long as the tax was small but matters greatly now that it is large—is that if there is going to be an increase in the rate the taxpayer does not know about it until long after he has received the taxable income and does not have to pay the increased rate until some time after that again, the result being that he spends the income and makes no provision for the increased tax.

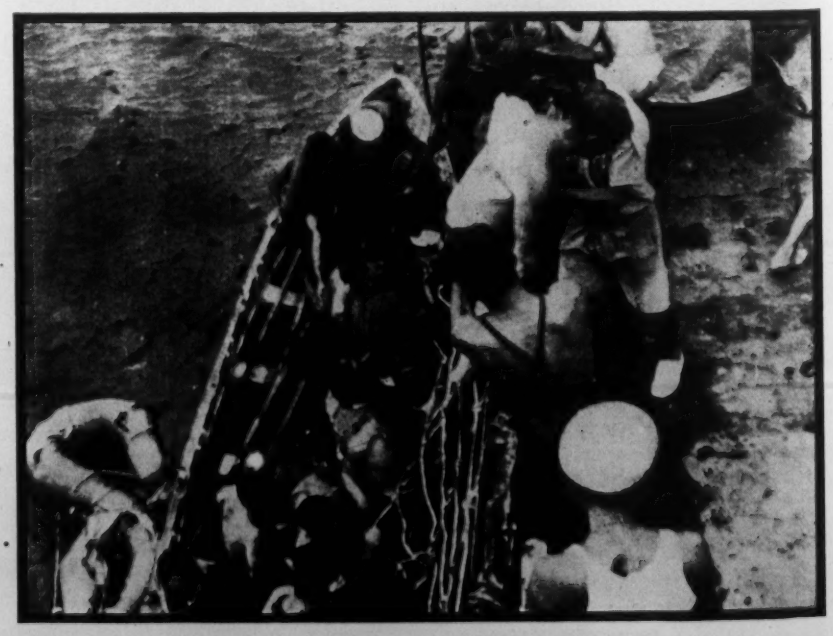
Very Helpful Now

The Ruml plan is particularly desirable at a moment when large numbers of income recipients are changing their occupation by going into military service, many of them at a pronounced sacrifice of income. For such men to be called on to pay income tax on their old level of income and at their old rate, long after they have ceased to receive such an income, is a serious and widespread hardship, which the Ruml plan entirely obviates.

It is also desirable when there is a good deal of *upward* change of income, for it brings into the government's possession the increased tax revenue as soon as the income is increased, and also saves the recipient from any possibility of failing to realize that he is not going to be allowed to enjoy the *whole* of the increase.

Canadians will by December 31 have paid their government a good proportion of that *one-third* of their 1942 income tax which Parliament has ordered us to pay in 1942. All that is needed to put the Ruml plan in operation is for the government to call upon us to pay in January or February whatever more is necessary to make the exact one-third, and then to forget about the other two-thirds for 1942 and enact that in January 1943 we shall pay one-twelfth of our estimated (tentative) tax on our 1943 income.

One of the many reasons why civilian owners of automobiles must make their present tires do for the duration is to found in the photo above which shows survivors of an RAF Sunderland flying boat, safe but not too comfortable, in their inflated rubber dinghies. Brought down in the North Atlantic by enemy action, they were sighted by a British destroyer which sent a boat. Below: rescued fliers are brought aboard.



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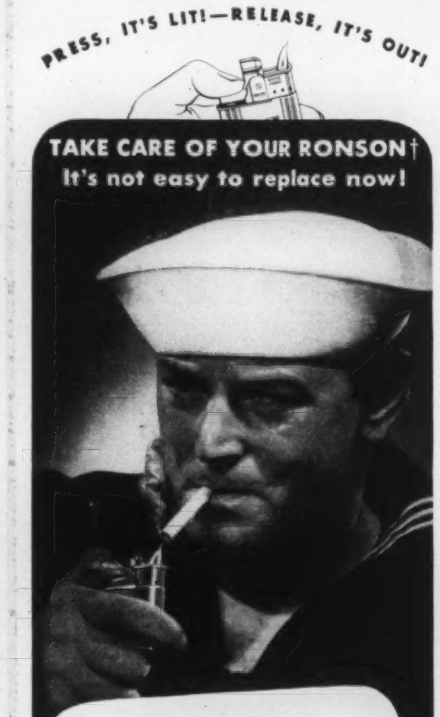

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"Sailors love to smoke but they find it hard to keep matches because they become wet very easily. Sailors buy RONSONS because they are always sure to light and *they can take it.*"

(Quoted from a letter received from a U. S. sailor)

WHEN a smoker wants a light these hectic days, he wants it quick and safe and sure. RONSON'S one-hand, one-finger action gives a soldier, sailor and civilian just that! Endurance? They've recovered RONSONS from sunken ships, run over them with trucks—and they still "can take it."

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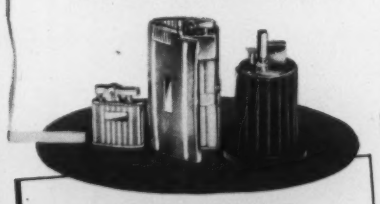

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To make your lighter (any type) serve better and longer, insist upon genuine RONSON Accessories: extra-length RONSON REDSKIN "FLINTS" with protective "REDSKIN" coating; RONSONOL Fuel; full-length RONSON Wicks.

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As a wartime measure, RONSON extends its Factory Repair Service to help keep every RONSON in active use. If your RONSON—for pocket or table—needs attention, send it to the factory for servicing at minimum cost. Address RONSON, Service Dept., Ronson Building, Toronto, Ontario.

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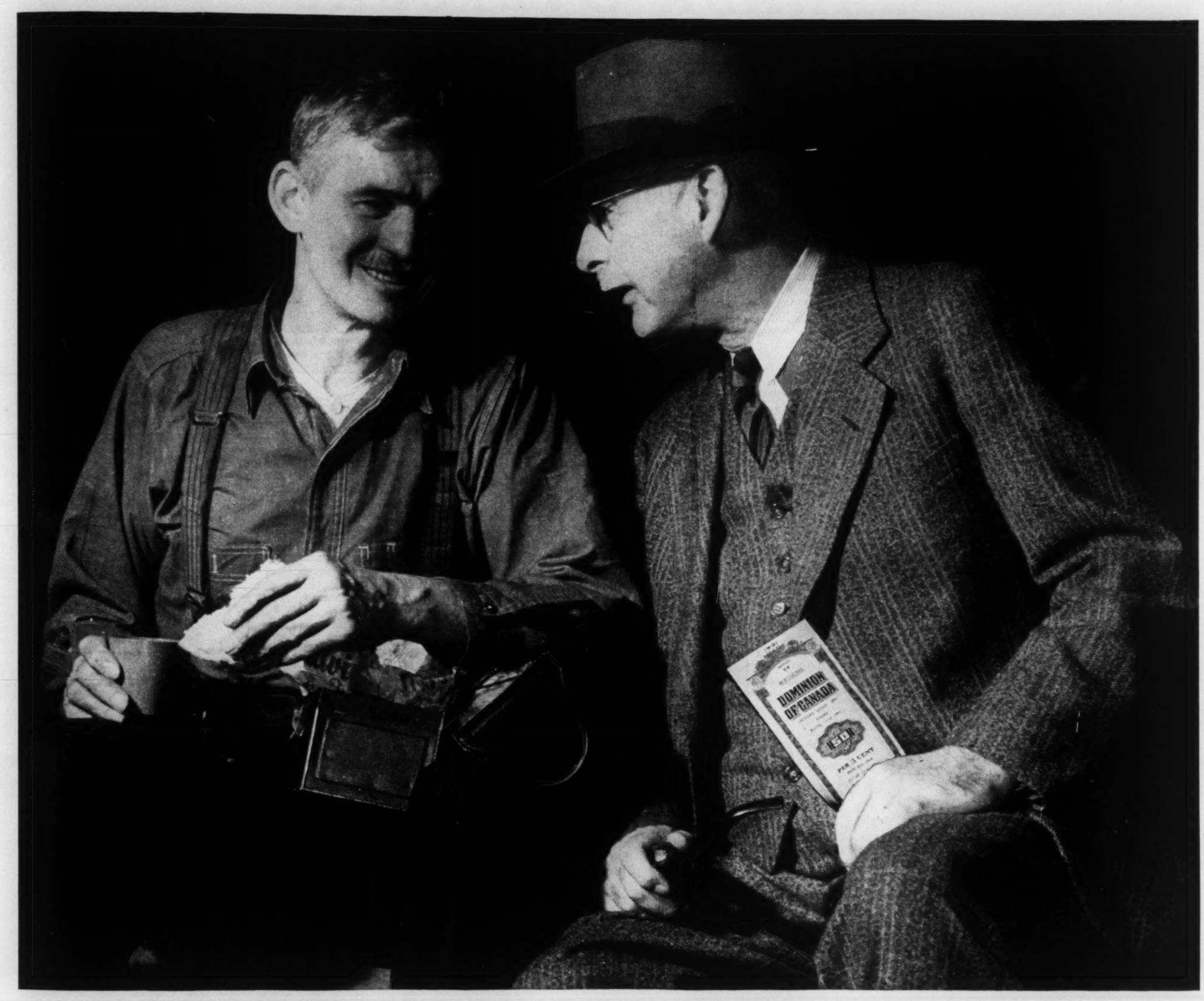

Just Like We Did In The Last War!

"Remember how we used to buy War Bonds back in '18 — how we beefed and wondered how we could ever live what with high taxes and buying Bonds — and how we thought we had said 'Good-bye' to that money forever?

Well, we managed to live all right — and the Government repaid us every cent — with good interest — and those Bonds proved to be as fine an investment as our own Dofasco fund. So now we're buying them again. And do we ever smile when we hear the young ones grousing about sacrificing to buy Bonds. Gosh, it isn't sacrifice at all — it's saving."

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CANADA OVERSEAS

Fire-Watchers Are Front-Line Troops

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

THE women of Britain may now be considered front-line fighters so far as personal risk is concerned. They are not called upon to help exterminate the enemy. But the ordinary housewife of Britain, by compulsion, will do a highly dangerous duty, that of fire-watching. All women up to 45, not otherwise in war service, will take over much of the business of fire-watching in order to release men for more strenuous tasks.

Ever since the heart of the City was destroyed, more by fire than by bombs, the population of Britain has been thoroughly organized against the menace of the incendiary. No building in this land remains unprotected. When the blitz season begins (the Messrs. Hitler and Goering have promised it will) every incendiary dropped from the skies will be handled as promptly as is humanly possible. Because there are not enough available men for so huge a proposition, the women have been conscripted for duty.

As bombing technique improves, fire-watching becomes increasingly dangerous. It is expected, for instance, that the cascade type of bombing developed by the R.A.F. this year will be adopted by the Luftwaffe when and if these islands are heavily raided again. This is the technique by which the greatest quantity of bombs and incendiaries is released in the shortest possible time. The R.A.F. raids on Bremen and Frankfort lasted less than an hour, yet the weight of bombs dropped was more than three times as great as in the heaviest all-night raids on London. And the destruction is many times greater because the weight and frequency of the bombs on a concentrated target give the ground organization no opportunity for protective measures.

Under this system so many incendiaries are dropped within a small area that fire-watchers have no opportunity to function effectively even if they are lucky enough to survive the weight of bombs falling every six seconds. Completely exposed, therefore, fire-watchers become in reality front-line fighters in a defensive capacity.

When the last glorious all-clear sounds and the lights of London burn again in the night, the cheers of the nation will not be altogether for the returning warriors. As in no other war in Britain's history, the women here at home will have shared actively in the victory.

In the last war the "Old Contemptibles" gained lasting glory and a very special place in the affections of the Allied peoples. In this war the special place goes to the "so few" of Churchill's deathless phrase—the fighter pilots in the Battle of Britain.

The mark of history is already upon this handful of men—Britishers, Canadians and Australians—who fought and won the most critical battle this war has yet produced. There are not many of them left. Those still alive are mostly in staff positions here or in the Dominions. Some are instructors. Scant few are engaged in combat flying. Whenever one of them turns up at an air station the younger pilots cluster around him as though he were a wonder man come alive from the pages of history.

When Sir Hugh Dowding, chief of Fighter Command in 1940, recently held a reunion in observance of the Battle of Britain, a small group of men gathered around him. They had the rings of rank on their sleeves, decorations on their tunics, and some were greying around the temples. It was hard to believe these were the eager youngsters upon whose achievement the world waited breathlessly just two years ago.

A U.S. Privilege

When an American soldier is charged with a criminal act against the civilian population of this country he is turned over to U.S. authorities and tried by his own countrymen. This extraordinary privilege was granted to the U.S. expeditionary force by act of Parliament, and it marked the first time the British have ever waived the right to prosecute anyone breaking laws within this country's jurisdiction. During the last war France granted the Americans a similar privilege.

The Canadians have no such privilege. They have not asked for it; they do not want it. Indeed, the only complaint Canadian military authorities have against the handling by criminal courts of Canadian offenders is that British jurists err on the side of leniency when a Canadian soldier is in the dock.

Canadian troops as a whole are extraordinarily well behaved. When the odd man spoils the record of the force by a criminal act, Canadian authorities see to it that he gets the highest grade of legal talent to act in his behalf. If he is found guilty there is no complaint when the full weight of the law is applied. It is too seldom applied to suit those Canadians who take pride in the behavior of their troops. The Canadian Army has a detention barracks of its own to which men lying in British prisons may be transferred if it is felt they are worth reclaiming. British prison authorities co-operate fully.

The privilege granted to Americans (to try their own men) is highly convenient to the British. If local authorities were charged with the prosecution and punishment of American offenders, the British machinery of justice would be severely taxed. Not that the American force has a high percentage of criminal types. It is merely that the A.E.F. has grown to such immense proportions that the normal percentage of criminal cases becomes very big business. There are obvious advantages in having the Americans try their own criminal cases and send back their convicted men for incarceration in American prisons.

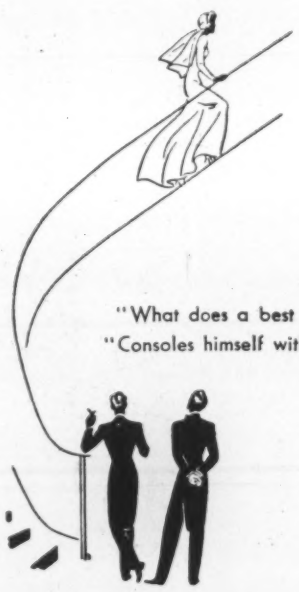
It is a matter of record that American courts deal much more severely with their criminal offenders than did British courts in similar cases. Apparently even British justice, by tradition constant and austere, melts perceptibly when it is confronted with a man in an Allied uniform far away from home.

Invasion of Britain?

As the second front fervor gains in intensity, scant public consideration is given to the very plain military circumstance that the invasion threat to this island still persists. This is a very unpopular thought to present to an Allied world restive to take the offensive.

But sober military calculation requires that this island remain the forward base of our coming offensive. And an obvious prerequisite to winning the war is not to lose it. A successful invasion of this island would all but lose us the war. Make no mistake about it. It is entirely possible for the Germans to mount an invasion of this island in a short space of time. In manpower, military organization, and many types of armament they are still ahead of the offensive potential of this island, strengthened as it has been during the last two years. If it is so very logical for us to invade the continent, it is equally logical for the Germans to invoke their classic strategy of a wheeling westward movement directed against this island.

I do not say this thought is uppermost in the British military mind. But the possibility cannot be ignored. While we plan the offensive, we must not forget the defensive. There is a school of thought among the most aggressive British generals that before the war's end (and no matter how the eastern front fares) Germany will make one smashing attempt to invade this island.



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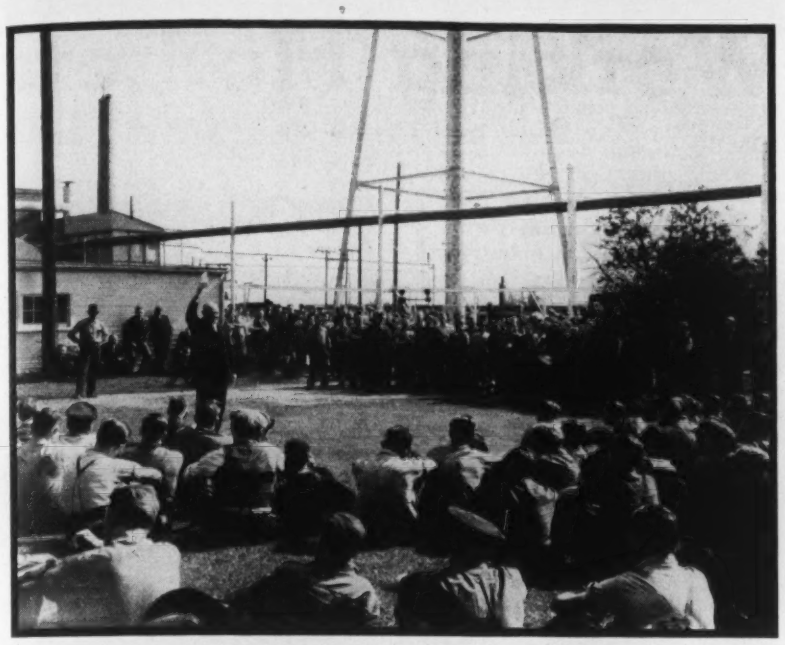

Tribute to workers in war plants, "who really make the product", was paid by Hon. Frank Langstone, until recently New Zealand High Commissioner for Canada, during his tour of inspection of Canadian industry. Here he is seen addressing Moffats Limited war workers at Weston, Ont.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

(Continued from Page Two)

tral, shut off the motor and coast. It is surprising how far and how fast we go. I rarely coast for less than half a mile at a time. When the car finally slows down to twenty miles an hour I turn on the ignition, step on the starter and away we go again. I coast at least one-fifth of my entire mileage. Today, for instance, on a trip of eighty-nine miles I coasted a total of thirty; and two days before covering the same road in the opposite direction, I coasted twenty-one. Naturally, cities don't help much, although, if there is little or no traffic, it can be done. Once in the mountains I coasted ten miles without starting the motor.

The method demands care and discretion. A hill may be too steep to be safe but even sharp straight grades are possible if there are no intersecting roads and one starts going down very slowly. The brake is an ever present safeguard although I rarely use it. If the hill is a long slow grade one accelerates the car before turning off the motor so as to have a good head start.

The proof of the pudding is the eating. I have a 1937 Buick car with the largest eight-cylinder motor. My experience has been that I never fail to get at least twenty-seven miles to the gallon. Think of all the gasoline that would be saved if everyone followed this plan.

Toronto, Ont. JEROME DAVIS.

Chuhaldin Broadcasts

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT WAS very encouraging to see that you have taken up the case of Alexander Chuhaldin, for I quite agree with you that his is a first-class organization and broadcasts well. It is one of the few things we send across the line that one feels proud of, and it would certainly be a shame if, because of an impression the CBC may have that it is not appreciated and desired by a good number of listeners, it should be dropped. If you would give readers some guidance as to where to apply pressure in the form of letters, I am sure that many who feel as I do would wish to do something to keep this fine organization on the air.

Toronto, Ont. ERNEST SIMPSON.

We suggest writing to Dr. James S. Thomson, General Manager, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Ottawa, Ont.—Ed.

Job for McConnell

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THANKS to you and Stanley McConnell for "The Menace of Collectivism." From this one article I have received more than value for my entire three years' subscription.

It appeals to me as a logical summary of the trouble we are in, the problems facing us, and of pointing the way to the solution of those problems.

For his inner vision and concise summary, I would like to nominate Stanley McConnell, to serve the people of Canada and of the world as chairman of a council of scientific men with full power to rigidly examine and sift the facts, trace effects and find the primary cause. Which, I believe, resides not in man's wickedness, but in their lack of knowledge.

Winnipeg, Man. GUY E. SMITH.

We second Mr. Smith's nomination of Mr. McConnell, but only with the distinct understanding that the job will not interfere with his writing for SATURDAY NIGHT. This week we publish another of Mr. McConnell's articles in which he further clarifies the issue between free enterprise and collectivism; it will be found on page 42.—Ed.

Second Fronts Again

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WONDER if it has ever occurred to the thinking public that this clamor for a "Second Front" may well be considered subversive? Personally I am convinced that the publicity, and attempt to secure mass demand, is fostered and encouraged by fifth column influences. That those most active in insisting on such action may be unaware of the sinister factors at work, is no argument that these influences are inactive.

I wonder if any single individual, Wendell Willkie or anyone else, not a military strategist experienced in such manoeuvres as landing a huge contingent on enemy soil, has any mature conception of the most elementary factors involved. Could any of these persons give a reasonable answer to such a question as—"How many tons of merchant shipping and of naval shipping would be required per 100 men to execute such an offensive?" and again—"How would such a figure vary with the size of the force involved?"

Let us disregard these issues, and leave them to those responsible for this phase of war work. If we are really busy ourselves, we will not have much time left over for mass meetings. If we suspect fifth column activities let us not add our measure too. If we are disgusted with ideas suggested merely for their political effect, let us recognize them as such.

Why should we in Canada consider ourselves immune from subversive influences? Or are we so "dumb" as not to recognize them in their subtle disguise?

TREVOR C. THOMPSON.

Vancouver, B.C.

SPEAKING FRANKLY..
E GIRLS are sentimental — treasuring trinkets. In them live the fond sweet things of life.
We girls are practical too — in our way. Frankly, we yearn to keep our youth and romance from the tarnishing touch of time. That's the secret of our longing for the gracious beauty of an Heirloom Cedar Chest.
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Caring for Children of War-Working Mothers

BY ANNE FROMER

What is to happen to Canada's children when a million mothers who are the Dominion's last remaining labor reserve, enlist in industry? Will they become "eight-hour orphans" and "door-key kids"?

Canada's answer is no—reinforced by a Dominion-wide program of child care—the first of its kind on the continent.

Its administration calls for the participation of Dominion, province, municipality and the family down the street. Its biggest project is a national "chain-store system" of nursery schools. Its most progressive measure is the provision of care for public schoolers, "forgotten children" of past welfare programs.

CANADA'S critical need for workers to run her machines of war production has brought her to the point where she must tap her last remaining labor reserve — married women. Her million and a quarter matrons under 44 years of age are now to be called on to take their places in war factories.

But employers and government agencies realize that the use of this great class of workers presents more problems, requires more supplementary services, than all other types of labor put together. Because, quite simply, there is no group of people in the world who are quite so likely to be mothers of children under 16 than married women under 44. And the war would scarcely be worth the winning if in the process it made "social casualties" of the majority of the Dominion's future citizens.

So the nation which desperately needs this new womanpower finds that as a by-product of this need it must set up the most elaborate and far-reaching system of child care this continent has ever seen. Already sociologists are alarmed by the result of the comparatively small employment of mothers in war factories, look apprehensively on the rising juvenile delinquency statistics —the 47 per cent increase in the last year alone.

In inaugurating its child care organization, the government knows it is tackling a problem that money and organization alone cannot cope with.

Merely to feed and house "war factory orphans" while their mothers make planes and guns and tanks, money and bureaucratic organization would be enough, but in the other necessities of childhood, in replacing all that a mother is to a child in training, environment, stability, happiness, no Ottawa edict alone would answer. So the government has wisely integrated into its plan all the "foster" organizations that enter into the business of growing up successfully — church, school, playground, and social service.

Need for Good System

Need for an elaborate child care system was one of the first recommendations of Mrs. Rex Eaton, assistant director of national selective service. The plan drawn up by department of labor experts and ratified by the federal cabinet, provided that any province could enter into a "share the cost" arrangement with Ottawa and set up as many child centres as might be needed. Ontario has already agreed and started work, and the Quebec government has signified its intention of doing so. These are the two provinces with the biggest war production, and therefore the most acute labor problems, but other provinces may join in as the need arises.

As soon as the Ontario cabinet had ratified the agreement, it formed a provincial advisory committee, with the minister of public welfare as chairman and members representing the departments of health, labor, public works, education, and the national selective service board.

Next local committees were appointed in all industrial areas. A description of the federal-provincial agreement was first sent to the mayors, with the suggestion that the local committee include representatives of labor, welfare council, welfare administrator, secretary of local school board, supt. of children's aid society, and a secretary, the latter's salary being the only charge on the local committees.

As soon as the membership of a local committee is ratified by the provincial advisory committee, the first meeting is called to appoint a chairman and vice chairman, and the province is notified of the meeting so that a member of the advisory committee can attend to explain the program.

Gets Down to Work

After the first meeting, the local committee gets down to work, surveying the needs of its own area through sub-committees appointed from its membership to look after equipment, personnel, location of buildings. The committee then draws up a plan of procedure and a budget which includes the putting of the plan into effect and its continued operation. The plan must be approved by the advisory committee of the province and ratified by the provincial and federal cabinets, since they are sharing the cost. In this regard, G. S. Tattle, Deputy Minister of Public Welfare for the province and member of the provincial advisory committee, plays what has been described as a "Jekyll and Hyde" role. "First I have, as a member of the advisory committee to urge municipalities to get the best of everything for their centre", he said with a smile, "then as deputy minister I have to 'crack down' on the budgets they present—based on the cost of the 'best of everything'."

When the local committee gets the "go ahead" sign, it awards a contract for remodelling the chosen building or buildings and hires a staff.

The staff of a typical child centre consists of a full-time paid director, and assistant director, both of whom must be trained in nursery education; three volunteer workers recruited from women's volunteer services, church and recreational groups in the community; kitchen help, janitor, and clerk. It is suggested that the director and her assistant be local persons, who have the confidence and support of the community.

While the building is being prepared for occupancy, the director and her assistant go to Toronto where a "model" institution, at 95 Belleville Ave., is in operation to "refresh" the workers and teach them new developments in child care. On returning home they find the child centre ready for "opening day", when the first sleepy-eyed children will be on the doorstep at 7.30 a.m. wondering what their new life is going to be now that mother must look after a lathe.

Surveying the Wives

Ontario industry is at present making a survey of married women in their plants. This is not without its embarrassing moments, since in the past, before they were generally admitted to factories, many married women registered as single to get jobs, and now are reluctant to admit their status as wives and mothers. Now that jobs are allocated through selective service and married women are welcome, however, this situation ceases to exist.

In any case, the child centres will be used by a majority of children whose mothers are going to work for the first time. The number of married women now in industry, although considerable, is still small in proportion.

Having heeded the call for womanpower and registered as a mother, the new married war worker is turned over to a liaison officer acting between the selective service board and the local nursery committee—her "child problem" has to be settled before she is even allocated to a job.

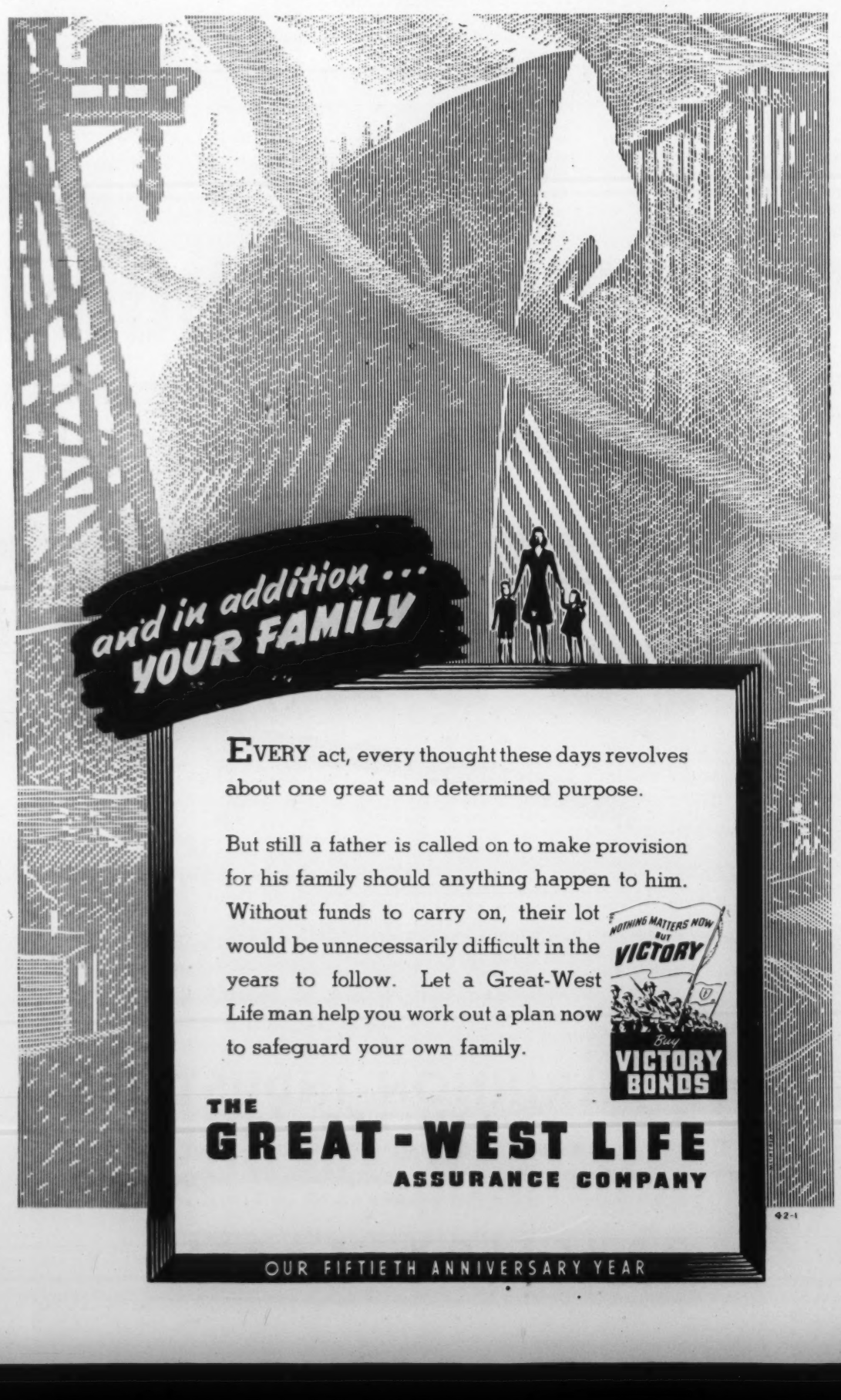
The liaison officer makes out an application indicating whether the woman's child or children is of school age, pre-school or is a candidate for foster day care. Biggest problem, of course, is the pre-school child. Before he is enrolled, he is medically examined. Any correctable defect is remedied, preferably before he is admitted to the nursery, and he is immunized against diphtheria and whooping cough.

Johnny's New Life

The first day dawns, first day for Johnny in his new life, first day for his mother in her new job. She takes Johnny to the nursery *after* breakfast. The fact that Johnny must be given breakfast at home does not mean the government is trying to economize—it is a subtle precaution that his mother, having to prepare his breakfast, is likely to have a proper breakfast herself, instead of "snatching something", as she might if she knew her son was going to be fed as soon as he was delivered at the nursery.

From the time that Johnny is taken by the hand by one of the nursery workers at 7.30, until he is picked up by his mother at 6 p.m., he leads a planned life in a "child-sized" world designed for him. But he is neither regimented nor coddled. He is encouraged to "do for himself" as much as possible, for example, to wash hands and face, and comb his hair, take off his shoes at rest times, take off and put on his outdoor clothes, to serve himself at meal times.

As soon as he arrives in the morning he takes off his outdoor clothes, is given a drink of water, and plays until it is time for outdoors. At his


and in addition . . .
YOUR FAMILY
EVERY act, every thought these days revolves about one great and determined purpose.
But still a father is called on to make provision for his family should anything happen to him. Without funds to carry on, their lot would be unnecessarily difficult in the years to follow. Let a Great-West Life man help you work out a plan now to safeguard your own family.
NOTHING MATTERS NOW BUT VICTORY
Buy VICTORY BONDS
THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
OUR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Canadians have been buying Victory Bonds this week to help stop this sort of thing: damage resulting from a Nazi bomb in a London street.

Wetting it down: two British A.T.S. girls, members of the Army's Fire Service, give a realistic exhibition of their fire-fighting ability. They are attached to a Royal Army Ordnance Depot in the London defence area.

service is an amazing array of toys—peg boards, stringing beads, tinker toys, farm and wild animals, interlocking trains, tin cans, clothes pegs, blocks, trucks and cars, picture books, plasticene, paints, crayons, colored paper, cut-outs and dolls. Most of these will have been made by the local manual training centre.

Between 8.30 and 9 the children go to the dining room for cod liver oil and a biscuit; then proceed outside to play, where a new array of wonders await them—sand box, swings, climbing box, teeter-totter, slide, wagons, kiddy cars, wheelbarrows, tricycles, brooms, large snow shovels, sand tins, and a mud-hole, the raw material for luscious mud pies.

At 11 a.m. comes "organized group washing". When this is finished nursery schoolers sit in a circle for a story or music group until a quarter to 12 when they relax on mats on the floor until dinner time.

Dinner is served cafeteria style, which means that every day a proud youngster is chosen from each table to be the waiter for the meal. He gets each child's dinner and takes it to him or her, serving himself last. After dinner, as at regular intervals through the day, it is "toilet time", and teeth are brushed, after which comes the sleeping period.

Low Cost to Mothers

Afternoon activities begin at 3 p.m. with a snack and more outdoor play. Supper is served at five, and after that, until six when they will be called for, they get dressed and join a "story circle" until mother arrives.

This child care is not in the "charity" category, but the cost to mothers is only about one-third or less of actual outlay. For the first child, if there is only one wage earner in the family, the fee is 35 cents a day, and 15 cents for every additional child. If there are two wage earners, the first child is 50 cents a day, the rest 35 cents. It costs about $1 a day to maintain a child, divided between provincial and federal government.

Existing day nurseries are expected to be brought under the plan laid out for new organizations, under the direction of Mary Blakeslee, director of the day nursery branch of the Ontario welfare department.

When a woman worker leaves her job or changes employment this fact is registered and approved by the selective service board, and the liaison officer makes the necessary adjustment to get her child changed to another nursery or removed from the rolls, if she is no longer eligible for the service.

Only women who are engaged in war work may leave their children at child care centres, unless written permission of the provincial director is obtained. But "war industry" is given wide definition—in addition to obvious munitions plants, it includes factories making "supplies, equipment and commodities of every kind which in the opinion of the minister of labor would be essential for the needs of the government, the armed forces, or the community, in war."

Average Centre

Average centre is planned to accommodate 50 children, and only centres which can serve a minimum of 20 children will be set up. In areas where fewer children need attention "foster day care" will serve the need. In these areas, the liaison officer will pass the application for child care to the local children's aid society who will find a suitable home where the child can spend the day and be cared for.

A lesser but quite important problem for working mothers is the school age child, the "door key kids", who go to school with a key on a string around their necks, let themselves into their homes and cook their dinners, and live most of their lives out of school hours without supervision. Under the new set up they will be as well cared for as pre-school children.

Their program will be separate from the local nursery system and will be administered by the school boards, supervised by the provincial department of education and a subcommittee of the provincial advisory council.

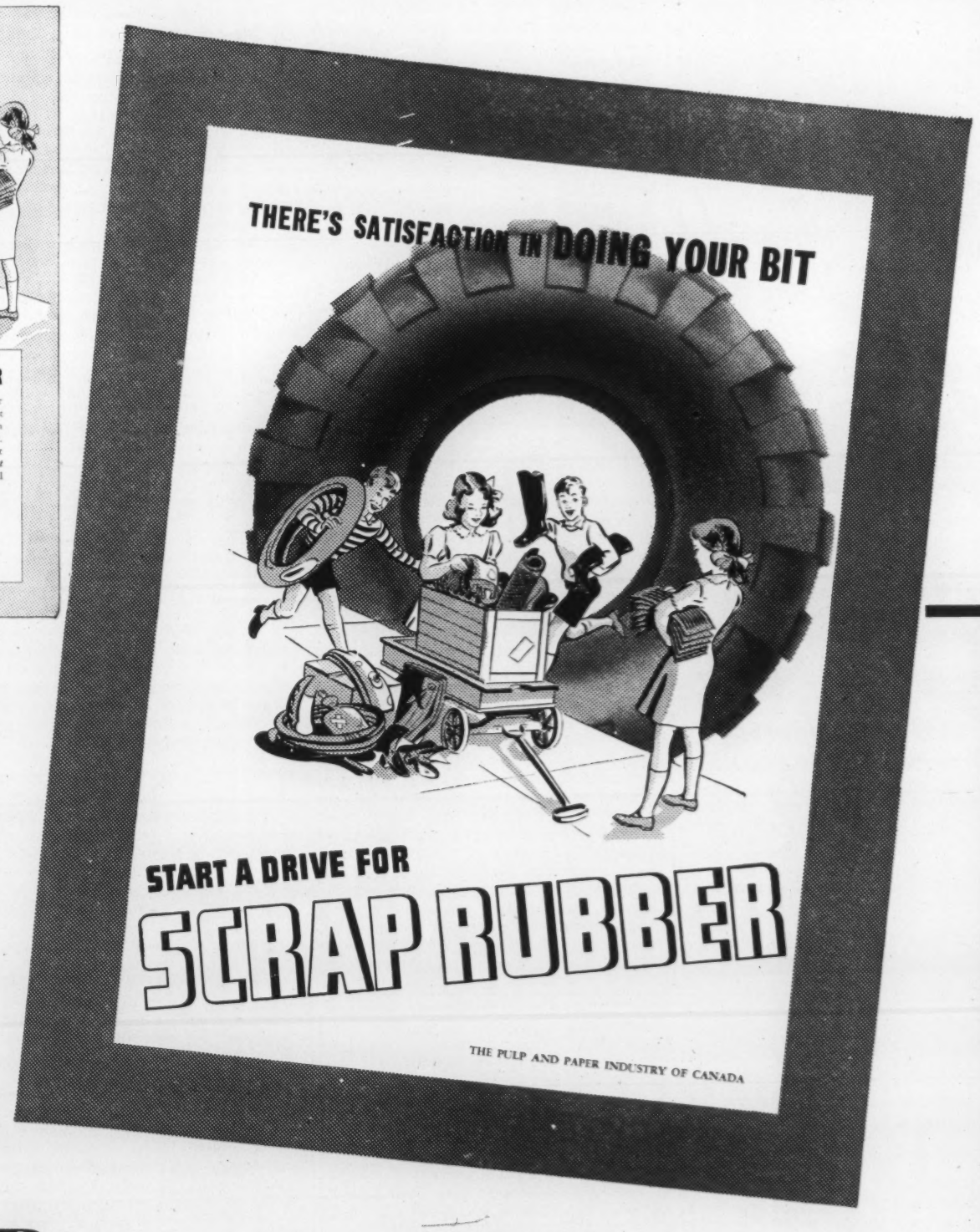
Mothers will bring their children to school at 7.30 when they will be taken in charge by special teachers. It is expected that the plan will give employment to a number of teachers who have had to give up teaching on marriage. During the hour before school in the morning the "war work orphan" will be taught manual training, craft work and music games. He will become a regular pupil when school opens, and remain so until noon hour, when his supervisor again takes him in charge along with other "war orphans" for lunch, served either in the school cafeteria, or in a nearby nursery school, church or hall. Church societies, parents' associations and other bodies will be given an opportunity to prepare the meals.

At 1.10 he resumes his status as a student, and after school he remains in the playground for more supervised recreation until 6 p.m., when his mother comes to call. Cost of the school program to parents is 25 cents for the first child and 10 cents for additional children. The importance of these supervised periods is that the child is taught constructive sport and play, and discovers that school is not such a bad place after all.

THE
NEED IS
URGENT
Start a drive for SCRAP RUBBER
If every person in Canada earning a living from pulp and paper were to collect an average of only 5 pounds of scrap rubber, that would mean approximately two and a half million pounds which the Government sorely needs! Five pounds is not a great deal. You'll probably find it quite easy to collect many times that amount when you dig out those old tires, rubber boots, overshoes, hot water bottles, etc. Get your neighbours interested, too. Your local salvage committee will welcome your help.
THE PULP AND PAPER
INDUSTRY OF CANADA

From this ↑ *Advertisement*

This is part of a campaign sponsored by the Pulp and Paper Industry in mill towns. The purpose is to impress householders with the urgency of conservation and to demonstrate how simple it is "to do your bit".



THIS → POSTER for your bulletin board

To extend the effect of the campaign, the advertisements have been adapted as posters in two colours measuring 10" x 13½". They are printed in both French and English and, while originally intended for mill bulletin boards, *are now available to any organization in Canada which can profitably use them.*

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Homewood Sanitarium, Guelph, Ont.

An Open Letter to the Editors of "Life" Magazine

BY HENRY PETERSON

Life's astounding Open Letter to the People of England, published on Oct. 12, intimated that the British people's only interest was to keep the Empire together.

Here is a vigorous and convincing answer, without mincing of words. The author reviews past prophecies of the New York group and in the end refers to the negro problem.

To the Editors of *Life*:

YOU have been frank. I shall be so too. It is no secret to many thousands among your readers, but especially to those who have discussed world affairs with the head of your organization, Henry R. Luce, that he nourishes a strong anti-British sentiment. Whether this was caused by a real or imaginary slight received at Oxford is no longer of importance. But what is of importance is that this sentiment has pervaded his three magazines, *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune*, throughout the three years of democracy's fight against history's most dangerous and hideous attempt to enslave all free men.

Because the expression of this sentiment has gone unchallenged during those three years, it has, I believe, gone to Mr. Luce's head, and nourished in him a delusion of power which even the vast circulation of his periodicals cannot justify. Having maintained during all this time that it was a mistake to leave this anti-British sentiment unchallenged, I welcome the opportunity afforded by your Open Letter to the People of England to discuss the whole subject of the attitude of your group of magazines towards that nation.

YOUR own paper is chiefly devoted to sensational illustration, but your associate, *Time*, by a consistent policy of strident self-advertising, has persuaded many unthinking Americans that your organization is practically infallible in its pronouncements on world affairs. Yet the actual fact is that *Time* has shown a peculiar genius for being consistently wrong about all the major events of the last three years, and indeed of some considerable time before that. Year in, year out, it depicted China as a graft-ridden, ignorant, comic nation of uncivilized Orientals, and gave it no hope of standing out against the Japanese. Then throughout 1940 it implied week after week that Britain, lazy, half effete, devoid of martial qualities, would be defeated, or had actually been defeated but was too stupid to know it. In 1941 it took no trouble to disguise its belief that Russia—the international enemy of that High Finance of which Mr. Luce is a spiritual disciple — would be crushed into fragments, which it depicted in sundry maps, enclosing them in dramatic arrows, spearheads, exploding bombs and whatnot. And eight months ago it had Hitler and Tojo practically meeting in India, and was giving Egypt to Rommel any time he might choose to take it. A profound knowledge of the war *Time* has shown indeed! An exhilarating inspiration to democratic morale *Time* has been!

Now comes your Open Letter to the People of England, now in this October of 1942. You naturally expected the bitter resentment that it instantly raised in England, but there was no visible sign from your organization, though there must have been some private purring. But when a very flood of resentment arose in your own country, your chief wasted no time in issuing a long Apologia, complaining that you had been "misunderstood".

The two main statements of this Apologia are: "The fault is partly ours for not having said what we meant as clearly as we should have," and "What, then, did we mean? We meant that the war aims of this war . . . ought to be made much plainer than to date they have been made."

It was, of course, no news to many millions how oddly you handle the English language, and though nine-tenths of your Open Letter did suffer from looseness of expression, still its two main points must come up for serious review.

IN FACT, you expressly name the particular point of your Letter: "We want to know frankly what you are prepared to do to help *us*. . . What we need is something that we have never in all our history—with but few exceptions—received from the English people, namely, concessions in policy."

Returning your frankness, when I read this I wondered if you could have ever read any history, either of your own country or any other. Where could so naive a demand lead you but to absurdity? And it has. For this concession turns out to be that England should sacrifice the British Empire in order to open "the second front", connoting that the destruction of the British Empire could best help United Nations' strategy! You went even further, if again your boyish English meant what it said, and implied that the opening of the second front was solely the affair of England.

Then, after stating that Americans "are *not* fighting to hold the British Empire together" (as though England had asked Americans to), you threaten that "if your strategists are planning a war to hold the British Empire together they will sooner or later find themselves strategizing alone . . . you will lose the war. Because you will lose us."

If this hot outpouring of emotion has any meaning at all, it surely can only mean that if the naughty British go on bearing the major brunt of the war against Germany at sea and in the air, as they have for over three years, and go on barring Tojo from meeting Hitler via India and Hitler from meeting Tojo via Egypt and the Middle East, America will pull out of the war, will just quit. Do you wonder so many of your countrymen rose in their wrath against you?

AGAIN, since we are equals and allies, let us not neglect the obverse side of this matter of concessions. Something you had said earlier needs mention here, which was: "We wish merely to set aside as irrelevant and immaterial any argument as to which of us is more responsible for the awful present." I am afraid such laying down of the rules might do well enough as a rhetorical artifice in a schoolroom debate but will hardly do in a Letter of your kind to an equal and an ally.

It is your mature countrymen who matter, those far-sighted, wise and warm-hearted human beings, millions upon millions of them, who want a better world to come out of the "awful present". Such, naturally, beg you to be practical and to concentrate on the "awful present" These people, whose strength lies in facing the truth, would assuredly remind you that the American people made no concessions to anyone or anything when after the last war they rejected the collective security which we together are fighting this bitter war to establish as mankind's chief peace aim. They would also remind you that Congress again made no concessions to the ally that was to defend America for two years, alone and almost unarmed for one of them, when it gave Hitler the green light to start this "awful present" by rejecting President Roosevelt's Amendment to the Neutrality Act in the summer of 1939 and thus cut off all American war materials from the coming victims of aggression, Poland, Britain and France.

YOUR second main point is about how much principles mean to you, and you wax poetical in almost a column illustrating what you mean by "principles", during which what England is "doing in India" makes it impossible for you to "look your soldiers in the eye".

Since you are so sensitive on this subject, I am sure you will be grateful to know that ninety percent of India's 400 millions are content with British rule, and for a very simple reason. Because British rule, as far as it legally can, protects them from the other ten percent of the population, half of these being made up of the high castes which ride them ruthlessly and mercilessly through their caste and religious privileges, and the other half being the petty racketeers who carry out the dirty work. I hope you will be able to look your soldiers in the eye again when I tell you that the bitter agitation in India for the last two generations has been caused far less by love of your description of "freedom" than by the engineering of this five percent of high caste overlords to throw the British out so that there would be no British rule to keep their ruthless lucrative practices in check.

SO WE come to the declaration of faith that you make about freedom. You say: "The nearest we can get to explaining what we take for the foundation principle of this war is this plain fact, which most of us in America have discovered: that if one wants to be free one cannot be free *alone*—one must be free *with* other people. In order to have freedom we are learning that others must have freedom."

No one will dispute this, yet no British editor in asking you to give thought to the word "freedom" would remind you that 15 million Negroes in the United States have still to win full civic rights and racial equality, or that the granting of "freedom" to them is even more urgent than to Indians, since they are part and parcel of the very body politic of your country. A British editor would keep silence, not because he would be afraid to speak on freedom, but because he would appreciate how difficult is your problem.

How easy it is for us writers to get entangled in our own words! The issues of this war are so vast and cut so deeply into so many difficult problems that the wisest course for equals and allies is for each to remember the beam in his own eye and just fight and fight and fight, each to the best of his ability, without raising suspicions about any other. Victory first, then let the problems come, and welcome shall they be!

Buying the New Victory Bonds will help win the war faster than arguing about the "Second Front." We can help put up a formidable front, right now — a front of airplanes and bombs made possible by the patriotic dollars we put into the New

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BUS-SICK?
Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of

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SEASICK REMEDY

If You Think It's a Racket

BY DOROTHY NORWICH

Every time you get stung, every time some smarty sells you worthless stock, useless gadgets for home or car, you are an unwitting saboteur.

Women are the chief victims of petty rackets. Here are a few of the more common frauds and what to do about them.

FRAUDS, like women's hats, often follow the seasons. In fall and winter it's cheap anti-freeze that ruins your radiator and the fake preparations guaranteed to keep your windshield from frosting and which leave it a sticky smear. In spring, it's household cleansers and furniture polishes that remove dirt with miraculous ease—and the paint and varnish right along with it. In summer bogus charities for boys' camps ride in to a clean-up on the crest of the good-will built up by reputable fraternal organizations and newspapers sponsoring legitimate camps.

In peace time such nefarious practices were bad enough, in times like these, they're a menace to Canada's war effort. Spurious war charities, fake salvage collectors, spring into being. Fly-by-night cleaning, pressing and dyeing plants ruin more clothing in a week than an army of moths would in a season, for the sensible housewife sees that her family's clothes are protected against these pests. She can do nothing, however, to repair the damage done junior's suit and sister's dress that have been ruined by the little-known cleaning outfit to which she sent them because the prices were lower than those of recognized firms.

Unwitting Saboteur

Every time you get stung, every time some smarty sells you worthless stock, useless gadgets for car or home, and you let him get away with it, you are an unwitting saboteur.

That statement is addressed almost directly to women. Not because women are more susceptible to fraud than men, but because they are the chief victims of petty racketeering. They are also the guardians of the home. It is up to them to prevent the destruction of fabrics and household appliances. They must make rubbers, goloshes and even umbrellas last twice their customary lifetime. They must not only figure out how to make one dollar do the work of two, but see that saved dollars go partly to war savings stamps and bonds and partly to reputable war and other well-known charities, not into the pockets of small-time crooks and promoters.

"That's all very well," rises the indignant feminine chorus, "but how are we to know whether the person who's taken our money for something of no value to us was not within his legal rights? It's one thing to suspect fraud and quite another to prove it."

You don't have to prove it. If you *know* it's a racket, call the police. If you *think* it's a racket, call the Better Business Bureau.

"Never heard of it!" chorus two housewives out of three. To which the third replies, "Then it's high time you did!"

There are Better Business Bureaux in Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver and 76 in the United States. They are non-profit organizations and their officers and directors are representative business leaders in their respective communities who serve without remuneration of any kind. Only the employees are paid.

Supported by Business

No, Mrs. Housewife, their salaries do not come out of charges made by Better Business Bureaux for services rendered the public. Better Business Bureaux have no charge for their services. They are supported by business firms. For instance, the Toronto Better Business Bureau is maintained by the membership fees of over 780 business concerns in that city. The fees are based on the size of the firm, which in turn is determined by the number of employees and vary from $25 to $200 per annum.

Although Better Business Bureaux have no official power, their effectiveness is stupendous. This is due to the backing they receive from their supporters and the co-operation of various government departments. Even greater than these two is the weight of public opinion. People are fed to the teeth with petty racketeering and are, at last, heeding the warnings and messages Better Business Bureaux are flashing across Canada via radio, newspapers, bill boards, street car cards and bulletins.

The fact that Better Business Bureaux have cracked down on petty frauds does not mean they do not also put bigger game to rout. They do. They protect legitimate business firms from the unfair trade practices of unscrupulous rivals and advise the public whether or not certain investments or propositions are honestly conceived, properly presented and economically sound. They increase your confidence and mine in business by eliminating dishonesty, promoting truth in advertising, and integrity in business whenever and wherever possible.

No particular kind of fraud is peculiar to one city or province. For instance, let us take a look at the colored photograph enlargement racket, which is not, by the way, to be confused with the activities of legitimate photography firms who sell coupons throughout the city. This hardy weed flourishes at all seasons and, at times, all over the Dominion. In peace time it makes plenty for its promoters. In war time, playing as it does upon the emotions of the wives and mothers of men in the armed forces, it's a bonanza.

How It's Worked

This is how it is worked.

An ingratiating young man calls at the door. Through adroit questioning, he learns whether or not a member of the family is in uniform. If one is, he wonders if the family has a snapshot of them they would like enlarged. His firm enlarges and colors snapshots of men in uniform at an especially low price.

The housewife turns over the snapshot. Later, when a proof is shown, the victim is told about a prize contest and definitely assured of a prize, but first of all, the picture must be in one of their frames and, here, he high-pressures the sale of one for anything from $5 to $50.

In due course picture and frame are delivered. The picture is the cheapest piece of photography it has ever been her misfortune to view and the frame is a flimsy affair fit only for firewood. Naturally, she refuses to pay and the delivery man gets tough. If, despite threat and insult, she still refuses to pay, she loses her deposit and quite frequently, the snapshot as well.

This racket was exposed in a Canadian city some months ago by its Better Business Bureau. It may and probably, will, bob up again in other cities and, eventually, spread across the Dominion. To circumvent this leaping of rackets from city to city, Better Business Bureaux send out fortnightly bulletins and details of all the latest rackets exposed in their cities to other Bureaux all over the country. Thus, when the racketeer arrives in a new town, the Better Business Bureau is already forewarned and crooked activities nipped in the bud before they can get under way.

Care Adds to Wear

With the shortage of materials and household appliances becoming more acute by the hour, the Toronto Better Business Bureau, in co-operation with the Federal Government, has published a series of "Care Adds to Wear" Conservation pamphlets compiled from information published by the Boston Better Business Bureau who granted the Toronto Bureau permission to reprint this valuable intelligence.

There are pamphlets on conserving linens, rayon and nylon, shoes, refrigerators, cutlery and many other things. They are yours for the asking. Write your local Better Business Bureau, or the one nearest your city and accompany your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

All women can't join the C.W.A.C. or the R.C.A.F. (W.D.), nor can they all work in munitions. They can and must give proper attention to household effects and family clothing. They've got to make clothes and furniture last if the days ahead are to be healthy and not lean ones.

Above all, they must heed the warnings of Better Business Bureaux and co-operate with them. "Before you invest, investigate." "Before you give, get the facts." Telephone appeals, say the Better Business Bureaux, are almost without exception, rackets. Before you give to a war charity, make sure it has a permit under the War Charities Act.

"Read carefully any document you are asked to sign. Make sure you understand it before you sign it and always keep a copy." Finally, "Before you sign ask your husband. If you haven't a husband, ask the Better Business Bureau!"

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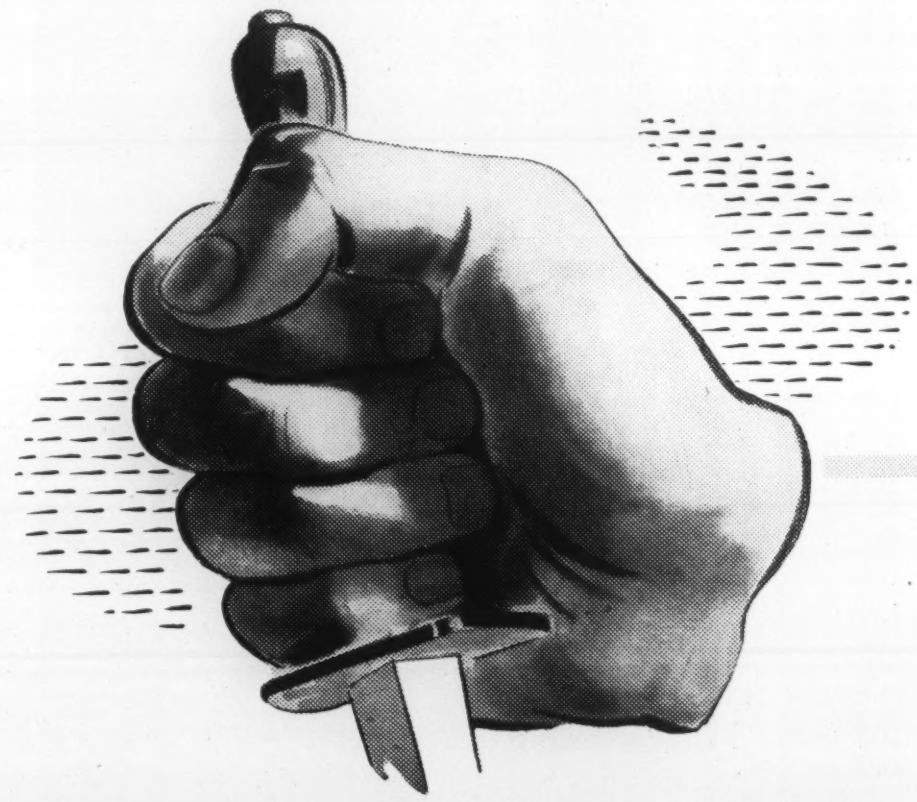

THE HILT OF THE DAGGER

AS General McNaughton has said: "If the people at home give the forces every support, the opportunity will come to strike back and bring this war to a conclusion. That power lies with the Canadian people."

The first sharp thrust of the dagger was felt at Dieppe. New and deeper thrusts will be made.

The hilt of the dagger for these thrusts must be made here—in the form of this Victory Loan.

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Can Animals Think and Feel?

BY DYSON CARTER

"THAT dog of mine has more intelligence than many a human being!"

You've often said that about your pup. Or about a pet cat, a favorite pony, perhaps even a wise old hen. Sometimes we are deeply moved by the emotion and understanding expressed in the faces and in the "talk" of animal pets. "Ah, what they wouldn't say if only they could talk to us!"

Last month the scientific world raised its collective eyebrows at a dispatch sent out by the eminent director of the London Zoo, Dr. Julian S. Huxley. Although nearly all animal research is now related to the war, Dr. Huxley and a friend had been taking time out to watch a young gorilla. To their amazement they saw the ape study his shadow on the cage wall . . . and then, with a hairy forefinger, carefully trace the outline all around. The action was deliberate and twice repeated.

This report was followed by another from India, relating how long-tailed monkeys frequently gather around one of their troop to watch him scratch the outline of his hand in the road dust. The monkey-artist draws with a twig just the way humans use a pencil. His fellows regard him anxiously, as the artist has always been regarded.

Now just why did these two stories cause a stir among scientists? Surely the artistic gorilla and monkey weren't displaying exceptional talent. Haven't we all seen animals do far more interesting things than trace a mere outline?

So we set about investigating. A great mass of fascinating evidence has lately been gathered about the animal mind. Nevertheless there are some big gaps in our knowledge. As we shall see, the study of animals is at almost the same level as the study of human mentality in the heyday of the college psychologists. Science has not yet tackled the problem of Animal Personality.

Our evidence falls into two sharply divided groups. The first consists of 147 papers and books of a purely scientific nature, concerned with laboratory tests and mostly written in German. We are indebted to Dr. T. Verner Moore of the Catholic University of America for an English summary and analysis of this mountain of facts. The second set of evidence came from Ernest P. Walker, Assistant Director of the U.S. National Zoological Park (Smithsonian Institution). Dr. Walker gives us the animal lover's viewpoint, but his observations are strictly factual. So much ground must be covered that we will have to be satisfied in most cases with terse statements.

Equal in Senses

In all five senses (seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching), animals and men are approximately equal. Some animals excel man in one or two senses, but to no great degree. An exception is the bat, which can avoid stretched threads while flying in a pitch-dark room. The bat uses sounds to locate the threads in the dark, in almost the same way our radio-locators find approaching planes—by sending out high-pitched "scream waves" and listening for them to be reflected back by any solid object! This fact was discovered in 1941. It exploded the long-held belief that bats have a sixth supersense. There is no evidence whatever that animals have special senses. But it is clear that man's intelligence is not due to any superiority of the five senses.

With the "Synthetic Sense" we are able to take observations of our five senses and draw conclusions about size, distance, depth, differences, likenesses, etc. Many animals use the S-S. Even chickens distinguish colors to get food, and choose between triangles and circles in laboratory tests. Cebus monkeys were taught by Kafka to distinguish between cones of almost identical size, and they could identify objects from photographs. When actual reasoning is not required, higher animals prove to have a Synthetic Sense almost equal to man's, a fact long disputed but now undeniable.

What about numbers and counting? We've all heard of vaudeville horses who could count. Science emphatically denies such ability in any animal. By trial and error the most "intelligent" apes can learn to distinguish between 3 and 4 (sounds, or boxes containing food). They fail completely to tell 5 from 6. Dogs are on the same level. In fact no animal understands numbers. They cannot count. Certain tricks can be taught by mere rhythm of repeated sounds, but it is impossible for animals to associate three oranges, for example, with three bananas. This requires more than even the Synthetic Sense. It demands reasoning, however elementary.

Einstein Verified

Einstein's theory of relativity is verified all through the animal kingdom. When you try to catch a fly you are competing with an insect that lives in a Time quite different to ours. The fly's hour is ten times longer than ours. So when you flick your hand you seem to the fly to be slowly and ponderously stretching it. But to a snail feeling you pace leisurely through the garden at night your steps are terrifyingly rapid. The snail's hour lasts only 15 minutes. With drugs and fever the Time sense of humans and animals can be greatly slowed or speeded up, because sense of Time depends upon the flow of impressions in nerves and brain.

Here's an astounding experiment you may do on yourself. Next time you run a temperature of about 104 degrees, try to estimate one hour of time while lying *alone* in your bedroom. When the hour is up and you check your watch you'll find only 20 minutes or so have elapsed! Of course individuals vary. In respect of Time many animals are slower, many faster than man. This factor has no influence on intelligence.

Suppose we examine the problem of "imitation" in animals. Every animal fan insists that his pets can imitate human beings. It is common belief that monkeys in the Zoo imitate visitors and each other.

But they don't. After research of almost unbelievable patience, the greatest animal authorities conclude that imitation is impossible even to the highest apes. Observers often mistake natural gestures of monkeys and other pets for *learned* gestures or actions.

There's the catch. True imitation involves reasoning. The imitator argues: "He did it. If he did it I can do it. So I'll do it!" Monkeys have never been able to imitate, although they often repeat an action which another monkey has just finished or is still doing (pulling a rope, running, etc). This is not imitation. It is impulsive copying. Like a dozen chickens that run squawking across the yard because another hen did it first.

Frankly your reporter is sceptical of this. Doubtless many readers can recall times when a dog or cat made remarkable imitations of human actions, apparently to get some definite result. But don't be angry at the scientists for contradicting you. Next time, observe carefully whether your pet was copying on impulse or really doing some act for a purpose.

Few of us keep pigs. So we are amazed to find that porkers have a high I.Q. in the animal world. Thus a pig quickly learns to find food once in a box at one end of a line of boxes, next in a box at the other end. The best monkeys cannot ever learn this! And immediately we complicate the problem beyond that of remembering an experience, all animals fail dismally. Why? Because they cannot reason. Everything they do is a grouping of sensations and actions. So say the experimentalists.

Are they right? Consider Dr. Walker's pet grasshopper-mouse, named "Ony". This tiny ball of vivaciousness discovered that tobacco would kill the parasites that bothered him. So he "learned" to chew up bits of tobacco, part his fur, and place the insecticide on his skin! How did Ony make this discovery? Wasn't some form of reasoning involved? Haven't you observed even more intelligent actions than little Ony's?

In all the mass of facts on animal behavior one item is really astonishing. After a lifetime of study, Dr. Walker concludes that *the conservative attitude*—meaning suspicion of anything new or not understood, distrust and opposition to strangeness—is a basic characteristic of animals; and that this is a primitive trait based on self-preservation. Animals are conservative because they cannot reason. Man abandons suspicion, fear and resistance to change to the extent that his powers of reason are developed. Truly an alluring line of thought for a student of politics! Are conservatives mere victims of a primal emotion?

The study of animals is no idle scientific pastime. From cave man days the human race has advanced with the aid of "beasts". We moderns owe an incalculable debt to the dumb laboratory helpers of modern science, from horses down to mice. And are they really "dumb"? Next we will consider animal language, play and personality.

In Egypt, ground forces enjoy a respite but not the RAF whose planes keep up operations day and night. Above: "briefing" before an attack.

THE LONDON LETTER

British Women Form Their Own Home Guard

BY P. O'D.

WOMEN are persistent critturs. Ever since the Home Guard started, they have been trying to get into it. Oh, from the very highest motives, of course, doing their share in the great cause and helping to down the hated foe and all that—also just a little perhaps to see what the old man really does with the nights he is supposed to be spending on guard. Some men are probably a lot too jaunty and cheerful about those patriotic absences from home.

Up to now official military authority has turned down its large and formidable thumb, whenever the subject of women members of the Home Guard has come up, as it has several times. No Home Guardettes, so far as the big boys at the War Office are concerned. As married men—most of them are, I suppose—they probably foresee far too many possibilities of complication.

The ladies, however, are not to be denied. If they can't form official Home Guard platoons and companies, they have set about forming unofficial ones—homemade uniforms and all. They have been training under Home Guard instructors—well, what else could the poor fellows do?—and already there are said to be no less than six companies of them within a short distance of the august War Office itself. That will show the Brass Hats what they think of them.

Last week members of the Women's Home Defence Corps, as they call themselves, took part in a big Home Guard exercise in London, helping the attackers to storm London Bridge. The defenders, incidentally, were driven back along the river nearly to Southwark Bridge before the "Cease Fire" sounded. That'll learn them to bring along their wives, too, another time.

Now it is said that the War Office is likely to reconsider its decision. There are some kinds of pressure that not even a Brass Hat can resist for long. But no weapons for the dear girls! On that point the authorities are adamant. Probably they think women are quite dangerous enough as it is. But the Army has the "ATs", the Navy the "Wrens", and the Air Force has the "Waafs". So why shouldn't the Home Guard have the—well, whatever they are going to be called? It begins to look as if we are due to get them. The old guardroom may become a much tidier and cleaner and more comfortable place, but it isn't going to be the secure refuge that it used to be.

Golf in Wartime

Golf is a footling sort of game—to everyone except golfers—and I always feel obliged to apologize for talking about it, especially at a time like this when life is so infernally earnest. But, dash it all, we can't be earnest all the time, and once in a while the vagrant mind will wander to fairways and greens and the pleasant though trivial activities that golfers indulge in there, or used to indulge in once upon a time.

Naturally all the big golf-fixtures have been cancelled, the various championships and important tournaments. Now and then a match is played by such champions as can get a spot of leave from their more lethal pursuits, but generally speaking golf is in a sort of comatose state, not quite dead but certainly not alive. There was, however, a tournament held last week and an international match, about which not even the aggressive ladies who delight in presenting white feathers to people could ask if the players were unaware that their king and country needed them. It was the annual meeting of the Society of One-Armed Golfers—most of them men who had lost an arm in the last war.

It may seem odd that a man suffering from such a disability should wish to play golf at all. But there are very few games that a one-armed man can play, and I think we should admire the cheery courage that refuses to recognize so serious a physical handicap. Besides, some of them play amazingly well, especially in the long game. There was plenty of long driving in last week's meeting—one drive of over 280 yards, for instance, which is enough to make most two-handed golfers envious—but the approaching and putting seemed to worry the players. Where they failed; it was there. One might have expected it to be the other way around.

The Society of One-Armed Golfers held its first tournament in 1931, but one-armed golf is no new development. Old-timers recall that so long ago as 1914, at the last Open Championship before the war, a one-armed French professional turned up, and failed by only a few strokes to qualify. His play is said to have been quite astonishing in its power and accuracy.

She Knew Swinburne

An old lady died in Oxford last week at the age of 103. This in itself would not be so very remarkable—this is the land of centenarians—but she was the widow of Bishop Stubbs, the great historian and for some 13 years Bishop of Oxford. She was not only the oldest inhabitant of the University City, but her memory, which she retained almost unimpaired to the end, made her a living encyclopaedia of its characters and history. She had known everyone worth knowing there in her long lifetime.

One of her cherished recollections was of hearing Swinburne, then a flaming young genius of 22, recite a poetic tragedy he had just written. That was in 1859. Swinburne was at Balliol, and had already begun to be considered "rather dangerous".

Jowett, the head of Balliol, was afraid Swinburne might commit some extravagance that would cause him to be sent down, and so "make Balliol as ridiculous as Shelley had made University College" by getting expelled. Which seems to indicate a high degree of perception on the majestic Benjamin's part. At least he knew a poet when he saw one.

Jowett's solution was to persuade Swinburne to miss a term, and to spend it reading history with Stubbs, then a vicar near Oxford, but already famous as a historian. Swinburne, however, found poetry a much more alluring mistress than constitutional history. Hence the poetic tragedy, which he read aloud to his host and hostess.

Their comments apparently were not altogether favorable, and he tore it up in disgust, as youthful poets are apt to do. Then, as youthful poets are equally apt to do, he wrote it out again from memory. Or perhaps the first was only his tearing-up copy. A few years later he took the reading world by storm with "Atalanta in Calydon".

The Undoing of Mussolini

BY DR. FRANZ KLEIN

The great problem of Fascism today is that everybody in Italy is a Fascist. "We must become a minority again," says Roberto Farinacci.

This is the reason why the Party cannot dragoon the nation into enthusiasm and sacrifice for the war as the Nazis can dragoon the Germans. "The majority cannot be asked to terrorize itself."

Dr. Klein, who is known to the people of Canada (where he now resides) as an expert on the politics of Austria and Central Europe, was a resident of Rome for several years as correspondent for a Swiss paper, until the Italian Government expelled him, alleging a German demand for his removal because he had criticized Axis policy.

ROBERTO FARINACCI, editor of the *Regime Fascista*, who was, as long as the Duce could stand him, Secretary General of the Fascist Party, is one of the few Nazis in Italy and his forceful pen is directed by his German friends. What he writes is an expression of their thoughts. What do they think of Italy?

They have discovered the weakest point, and that is that Fascism has become a majority! It must, says Farinacci, "revert to a minority which will face the majority." This may sound enigmatic to people who were brought up with democratic notions, but in fact it is one of those miraculous flashes of lightning which show the exhausted wanderer the way out of the wood. If we confide ourselves to this guidance, suddenly the most impenetrable problems become lucid and transparent. We discern the essential difference between Nazism and Fascism, nay, between Germany and Italy, and we perceive the nature of the clouds that cast their dark shadow on the Palazzo Venezia.

But let us first listen a little longer to this garrulous voice of wisdom: "It is useless to have a huge party membership when at a crucial moment one is obliged to recognize that many who are most jubilant and zealous during good times, become lame, others are unexpectedly stricken with asthma, while others worry about what might happen tomorrow, when energy, courage, work and sacrifice are required . . . We should probably have watched more carefully certain converts, especially those who applauded the loudest." And Signor Farinacci concludes: "It is quality, not quantity, that is of paramount importance."

Very true but too late. There is no way back. Fascism has conquered the nation, and in reality the nation has conquered Fascism. How did it happen? A mistake on the part of Mussolini? Hardly believable. He had set out quite clearly the idea of the Elite, chosen but not elected, and he had the example of Soviet Russia before his eyes. There, in Russia, the Communist Party has always been a small minority, often compared to an ecclesiastical order. Having seized the helm, did the Duce forget it?

I often discussed this question with my Italian friends (all of them adorned with the party badge) and they said that Mussolini was a democratic socialist in his earlier years and therefore eager not only to rule but to possess the masses, to organize them. For some time after his advent to power he had to carry on with the old parties and this too worked as an incentive towards opening the ranks.

But this does not explain why the nation was so astoundingly responsive to the invitation. I call it one of the greatest and most successful examples of Non-Resistance. The Italians, though one of the most intelligent nations, acted like this instinctively. The Duce's first blackshirted guards were gangsters, brutal, martial, un-Italian. Well, said the Italians, we shall humanize them by submerging them in our enthusiasm. Let us all be Fascists for a change, and it will mean less of a change. It will be a fashion. Fascism became a new facade, and the house behind it remained what it had been.

Made it Easy

Mussolini made it easy for them to accept the new fashion. The Fascist salute was only a revival of the Roman greeting, better than shaking hands in a hot climate. The Italians were not taught to do it stiffly. Whenever they passed the Capitol they saw the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, raising his right arm, sitting on a horse so imposing that the Romans call the monument not Marco Aurelio but Il Cavallo, the horse. Fascism also preserved old institutions, for instance the Crown and the national colors. To put the swastika badge in their button holes was a bitter sacrifice for German anti-Nazis. The badge of Fascism showed the old Green-White-Red, and he who wore it manifested his nationality only. People who travelled in Europe in the 'thirties, or attended international conferences, will remember that the swastika badge was rarely to be seen outside Germany, whereas most Italians they met displayed their colorful Fascist button. Were the Germans being tactful? Certainly not. But they felt that the crooked cross was revolutionary and demonstrative and made them disliked from the first moment, whereas no one could be provoked by the sight of the old Italian colors.

These are details but they are illustrative and should only emphasize the fact that the Italians embraced Fascism so firmly that they italianized the alien product. Everybody was a party member, the house-owner and the caretaker, the greengrocer and the lawyer, the industrialist and the worker, Gentiles and Jews without any difference. Only the court circles, aristocrats and senior army and navy officers kept aloof. Most of them probably because they found it finer not to belong to the party of the masses, but a few of them acting from scepticism, like Marshal Badoglio who after his Abyssinian victory could not help accepting an honorary membership but did not mention the Party when giving thanks for it.

Within the Party

Soon everything was within the Party; Socialists, Liberals, Catholics, Communists, and certainly more anti-Fascists than Fascists. In Nazi Germany we have seen a similar development, but Hitler kept his watchful eye on it. He did not keep the Nazi Party as an Order like the Russian Communists, but he maintained the Order within the Party. The influx of the masses was directed into the channels of the S.A., and the genuine party stalwarts were organized in the S.S., aptly called the Nazi Elite. When the S.A. showed too much ambition, Hitler arranged the great purge of June 30, 1934.

There have been similar purges in the Soviet Union, but never on a comparable scale in Italy. A class division like that between S.A. and S.S. has never existed in the Fascist Party. The Blackshirt Militia is not an elite. It resembles more the S.A. than the S.S., and whereas Hitler's secret police, the Gestapo, is an institution of the S.S., the Duce's Ovra is conducted by experts whose names are almost unknown to the public.

The "nationalization" of the Fascist Party worked to everybody's satisfaction as long as the Duce devoted himself to works of peace. The Italians chalked on their house-walls "Evviva il Duce" just as they had always, on religious occasions, written there "Evviva il Papa" and "Evviva la Santa Maria". Fascism became old and more tolerant, and in the Chamber of Deputies dignified gentlemen with large bellies and bald heads sang the "Giovinezza", the Fascist hymn of eternal youth—the pleasant tune of which had been adopted from an old Swiss herdsmen's song. Asked by a foreign journalist what the world would think of him thirty years hence, the Duce replied, "Giovanni will say to Maria, see you to-night at eight at the Mussolini monument"!

Ambition Roused

Without the appearance of Hitler, this monument would have been erected with the consent of the whole nation. Mussolini realized soon the dangerous nature of this man. But it was not long before his own ambition was roused. Losing his proven sense of proportions, he felt obliged to make history by changing the map of the world. He was sincere when he tried to organize collective security against the German menace, but he destroyed his own structure when he demanded territorial reward for this attitude. Safety and peace for Italy would have been a sufficient prize.

The consequence of this sudden outbreak of imperialistic megalomania was a parting of his and his nation's ways. His popularity waned during the expensive campaigns in East Africa and Spain. He regained most of it when he refused to join in the Hitler War. But this re-established alliance with his nation came to an end in June 1940.

The effect upon the Fascist Party can easily be imagined. The policy of Non-Resistance, pursued by the Italians vis-à-vis the Party for so many years, bears its fruits. Farinacci and his like are simply helpless. They recognize that the method of accepting everybody as a party member was all right as long as the Duce was peaceful and therefore in accord with the nation. At present it is necessary to reverse this course, but it cannot be done. A minority would be able to terrorize the majority, but the majority cannot be asked to terrorize itself. If Mussolini faces the Party, he faces the whole nation. Only another revolution could change this situation, but the forces which would want to change it are not strong enough. It would be a Nazi revolution against Fascism—but where are the Italians who would call in the master devil after having almost overcome, by Non-Resistance, his smaller forerunner?

At one time pictured in the press of the world as the "sanctuary" of Charles Lindbergh during his retirement in England, the ancient house above, known as Long Barn, now serves as a haven for some 60 children recovering from air raid experiences. Long Barn is in Weald, Kent.

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AFTER THE WAR

Approach to Reconstruction

BY JOHN BALDWIN

TALK of Post-War Reconstruction is not only in the air and in the minds of statesmen and politicians, it is the object of study of a Parliamentary Committee set up for the purpose in Canada. In England too, although Mr. Churchill has refused to give out any definite statements about it, the Government, the Labor party and many other groups of people are studying the problem.

This is a plea for a wide and healthy consideration of the spirit of reconstruction, whatever may be the many technical and administrative policies which have to be worked out.

There are two main approaches or attitudes to this immensely complicated business. The first, which apparently took charge after the last war, is simply to plan to ease an economy geared to war back into the ways of peace with as little disruption and quarrel as possible, which might be called "return to normalcy". The second, admittedly far more utopian and difficult, faces the fact that the peace we enjoyed in Canada before the war was a sort of waiting lethargy, a paralysis of energy which denied to our rising generations any real hope of financial security or useful effort. It faces this fact and says at once:—This is not good enough;—we must plan for something better.

Considering the condition of pre-war Canada, the response to the call for voluntary enlistment is extraordinarily good; for nothing we, as a country, have done by way of education, or more particularly, to provide jobs or opportunities for the young men, now the soldiers, was enough to foster any great patriotic spirit. This spirit must have survived in spite of these conditions, and it indicates an inherent soundness of the Canadian stock which too many people overlook.

If the first view of Reconstruction is to be followed as a general principle then all the great body of ordinary people who make up Canada have nothing much to look forward to after victory but a succession of makeshift emergency restrictions, which will inevitably ease them, as gently as necessary, from the high-pitched all-out responsible effort of war in the services, in industry and agriculture, to the stagnation and dull anxiety of an aimless world. This is the Peace of Death—and I question if it is worth fighting for.

On the other hand, we have now, in the midst of danger, horror, disaster and violent death, a resurgence of energy which is steadily becoming nation-wide. In spite of selfishness, in spite of frustration and ineptitude, Canada as a whole is living and working in a better frame of mind and on a higher plane of life than in a generation. Isn't it because we realize that here, at last, is something bigger than ourselves, which not only must be done, but which is worth doing well and at whatever cost? If we can translate something of this spirit into the reconstruction period Canada once again will become a land of opportunity. Opportunity — not opportunism — and no longer exploitation, both of which deny the fellowship of men (and many Canadians would work much harder now if their suspicion of these two activities could be laid to rest).

Canada has up to now been largely regarded as a country where we, its inhabitants, together with enterprising outsiders, exploit not only our natural resources (inexhaustible was the catch-word) but each other, for a cash profit for ourselves as individuals or from the outside world. Can we not look at it instead as a wonderful place in the making for all of us to live in, irrespective of the outside world—at least to this extent, that we need not any longer be quite dependent upon its purchasing power for our own prosperity?

A fake? No, this is a perfectly genuine picture and there is only the one spot in the world where it happens. The scene here was photographed in St. Helier, Jersey, one of the Channel Islands now under German occupation. The Nazis have retained British Bobbies but keep a watchful eye on them to make sure they perform their duties in accordance with Berlin's conception of law. Another Channel Island was in the news recently. It was Sark, on which British commandos landed Oct. 3, took some prisoners and gave the Germans "cause," according to their way of looking at the matter, for manacling British prisoners of war.

Well-Defined Phases

Planning and study for this kind of Reconstruction falls into a series of well-defined phases.

The first is a study of the general tendency of Canadian civilization, as to its dominant natural limitations and human desires, and particularly in its ratio of various trades and industries, agriculture, the professions, to each other, to give some hope of a balanced productive population. It must also digest and propose some general principles about the things which make life worth living; security of work and adequacy of its rewards, economy of resources (instead of their exploitation), community and variety of interest, privacy, and leisure. Remember, we are dealing with individuals who as such have large variations. Finally, it must envisage the possibilities and the changes in our economy which would result if the principles of the Atlantic Charter were established. For again, this war will be fought for nothing if we relapse after it into national isolation.

Having thought out these several principles of living (some would call it Democratic Living) the study proceeds to the means whereby they can be carried out, and here let us concentrate on the domestic field.

These seem to fall into three natural divisions:—(1) The re-planning of our environment (here is the post-war employment opportunity); conservation of natural resources, town planning, housing, public utilities, power, industrial design, navigation, and production and distribution in general. (2) The re-planning of our social system to permit the changes to our environment. The whole system of laws, finance, government administration, must be scrutinized. (3) The reorientation of education. The old idea that education is chiefly a means to making a living is already pretty well discarded, and is being replaced by that of education to a way of life, although it still holds to the individual as to the unit with little emphasis on that individual's responsibility to the society in which he lives.

These three phases of living are interdependent. A social system cannot exist without an artificially constructed environment to shelter it; such an environment cannot be created without education (technical education at least); and education, in its turn, cannot take place without a social philosophy born in the system.

The Sirois Report

The Sirois Report was a study of the financial relations between the Dominion and Provincial authorities, but, in fact, its research actually extended much beyond this field, and its contents would be invaluable in any plan for reconstruction. Briefs were presented and studied on housing and similar points of the environment, but no prolonged study of our environment as one of the dominant factors of the whole was included in the terms of reference of the Report.

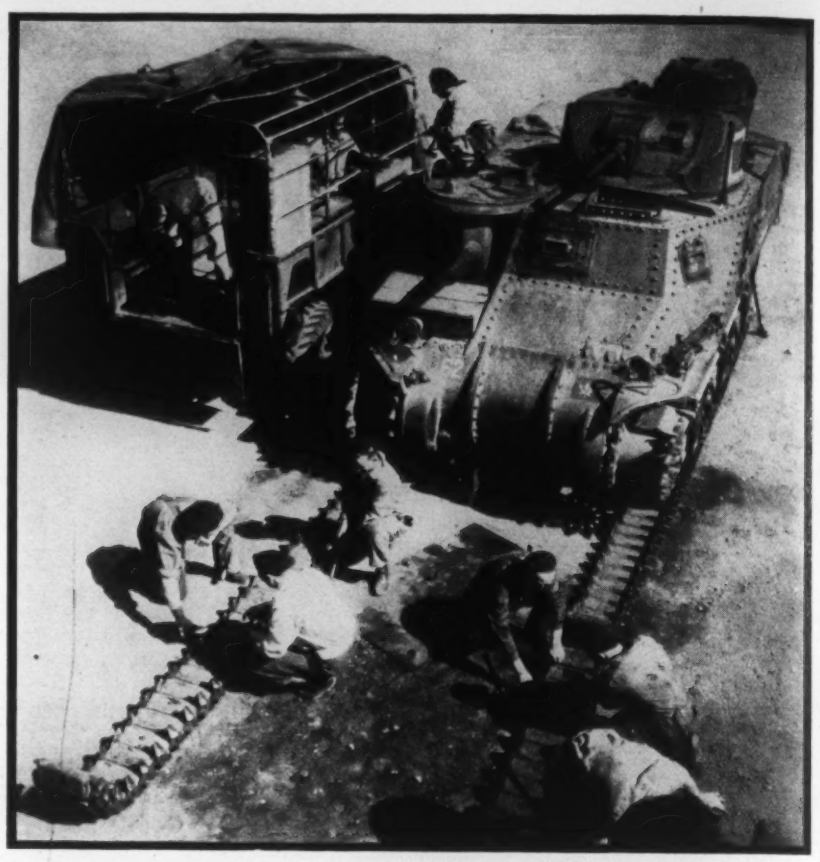
Few people realize how seriously the political sub-divisions of the country, with its counties and townships, affect its economic development. These sub-divisions were made by the surveyors and they have invariably disregarded geography and topography where ever possible. One has only to compare a population density map with an ordnance survey to see how these arbitrary political sub-divisions interfere with economic control of water power, navigation and reforestation—all urgent post war problems,—not to mention the development of coherent regional political thought.

On a smaller scale, the surveyors' system to provide for government land grants in units of 1,000 acres or fractions thereof was built up on a checkerboard road system useful only to cut the land up into convenient parcels. This squared-up road system (it is not apparent in the Maritime Provinces, and in Quebec appears only in the Eastern Townships) is responsible for a good many of the difficulties of present-day farming. Properties became farms without reference to woods, water or types of soil and with still less reference to a good road to market. Any concession line may become a highway, leading from nowhere to nowhere except in its right-angled connection to another highway which may, by chance, lead somewhere. They all blunder into deep valleys and ravines and result in whole sections of the country being shut off because we can't afford good bridges every mile and a quarter—who could!

So in Town Planning

So too in town planning. Our cities are shapeless, and without an intentional fore-thinking plan. There is no character anywhere except that of confusion. A street in Winnipeg might as well be in Toronto or Vancouver or Halifax for all the attention it pays to the varied likes, ambitions and needs of its inhabitants; and every city and big town is surrounded by a belt of immobilized, non-productive farm land scattered over with a senseless pattern of small houses, without a single amenity except shelter, space and cheapness. In the town itself houses are inextricably mixed with shops, factories, and railway tracks. Every street is full of motor traffic (it will be gone soon); children, because there is no other place, play with each other in the streets and risk their lives crossing them to school. This catalogue is endless. Here is a place for thought, for planning, and above all for work after the war.

Finally, our education. No one can question the value of a primary education no matter how primitive. That our system is primitive is evident from the constant modification, extension and complication to which it has been subjected almost from its start.



With the 8th Princess Louise (New Brunswick) Hussars in England, the Canadians shown above are fitting new tracking gear to a heavy tank.

It was modelled on the classical humanistic education of the public and grammar schools of England and Scotland, but its designers ignored two things—first that this British system was a technical education for a class of individuals who filled the posts of government administration, the church and the services; and secondly that their school and university life was set against an inherited social responsibility and training first in family life, and later in society. The evidences of this responsibility were all around them in their mansions, their houses and their estates with their tenant villages and farmers, and their training lay in their physical maintenance and development. The close-set landscape of England we so much love is largely the result of a conscious design developed by the landed gentry of the 18th century.

Of three sides to an education the founders of compulsory schools took one, divorced it from its intention, set it up and, wondering why it didn't work, have been tinkering with it ever since. The efforts of hundreds of teachers are being expended to bring some kind of order into the ever-increasing complications of the present day curriculum.

Here again there are first principles which may be set out as desirable ends—the acquisition of a sense of social responsibility, the acquisition of a technique as a useful self-supporting member of society, the acquisition of a means of expression to keep the ideas of that society alive and further their development.

Took Only One

Of these three mutually supporting sides to education only one, the technique, is now given full consideration. The infant is taught at home to walk, to talk, to dress itself. The child is taught to read, write, to add and subtract, and later at the technical schools a specific technique, or at the High Schools, the technique of passing matriculation exams. University education is largely technical and what is not specifically so is a technique for entering professional schools of teaching or law. Social subjects like manners, history, geography and languages are taught generally, without sufficient reference to the student's own position and responsibility in society, in other words, as dead things, whose significance is of no importance. It is in expressive education—literature, painting, sculpture, music and architecture that the most confusion reigns. These subjects, if taught at all, are taught from the romantic viewpoint—as mysteries which we can only wonder at, or as examples of individual sensibility indicating genius (that rare and lonely thing) which again, unless we are exceptional, it is not for us to desecrate. They are seldom taught as the living expression of the ideas and conflicts growing within civilizations, which, whenever in time or where-ever in place they occurred, survive today in greater or lesser degree as factors which influence our own habits of thinking, of feeling and so our way of life.

Governed by Business

Canada, in the last analysis, has been governed since Confederation by its business interests. These, in their own sphere, have done a good job—they have done and are doing a good job in war production now. But because of lack of understanding and knowledge these interests have seriously impaired the quality and reputation of both the agricultural and professional elements of our society. Outside of technical education there is scarcely a farmer or a scientist, and outside of large corporations there is scarcely an engineer or an architect, with a national reputation. (The clergy and musicians seem to hold a special place.) This is the kind of man who is capable of translating the general principles of Reconstruction into active programs, and in spite of indifference such men do exist. They must be found and put to work. Working hand in hand with them must be the leaders in industry, medicine and particularly in economics and law, for it has already been found that many of the barriers to a well planned environment are not physical, but economic and legal. The curious results of the Dominion Housing Act, which stimulated speculative building but which, though it was designed for this purpose also, produced practically no effect in the sphere of slum clearance, is an instance of this.

One thing more, once the several principles of a plan for Reconstruction have been blocked out, the people as a whole, as individuals and through their institutions, should be consulted. For Reconstruction, if it has any meaning at all, means the well-being of the individual and the family. Reconstruction cannot be imposed with any hope of success on a reluctant and unsympathetic public, any more than medicine can be successfully pushed down a child's throat;—they will both throw it up.

The problem and its tentative solutions should be set out in churches, in farm and labor organizations, in Home and School groups, among undergraduates, and opened for discussion. By radio, by movies, by circulating exhibitions, a two-way stream of information, comment and interest would be generated which would be invaluable.

THIS WEEK IN RADIO

Canadian Stars Return to Canada

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

YOU never quite know when you go to interview a movie or radio star what they'll turn out to be like. Some of them aren't anything like you imagined. Some of them you feel as if you had known all your life.

It was like running into an old school-chum . . . meeting Walter Pidgeon. Nothing stuck-up about him. Talked just like he does in the movies and on the air. Maybe he looked a little younger than one expected. He was tanned, well-groomed and tall . . . six feet, three inches. He weighed 190 pounds.

You couldn't help thinking of "How Green Was My Valley" and "Mrs. Miniver". There he was, Mrs. Miniver's husband. He looked like a very good guy.

And then the radio and press writers started to ask him questions: Questions like: "Did you like doing 'Mrs. Miniver' better than your other films?" And Walter Pidgeon casually replied: "Making any picture is hard work, real hard work. Perhaps I did enjoy 'Mrs. Miniver' . . . after it was all over and I saw it in the movies."

We asked him how he broke into acting. "I guess it was Fred Astaire who started it", he said. "After I finished school in Saint John, I went to Boston to work in the brokerage business. I sold bonds. I was at a party one night, and they asked me to sing. I used to do a bit of singing in the church choir. In fact, my ambition was to become a singer. Well, Fred thought I was good enough to sing on the stage, and he got me a job in a musical comedy. Later I joined Elsie Janis on a six-months' vaudeville tour of the United States. I went with Janis to England and did six months at the Shaftesbury Theatre".

Somebody asked him about his hobby of interior decorating. "Now who said that?" he demanded. "Is my name Adrian? No, really, I don't know anything about decorating. Must be some publicity man, writing stuff like that. Hobbies? I haven't any. Not like collecting coins or stamps or old cars. I play tennis and ride and fish and shoot, but I don't call those hobbies. Where do I live? In Beverly Hills, with my wife and mother. We have one daughter. She's in New York. She has a real talent for painting."

"You went to the University of New Brunswick?" someone else asked. "No, that's not true, either", Pidgeon replied. "There's no use trying to lie in Canada. This is my native home. Now there are some places I can go where I can make up the most fantastic yarns about myself—particularly my moose hunting ventures. But when I come to Canada I must be honest". And he laughed just like Mrs. Miniver's husband.

He talked about a lot of other little things: how tough it is going on tour for the U.S. Treasury Department selling bonds; about his new picture with Hedy Lamarr. He pleaded with us not to ask him who his favorite movie star is. He refused stubbornly to tell Canadians how to win the war. He told us how he had joined the 65th Artillery Battery in the last war but failed to go overseas because he contracted tuberculosis. Two women who claimed they had known him in the old church choir at Saint John telephoned. Then he was off to spend an hour with two brothers who live in Toronto.

This Wednesday Walter Pidgeon starred in the third Variety Show promoting the Victory Loan. He broadcast from Ottawa.

WALTER PIDGEON was only one of almost a score of celebrities who have generously contributed to Canada's war effort. The week before, Mr. and Mrs. House Jameson, radio mother and father of Henry Aldrich, came to Canada to play in a Victory Loan show. Fannie Hurst, the great writer, was in Toronto, aiding a United Jewish Welfare appeal. Quentin Reynolds not only played in a CBC network show in aid of the Victory Loan drive, but stayed on to do a story about Canada's war effort. Madeleine Carroll, who has given her talent more than once to Canada's war drives, was back again, this time interviewing Wallace Reyburn. Last week-end the distinguished visitors were Judith Evelyn and Vincent Prince, stars of "Angel Street".

It was a great homecoming for Judith Evelyn, who spent several years in Toronto in radio work (when she could find it) before she went to England and then to Pasadena and New York. Among the many Toronto friends who welcomed her to Toronto was Nancy Pyper, former director of Hart House Theatre, who perhaps had more to do than anyone else with Judith's stage success. This Judith Evelyn deserves every bit of the glory which is now hers, for if there ever was a stage-struck girl who gave up everything for the thing she wanted most to do, who remained loyal to her profession through a lot of thin times, that girl is Judith Evelyn. Winnipeg readers who knew her some years ago, and a lot of former students of the University of Manitoba, will read of her successful return to Toronto with great pleasure.

IF YOU have never heard Rex Stout's new program, "Our Secret Weapon", on Fridays, we suggest that you give it your ears this week. It's on the air at 7.15 p.m. and rebroadcast at 11.15. In himself Stout is a fine radio character. But the copy in his radio program is fascinating. The program simply quotes German and Italian or Japanese lies, and Stout undertakes to reply with the actual facts of the case. Sometimes Bob Trout, in London, helps make the program even more interesting.

This space doesn't find Upton Close too interesting. But a lot of people like him, and they and others will be glad to know that he has opened a new series on Saturdays, 4.45 to 5 p.m.

If you want the funniest program on the air today you'll turn to "Truth and Consequences". Of course, fun is a matter of personal taste. Some people go for Benny, others for Bob Hope. Some even like Abbott and Costello. But this "Truth and Consequences" program even has Bob Hawke's "How'm I Doin'?" program beaten a mile. Hawke will be missed by a great many friends, but we'll wager he'll be back on the air soon.

ONE of the nice things the CBC has done for the people of Canada is to bring good music within the ear-range of anyone who wants to listen. Take the Thursday night Toronto Promenade Orchestra series, for instance. I don't suppose there's a more popular program on the Canadian air-waves. It might have cost a lot of money. It probably did. But for two Thursday nights now I've tried to get tickets for the Varsity Stadium, and have been reluctantly obliged to listen to the orchestra over the air. One of the nights Anne Brown sang. The other night it was James Melton. Of course, this writer would go without dinner gladly to hear an orchestra led by Andrew Kostelanetz.

AMONG other things: Gracie Fields has started a new weekly five-minute series over the Blue network. . . Rex Stout's "Lie Detective" show is one of the most fascinating of all the war shows. . . The Cleveland Orchestra under Artur Rodzinski has entered upon a 26-weeks' series, to be heard Saturday afternoons. . . The A. F. of L. gave unqualified support of the ban placed by the American Federation of Musicians on the making of records and electrical transcriptions. . . . Roy Porter, Blue network news commentator, has just completed a five-day whirlwind tour of Canadian war plants and training centres' . . . the average age of the Quiz Kids is 10½ years, which is just young enough for them to be in bed at that time of night. . . . Lily Pons will open the current season of the Metropolitan Opera by taking the leading role in "The Daughter of the Regiment", and the show will be broadcast on Saturday, Nov. 28. . . One of the more interesting bands to hear is Sammy Kaye's band. . . . Jack Pearl, the five-foot-two of sunshine from Winnipeg, gives to radio something it needs in these days of war. . . . Lionel Barrymore is starring in a new series, "Mayor of the Town", heard Wednesdays. . . Some people are getting a little tired of Gracie Allen's dumb cracks. . . Paul Whiteman has just completed a long and successful tour of the country. . . . Orson Welles is to star in the final "Nazi Eyes on Canada" on Oct. 25.

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THE BOOKSHELF

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A Song of Glengarry

THORN-APPLE TREE, a novel, by Grace Campbell. Illustrated by Franklin Carmichael. (Collins. $2.50.)

ABOVE the din of the woodland at evening when the starlings are coming to roost—and swear—sometimes is heard the soft fluting of the whitethroat. Over our desk, day by day, come the war-books, the grim novels of frustration and the wild tales of adventure. Then came this altogether lovely record of Glengarry in pioneer days when Miss Fairlie Fraser, lately from Edinburgh, found her man in Michael Ross and all but lost him.

In the very earliest years before the North-West Company took the field to compete with the Hudson's Bay Company, independent traders, mostly Glengarry Scots, made the long canoe-journey to the Saskatchewan, lived with the Indians and won their confidence. It was a vagabond life and, once tasted, hard to leave, especially as, with luck, a modest fortune was in sight.

Sometimes one of the more sturdy and footloose of the traders took an Indian wife and saw his half-breed children with satisfaction. Once in a while such a summer-benedict returned to the East and found a white wife as well. So did Red Hugh in this book, to his confusion and tragedy.

Not so reckless was Michael Ross, but he had itching feet and the calm life of the pioneer farm was not to be endured forever, despite his domestic happiness. For his wife, waiting long and wearily, the calmness was not apparent for she had all the lore of the new land to learn; the making of soap and candles, the sap-boiling in Spring, the sowing and reaping, the sharp grief of an early frost, the coming of her sons and the care of them.

The tone of the book is gentle and fine, for the author has insight into the life of the early days and depths of sympathy. Moreover she writes with uncommon grace. Franklin Carmichael has illuminated the story with fifteen wood-cuts of the utmost distinction.

The author is the wife of Rev. Harvey Campbell of Regina. She was born Grace MacLennan Grant of Williamstown, Glengarry County.

Madness in Upper Airs

SIGNED WITH THEIR HONOUR, a novel by James Aldrich. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.)

OF THE Eightieth Squadron, R.A.F., that flew from the grime and sweat and flies of the Libyan front to Greece, none is left today, but the tale of their devotion in the black night of desperation comes rolling out of this book; not in a smooth and even flow, but in jets and spurts and minor floods of confusion.

For confusion is everywhere; in the Government and Army of Greece, in the spirit of the populace, in the higher British command, in the strategy, in the air-fighting, and above all in the minds of the pilots knowing themselves to be a forlorn hope and playing the game to the end despite their continuing lack of support.

The author is twenty-three in years and a Methuselah in experience. He has seen action in the lands from Norway to Egypt and on the seas between. He has been wounded three times. The last time his spine was injured, and he was invalided home to Australia. But before long he flew to the United States to serve on *Time's* foreign staff and now is back on the fighting front seeing and writing. He has the art to create out of a mass of unrelated detail a finished picture, without foolish ornament, of the grimness of war and throughout his work glows a sense of desperate sincerity and urgency. Also he has technical understanding. In the midst of the general fog, shot through with red flashes, he sets a love-story completely gracious and fine.

It is a book sound in characterization developed by terse dialogue and above all by significant silences. It reports with the fidelity of a gramophone the hysterical violence of field-language when base epithets become terms of endearment. It reflects the airman's certainty that today is today and that there are no tomorrows.

"Born of the sun they travelled a
short while towards the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with
their honour."

So from Stephen Spender's lines comes the title of one of the great books of the year.

Dutchman With a Temper

APPLE IN THE ATTIC, a novel, by Mildred Jordan. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

A FOLK-TALE current among the "Pennsylvania Dutch" is the inspiration and soul of this tale. As if a clever dress-designer had found in a neglected corner a battered, naked doll, and with cunning art had snipped and sewed among odds-and-ends of silk until the little toy was the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

For this is a novel with a central passion curdling the lives of only two persons; with all other characters, however carefully etched, crowded into the background; with humor and pity rising naturally out of the main conflict; with no "fine writing" but with easy competence of narrative; with a deep understanding of a woman's emotional life; with the art of creating character by dialogue, and (fashionably but not fortunately) with complete frankness about the sides of life not usually discussed in mixed company.

Jacob Dreibelbis is a Dutch farmer, mighty in physique and labor, thrifty to the last limit, not ungenerous, but cursed with a furious temper roused by waste of any sort. His mild, diligent and timid wife Emma has no children, and for this reason is in perpetual disgrace. When she forgets to bring to market an order of dried apples for a customer Jacob goes into a tantrum and vows on the Bible never to speak to her again. Even when a child is born to her he keeps the vow, communicating always by speaking to the dog or to the parrot, while she meekly answers as if his speech had been direct.

In her grief and fear she has recourse to charms and the like, finally hanging up an apple in the attic, convinced that when it falls of its own weight and decay her trouble will be ended. But Jacob discovers her pitiful witchcraft and is more infuriated than ever.

How her release comes to her is for the reader to discover. So artful are the preparations for the climax that it is unsuspected until it comes, with complete naturalness. A notable story.

The Refugees in America

ISLE OF ESCAPE, a Novel, by Ishbel Ross. (Musson, $2.75.)

THIS IS less of a novel and more of a color-story of war-refugees in isolationist New York during the year ending December 7th, 1941. Bill Deering, after two years abroad as a war-correspondent, returns to America in an European frame-of-mind; that is to say, burning with a hatred of Hitler and all the black devilment he has loosed upon a suffering world. The passage from Lisbon, starred by narrow escapes from U-boat torpedoes, has lasted twenty-two days, long enough for acquaintanceships to ripen.

Here was Mary Fenton, an English girl bringing her twelve-year old niece Vicky to safety. Here were Ludwig and Lotte Rudenheimer, the former a Doctor-psychiatrist long famous in Vienna but now merely a wandering Jew. Here was Maria Decker, apparently one of the crowd of rich refugees seeking asylum, actually a diamond smuggler.

In New York the friendships persisted while Bill was trying vainly to re-capture his early enthusiasms as a reporter and special writer about nothing in particular, while obsessed by the terror abroad and furious at the dumb isolationism all about him. By accident he happens on a Nazi circle of espionage and writes that story with a relish.

Meanwhile he has seen the strange world of the evacuees; the rich of all nations spending money like mad and throwing their weight about; the poor, trying to make a new start in life in an unfamiliar and quietly hostile environment. Dr. Rudenheimer, once an authority in his field, entertaining American doctors in Vienna, now is an irritating old man who, if given encouragement, might be a dangerous competitor in the narrow field of specialized neurology. His wife, Lotte, is forced to go to work; first as a door-to-door peddler, then as the governess of a ten-year-old boy, the son of the chief Nazi spy.

The book seems to be authoritative as a social document and is written with power and exceptional grace, but the love-interest is placid and flows without impediment to a wedding in the Little Church Around The Corner. Nevertheless the characterization is well done and the tale is most interesting.

Long ago the author was a working newspaper woman in Toronto and graduated to New York *summa cum laude;* with orange blossoms in her hair.

Toil and Trouble

PLUME ROUGE, a Novel of the Pathfinders, by John Upton Terrell. (Macmillans, $3.75.)

IN THESE times with the maddest of all possible adventures waiting here or around the corner it's difficult to adjust one's mind to the labor and peril of a hundred years ago. Yet historical novels are available on every book counter.

Here is one of superior quality; the tale of an expedition from St. Louis to the Columbia River, undertaken with a double purpose; to forestall the advance of the North-West Company and to found a community on the Pacific tide-water. With seventy men and a small group of white and Indian women Benton McKenzie set out to push up the Missouri River to its source, and then, abandoning the boats, to cross prairie, desert and mountain ranges on horseback, or, if necessary, on foot.

Lewis and Clark had done it, travelling light and on Army business. Only single trappers, themselves half-savage, or independent traders in small groups, had ventured to the far prairies and none of them had crossed the Divide. The Indian tribes, if not fully hostile, were less than friendly, and the extremes of climate bore hardly on the travellers.

The author has steeped himself in the diaries of the early explorers and has fused them into a vivid and beautiful narrative, lighted by glints of poetry in description and by a well-contrived love-story.

The Middle and Western States were less congenial to pathfinders than the Canadian scene. Here a canoe could float either from Lachine or from Hudson Bay to the headwaters of the Saskatchewan, and then the Yellowhead Pass made a comparatively easy route for packhorses to the Big Bend of the Columbia. For that reason the McKenzie expedition could not succeed. But if journey's end was not what was expected it brought peace to at least two of the travellers. "For to travel hopefully," said Stevenson, "is better than to arrive."

Significant of the friendship that has developed between the British people and the Russians as the result of war is the way the schools of England have prepared albums recording scholastic activities which are exchanged with equivalent compilations from schools in the U.S.S.R. Recently in London a thousand boys and girls, delegates from British schools, took part in a ceremony of exchange with the children of a Soviet school, "evacuated" to England. The photo here shows British children handing over gifts and messages of good-will to a Soviet child.

Two of the Best

BY STEWART C. EASTON

TAP ROOTS, by James Street. (Longmans Green. $3.50.)

DRIVIN' WOMAN, by Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier. (Macmillans. $3.00.)

I HAVE the feeling that Mr. James Street is one of those unfortunate men who is unable to recognize his own excellence. His first published book, *Oh Promised Land* was in the same vein as *Tap Roots,* and was a resounding success. Then came an efficient magazine story which made a fair movie, and then, last year, *In my Father's House.* This latter I reviewed in these columns a year ago finding it sticky with misplaced sentiment, and uncertain in its sense of values. And now, again, *Tap Roots.*

I find it almost impossible to believe that the same man could give us *In my Father's House,* and *Tap Roots* in the short space of one year. By all odds this book is just about the best historical romance of 1942. It is certain to be popular, for it has every ingredient that makes for popularity, an intricate, but reasonably convincing plot, good characterization, plenty of action, dialogue far above the average that is yet extremely intelligent; and much nobility. The sense of values this time is sure, even when couched in terms of melodrama. The writing grips from the first moment, and I can guarantee that few will lay down this book for longer time than the minimum required for bodily sustenance. I can only hope that *In my Father's House* is not Mr. Street's favorite amongst his novels.

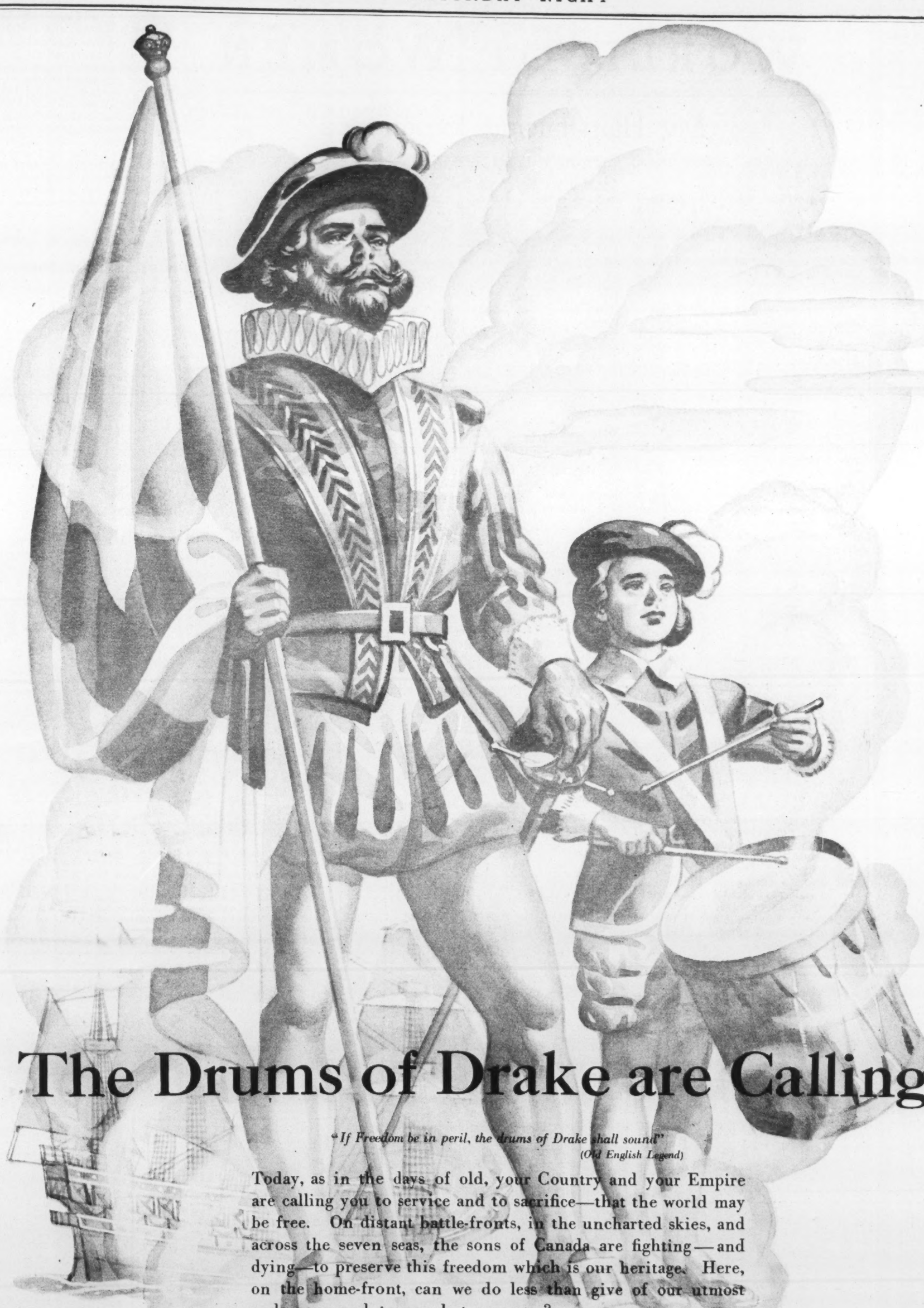
Drivin' Woman is a curious mixture. Any efficient writer possessed of a certain amount of inventiveness can compose a book about the American Civil War. All he has to do is to select his particular locale, and there will be enough real life drama enacted in that spot to provide him with his tale. The characters, of course, will be the war hero, the southern belle with the core of toughness, the matriarch or patriarch, and a gigantic negro fugitive slave. But it takes a genius nowadays to give all this stuff a new slant and breathe life into the rotting bones.

For the first third of this book Miss Chevalier has struggled hard with her bellows, and has made no more of a success of it than her numerous predecessors. Then, suddenly, just as the reader is settling down to his accustomed lethargy, it comes to life, when the heroine begins to grow and sell tobacco and pit herself against the world. Her husband, the standard riverboat gambler of this type of fiction, fades out, and America Moncure becomes a real woman. The plot becomes taut and compact, the action arises out of the characters of the people, and the big business world of the '80s and '90s takes shape. Sometimes it is breathlessly exciting; and there are some magnificent scenes and a few moments of genuine emotion.

Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

THE *Phantom Lady,* by William Irish (Longmans Green, $2.50) is one of the best detective stories of the year. It is true that it stoops to melodrama once or twice; it is also true that when one gets three parts through it is possible to identify the murderer by the simple process of reviewing the dramatis personae and inferring that it is now too late for the author to introduce a new sinister character. Some purists might object that Mr. Irish takes an unfair advantage of the reader. But these flaws are superficial. The book is both original and exciting. . . John Rhode, author of *Dead of the Night* (Collins $2.35) is always dull, but here he surpasses himself. The redeeming feature of the book is the picture it gives of the Home Guard in England, and the most easily understood account of a sham battle we ever remember reading. . . *The Fallen Sparrow* by Dorothy B. Hughes (Collins $2.50) is much above average. The story is about a gang of Nazi murderers in New York. . . This is also the theme of *Ringed With Fire* by Alice Campbell (Collins $2.50) with the difference that the scene is London and about a plot to destroy the city by fire. We recommend it.



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WORLD OF WOMEN

My Hair-Raising Experience

BY KATHLEEN STRANGE

I WAS in my late twenties when I noticed my first white hairs. They did not bother me very much, however, for I was living in the country at the time, far away from beauty parlors and the like, and my social life was practically non-existent. I should probably have permitted my hair to turn white gradually and gracefully had I not shortly thereafter come to the city to live. Almost at once I was drawn into the social whirl and taking care of my appearance became a major problem.

"Too bad you are going gray, madam," an operator said to me one day, as she set my hair in a new and more becoming style. "You really should let me do something about it for you. You're still quite a young woman, you know, and, after all, white hair does add to one's age."

Her words gave me quite a shock. I examined myself closely in the mirror. Yes, there were a lot of white hairs. And soon, probably, there would be a lot more.

Suddenly I became scared. I did not want to look older. I did not even want to "look my age." My husband had always prided himself on my youthful appearance, boasting about it to his friends. I had been taken for his daughter once—and he had loved it! No, I must not let myself look any older—not for a long time yet!

"What do you suggest?" I asked the girl.

"We'll color the white hairs," the operator said. "It's quite harmless. Hundreds of women do it nowadays."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "but I don't like the idea of dye."

"We don't call it dyeing," the operator replied. "We call it hair tinting. It's no more than rouging the cheeks and lips, or pencilling the brows, and nearly all women do that, don't they?"

Those were the good days before the war, however, so I decided to start. The first application was highly successful. It was, I assured myself, impossible to detect the dye.

I went on dyeing my hair. As time passed, of course, more and more gray hairs began to come in. My hair began to turn on the top as well as at the sides.

Telltale Signs

Soon, if I left my hair without a treatment for more than three weeks, an ugly white line would begin to show down my parting. My scalp, too, despite the oil treatments, began to get itchy and dry. The hair itself had a dead, dyed look. Permanents, too, began to get harder and harder "to take."

Several times I decided to let my hair grow out. But each time I made a start, I found myself looking so terrible that I simply could not go on. And so back I rushed to the beauty parlor, to continue my expensive chore. It was like a ball rolling downhill now, going faster and faster al the time—more frequent dye treatments, more frequent oil shampoos, more frequent permanents. I was spending so much time and money on my hair alone that I was secretly thoroughly ashamed of myself.

Then the war broke out. Everyone had to cut down expenses. Luxuries had to be denied.

For a long time I kept telling myself that dyeing my hair was no luxury. After all, I earned the money to pay for it myself. It was part of a well-dressed woman's good grooming to keep her hair nice. I would give up other things—go less frequently to the movies, for instance; cut down on clothes; do my own housework, if necessary. But I *must* try to keep looking young!

The factor that finally decided me, however, had nothing to do with the war. One day I met a friend of mine, a woman who through all the years I had known her had been blonde. To my surprise her hair was quite white.

I had always known that her hair was dyed. For one thing, it was quite obvious, even though beautifully done. Her face, too, had a hard look—a sort of travesty of youth.

I often wondered why she did it, for she must be at least sixty years old. Then one day I found out the reason. Her husband, it appeared, was much younger than herself. She was terribly afraid of losing him and so she was striving with all her power to keep looking young.

Well, now she had gone white, and pretty soon I learned the reason why. In fact, she told me the story herself. Her husband had fallen in love with another woman—a lovely *natural* blonde. He had asked my friend for a divorce and she was going to give it to him, though it was breaking her heart. All her efforts to keep young-looking for his sake, she realized, had been in vain.

"It was funny," she told me bitterly, and her lips had twisted in a wry smile, "but after John had gone, I realized that there was one great relief. I didn't have to dye my hair any more!"

To Dye for Love

Well, I was not older than my husband, nor did I have to dye my hair to keep his love. In my heart I knew that he would love me just as much with white hair as with brown. But the thing that had happened to my friend might easily happen to me—that is, I might go on till I made a real fool of myself—I might persist in seeking a travesty of youth long after youth had really passed me by.

I decided definitely at that moment to let my hair go white.

I did not go to my regular beauty shop. That would be fatal, I knew. I went instead to a completely strange one, where I was quite unknown. I said frankly to the woman in charge:

"I've been dyeing my hair for several years. Now I want to let it go white. Can you advise me the best and quickest way to go about it?"

The woman examined my head. "Your scalp is in bad shape," she announced. "There's only one thing to do. You must first have a series of oil shampoos. The oil will also help to lighten your hair. It will take several months—probably a year or more—before your hair will have grown right out."

I soon found out that it was all too true what the lady had said about hair taking a long time to grow out. My hair grows very quickly—when I do not want it to. Now that I did, it seemed to take an incredibly long time to grow. I wanted to be white all at once, of course, but no, the hair must grown out inch by inch from the roots.

And it is a most embarrassing and unpleasant process. The hair does not come in white from the roots, the white strands interwoven with the brown, as when one lets one's hair grow in while naturally from the start. The white hair, on a dyed head, grows out from the scalp to meet the dark, and the ridge widens slowly but steadily, giving one a sort of patchwork appearance, quite ugly to behold. All your friends look at you with amused glances and you know that they are thinking: "I always knew she dyed her hair!" It is, in fact, something like going through the nine months of a pregnancy—one passes through much the same stages of discomfort and distortion, and it takes about the same time!

Now several months have passed, and my hair in the front is almost wholly white. The dye has practically all disappeared. Next time I visit my hairdresser, she will cut off the brown ends, and that will be the last of it. It may take some years more, of course, before my head is white all over. But I do not worry about that. The white hairs will now come in naturally. The important thing is that all my hair is now entirely *natural* again.

I look at myself in the mirror these days and find my appearance not too disappointing. Really, I do not look too bad! I shall get used to the change in time, I know, and be quite reconciled to having white hair in my early forties. People tell me that white hair makes me look *distinguished.* Well, I suppose that should be some consolation—though, privately, I would still rather look *young!*

I am determined, however, that white hair shall not get me down. I shall continue to try to keep myself, if not youthful-looking, at least attractive-looking. I shall take good care of my white hair, by keeping it clean and soft and well-brushed. Dull hair is depressing and ageing, whatever its color. I shall eat a high-vitamin diet so that my hair will grow in strong and lustrous. I shall keep up with the times in hair-do's. Fashions are constantly changing in hair-do's as well as in clothes, and indifference to hair and cosmetic changes is a system of old age, not only of the body, but of the mind.

And If You Must—

My advice to those whose hair is turning white is—*leave it alone.* If you *must* dye it, be sure that you can afford the time and money to give it the best. Far better, though, to spend that same time and money, if you have it to spare, on keeping your hair lovely and in good condition rather than on dye. I have regretted a thousand times that I ever started to touch up mine. I have perhaps made a bigger fool of myself than I actually know, for all the time that I have been telling myself that nobody knew, perhaps everyone knew! Believe me, it is always wise to take a leaf out of nature's own book. Nature never goes in for subterfuges. Let yourself grow older gradually and gracefully. It pays in the end.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

She Sews a Fine Seam

BY BERNICE COFFEY

MAKING your own isn't altogether a matter of sewing a fine seam, Margot Hare told us. The machine will do that very ably, although deftness with the needle is very necessary when it comes to those fine finishing touches that set the seal of smartness on a dress.

Miss Hare is a Butterick pattern stylist, and generous with tips on how to "run up" a dress. Choosing a pattern, she says, means taking a careful inventory of your face and figure (there are five general types) before you pick the pattern, then deciding where and when you will want to wear the dress. These days, she says, you need less fabric for the new designs, so buy a better quality—the best you can afford—and plan to wear it a long time. Now the slim silhouette is practically frozen for the duration, women can easily plan clothes for the future.

If you prefer to put the cart before the horse and choose the pattern first you must be careful to select a pattern style suitable for the fabric.

Patterns with drapery call for a fairly soft fabric, neither too bulky nor too sheer. Silk, rayon or sheer wool crepe, velvet, satin, shantung, lace and jersey are among the fabrics that lend themselves to drapery.

Patterns with pleats require a firmly woven fabric that will hold the crease. Plain weave cottons such as ginghams, chambrays, chintz, silk crepe, wool or gabardine are all suitable for pleated styles. Most wool or wool blend fabrics that are not too bulky hold pleats well.

Patterns with fine details, such as shirring, smocking and pin tucks require fabrics that are sheer and soft enough to handle in small sections. These sheer fabrics, also sheer wools, silk and rayon crepes, voiles and dimity are among the other fabrics suitable for patterns of this type.

Patterns for tailored styles are most suitable for crisp, firm fabrics, cottons, including ginghams, seersuckers, linens, linen-type rayons, gabardines, flannels and twills are all suitable fabrics for tailored styles.

The placing or not of the pattern pieces on the grain of the fabric may make all the difference between a dress that looks like An Original or A Mistake. The term "grain" refers to the direction of the threads in the fabric, and it is the line of thread running parallel with the selvage that should concern the sew-er.

New color combinations suggested by Miss Hare—black or bottle green with commando red and citron yellow, or commando blue with fuchsia and turquoise, black and brown or black and gold.

Nylon Mileage

Since the needs of the fighting forces have deprived the women of Canada of their nylon hosiery they are entitled to ask to what extent their individual sacrifice helps the war effort.

The answer, given in an article in the September issue of the C-I-L "Oval", is that it takes all the nylon yarn needed for twenty dozen pairs of stockings to make a parachute. According to statistics the average Canadian woman consumes a little over a dozen pairs of full fashioned stockings per annum so that twenty women, denied nylons for one year, supply material for one parachute.

The yardage of yarn involved is tremendous. There are two miles of thread in a pair of nylon stockings and about 500 miles of thread in the nylon part of a parachute. In the new nylon plant at Kingston, Ont., intricate machines can spin many million miles a year of filaments so fine that a few pounds stretched in a straight line will reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific, yet so strong that when twisted together to make yarn the product has the strength of steel, yet is flexible, soft and elastic.

Brush Work

It requires real ingenuity to be a conservation expert right in your own home! One first-aid enthusiast writes in that she's solved the problem of how to keep finger bandages from getting grimy and ravelling at the edges—paints colorless polish all over the bandages. Saves bandage and adhesive, because you don't have to change them until it's time to put on a new dressing.

For stamp collectors—paint your special issues with colorless lacquer to preserve them. For tennis fans, use it to protect strings when you put your racquet up for the winter.

DEB VOLUNTEERS FOR DEFENSE SERVICES

Keeps glamour bright for evening

Lovely Priscilla Mackinnon, Montreal deb, devotes many hours a week to bilingual secretarial work for defense and relief offices. Priscilla is a daughter of the late Col. Henry A. Mackinnon, D. S. O. Her charms . . . velvet-brown eyes, a mischievous smile, clear olive skin. Of beauty care she says: "To make my skin sparkle, I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail."

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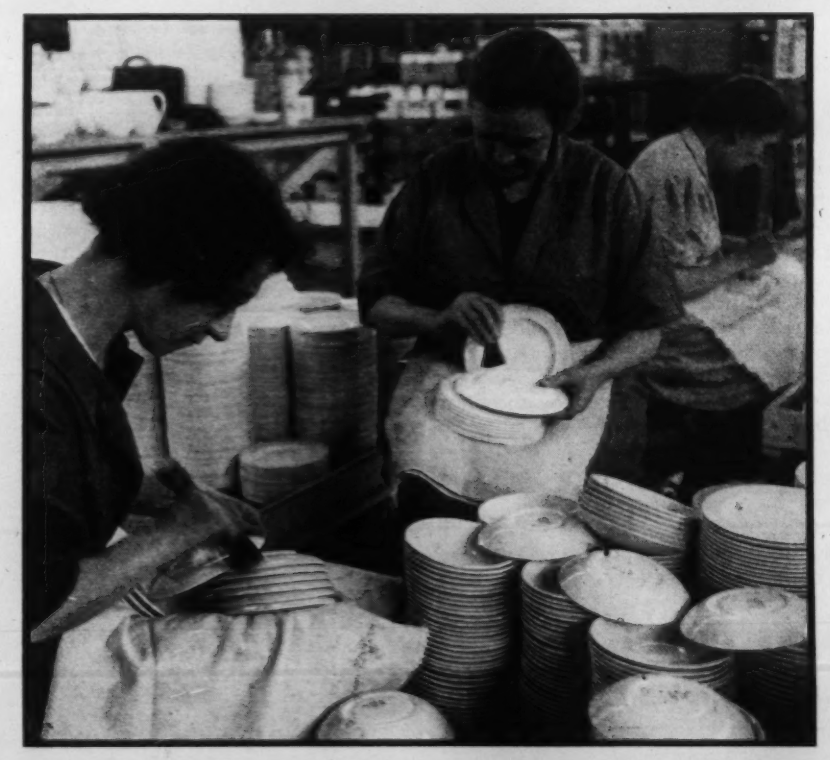

"Utility" is a word applied to almost everything from fashions to dishes at present being manufactured in England for home use. British housewives, for instance, now replace their broken dishes with standardized crockery such as this shown in course of manufacture at the Wedgwood pottery. Special branches of pottery are only in production for export.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Two Great American Tenors

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

LAST week one touched on the fact that song recital is a distinctive artistic field, for which mere success in operatic roles is an inadequate preparation. Opportunely there occurred a recital by the great tenor Richard Crooks at Eaton Auditorium to give point to one's contentions. Though he sings operatic arias magnificently, the rich and varied appeal of his program lay in the fact that he renders many other types of song with intimate understanding. No American singer since Lillian Nordica has sung in so many parts of the world, and his universal popularity is based not only on the beauty of his voice and tone production, but on his versatility and sincerity as interpreter.

Mr. Crooks owes much to the musical environment of his childhood, as boy soprano in a church choir of which the chief soloists were Evan Williams, tenor, and Gwyllym Miles, baritone, both artists of high attainment. Thus, though he is now a year or two beyond forty, he has been singing the finest music for over thirty years. His voice never really "broke," but changed first to alto and then, as he grew to manhood, to a lyric tenor of exquisite quality. As time went on he developed the robust emotional style which distinguishes his declamation today. Perfect rendering of such numbers as "Comfort Ye My People" and "Land of Hope and Glory" is second nature to him.

Not less fascinating was his singing of modern French songs. One singularly appropriate at the present time was "Chevauchée Cosaque" by Felix Fourdrain. Most of Fourdrain's contemporaries in Paris turned to Spain for inspiration, and now even Debussy, who had lived in Russia, tried his hand at a Russian song. This lyric is a graphic tribute by a Cossack to his charger, and Mr. Crooks sang it with thrilling intensity. Other French numbers included a delightful rhythmical song, "I Said to the Stars" by Paladilhe, and a lovely lyric by Pessard, "Adieu to the Morn." Modern French song excels that of all other nations in the literary quality of the text, and the composers adeptly blended their music with the poetic concept.

The operas of Umberto Giordano have never enjoyed much favor in America, but excerpts heard on the concert platform invariably impress by their fervor and distinction, and Mr. Crooks was particularly happy in "Andrea Chenier," in which the poet-hero before going to execution sings an apostrophe to his Muse. He was also splendid in an aria from "Fedora," so fine and moving that one wonders why it is not heard more frequently; the reason is probably that few tenors have the voice and style to render it adequately.

A Russian Funeral

Most followers of musical events have observed how effectively Hitler's invasion of Russia has re-united the wandering sons of that country, many of whom abhorred Bolshevism, in devotion to their native land. That unity was evident in the concert of Serge Jaroff and his Don Cossacks at Massey Hall last week. The singers were originally exiled loyalists of the "White Russian" party; but on this occasion they gave the full traditional funeral service of the Russian Church in honor of the Russians killed in the present war. The inclusion of "O God, Save Thy People" from the Russian liturgy was of similar purport. Both performances were unforgettable in devotional expression.

Among the many services Mr. Jaroff and his choristers have rendered us, nothing is quite so important as the initiation to the infinitely varied liturgical music of their national church, to which so many famous composers have contributed. But the Cossacks have also revealed the unlimited variety and color of Russian folksong, which abounds in humor. Their amazing tonal volume and vividness of expression make what is really a relatively small group of men sound like a host.

Proms Come to End

This past season countless more people have had to content themselves with floor cushions at the Proms than in the past, which means that attendance has outrun all expectations. The combination of such popular figures as the tenor James Melton and the conductor Andre Kostelanetz was certain to produce a fitting climax. It was singular that the two finest American tenors should be appearing in Toronto at the same time. In personality James Melton is inimitably winning, but he is no doubt getting tired of being regarded as just a popular balladist. His voice is beautiful in timbre and yearly he grows in artistic stature. The announcement that he has been engaged by the Metropolitan to sing *Amino* in Mozart's "Magic Flute" (which calls for a galaxy of stars) marks his definite emergence from the ranks of mere "entertainers." Last week he gave beautiful renderings of a very difficult aria from Delibes' "Lakme", and the "Dream" aria from Massenet's "Manon". Both demand exceptional purity of intonation and delicacy in phrasing and proved that Mr. Melton's potentialities run far beyond the jocosities of American folksong.

Mr. Kostelanetz contented himself with a program of short works in which his finesse in handling orchestral forces was at all times obvious. His most striking offering was the burlesque Polka from the "Age of Gold" ballet by Shostakovich, who has the unique gift of being intensely humorous in the odd vehicle of dissonances. Musicians wreathed in smiles played to laughing thousands, a rather magical achievement for any composer. Among the serious offerings the most impressive was Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela", in which the solo for English horn was played with haunting effect by Mr. Hutchins. Mr. Kostelanetz' own composition for piano and orchestra, "Lake Louise", had the rare merit of seeming too short rather than too long, and as a pianist he surprised listeners by his beauty of touch. His individuality as a conductor was revealed by the refinement with which he handled the iterations of Ravel's "Bolero".

The British Proms

One of the notable factors of the present summer in London, England, has been the immense success of the Promenade concerts which have been drawing audiences of about 5000 nightly to Albert Hall. That is a fair average attendance (often exceeded) for the Toronto Proms, but they are weekly, not nightly events. The series has been given by the London Philharmonic Orchestra (which lost its home when the Germans destroyed Queen's Hall), now succeeded by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. The conductors have been Sir Henry Wood, going strong at 72, and Basil Cameron, the latter no stranger to America where he formerly conducted the San Francisco and Seattle Orchestras.

At the outset Sir Henry pointed out that we cannot live by Beethoven alone, and that Prom-goers should give the music of our day the chance it deserves. Apparently his public agreed with him, and new works have been featured. They included an impressive Epic March by John Ireland; a violin concerto by his Irish pupil E. J. Moeran; a piano concerto by Alan Rawsthorne; Symphony in C by Alan Bush; Symphony No. 4 by Edmond Duncan-Rubbra; and Benjamin Britten's "Sinfonia da Requiem." The last composition seems to have made the most profound impression. Toronto music-lovers know it already, for last autumn it was magnificently interpreted by Sir Ernest MacMillan and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Hart House Quartet

The Hart House Quartet opened its twentieth season last week. Of the originals who made their debut on the same platform in the autumn of 1924 only the 'cellist, Boris Hambourg, remains. The first violin, James Levey, was preceded by Geza de Kresz, now in his native Budapest. Three musicians have occupied the second violin desk,—Harry Adaskin, Adolphe Koldofsky and Henry Milligan. The last named, a gifted executant, made his debut with the organization last week. The original viola, Milton Blackstone, last year was succeeded by Allard de Ridder. Since the Quartet was born, several chamber organizations have disintegrated, through loss of players, but the local ensemble fills its ranks and carries on.

The program was choice in variety and arrangement, and played with vitality and enthusiasm. A characteristic work by Mozart seemed rather inconsequential in comparison with Frank Bridge's Quartet in G minor, performed for the first time in this country, and Schubert's ever welcome Quartet with variations on the melody of his song "Death and the Maiden," which grows more impressive each time one hears it. Purists once protested because the wealth of melody overflows the structural limits, but it is a fault we can all endure. Bridge's Quartet is a strong emotional work, especially beautiful in its central movement, and would seem even finer on a second hearing.

Jacques Gerard's Progress

The New York Philharmonic Symphony has opened its season with a revival of Berlioz' dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet," one of the composer's finest works, which dates from 1838 and has long been neglected. In addition to orchestra it calls for chorus, and mezzo-soprano, tenor and bass soloists. The conductor was Toscanini who has all his life been a Berlioz enthusiast, and the production had special interest for Canadians because the *Romeo* role was sung by Jacques Gerard, a Montreal tenor, nephew of the brilliant and original artist, the late Aurèle de Foy Suzor-Côté.

• •

Coming Events

Women employed by the City of Toronto have an active Association devoted to war-work. To raise money for the Evening Telegram British War Victims Fund and for the Merchant Marine Fund, administered by The Navy League, the Association has arranged a concert to be held in Eaton Auditorium on November 3. The artists engaged include such well-known figures as Maitland Farmer, Boris Hambourg, Evaleen Kilby and Mary Shore. Tickets at $1.50, $1.00 and 50c. may be secured from Miss E. Sherwin, Room 17, City Hall.

A RECITAL whose entire proceeds will be devoted to war work and charity will be given at Eaton Auditorium on October 29 under the auspices of Ave Maria Subdivision, Catholic Women's League of Canada. The vocalist will be Jean Dickinson, who has twice been guest artist at the Proms, and Gwendolyn Williams will be at the piano.

Joseph Szigeti, famous Hungarian violinist, and his wife. Mr. Szigeti appears as soloist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, October 27.

Rose Goldblatt, Canadian pianist with Alexander Brott, violinist, whose new Piano Suite she will introduce in Town Hall, New York, October 24.

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THE FILM PARADE

Wake Island Re-Enacted

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"WAKE ISLAND" is as tough and factual as the historical records, the military experts and the various branches of the armed services knew how to make it. The gallant and moving epic of the little Pacific Island has been screened handsomely and thoroughly; so handsomely and thoroughly that one couldn't help thinking it might have been advantageous not to do it quite so well.

The actual story has been left largely unretouched. It didn't need retouching since it contained all the elements of courage and tragedy within the natural shape of heroic epic. But while the excitement you feel in watching it is genuine enough, it is exactly the kind of excitement you get from any well-handled, expertly timed and acted war-film turned out by the studios. You have to keep reminding yourself that this is undoubtedly, on the word of all the impressive authorities named on the credit lists, the way the story of Wake Island actually took place.

It is largely the lighting and the photography that give "Wake Island" its curious quality of movie unreality. The film has the same kind of smooth clear lighting and fine conscious photography that were lavished on Lana Turner and Clark Gable last week in "Somewhere I'll Find You". And we know by this time, from watching the great Russian action-documentaries, that pictures aren't like that when they are made in the face of death and annihilation. They are frequently grainy and murky, and the drama doesn't lie in the photography, which for the most part is catch-as-catch-can, but in the event itself. History that is hurtling towards destruction won't wait on studio lighting and stylized photography.

Brian Donlevy is a fine actor. So is Albert Dekker. William Bendix is an engaging character player of the Aw-Shucks school. They are all well cast here in carefully written roles. Perhaps it is the very care that has been taken in the various parts and their performance that gives "Wake Isand" the deliberated air of fiction. There must have been desperation in the hearts of even the bravest defenders of Wake Island, and an anguished sense of isolation from the living world as the circle of death drew in closer and closer. There is no hint of this in Wake Island's re-enactment.

Still the magnificent story is there, behind the re-enactment. All the film's technical gloss and studio competence can't obscure the original pattern. The picture doesn't tell us enough and it tries to tell it too well. But it is worth seeing for what it does record of one of the most sombre and splendid chapters of American history.

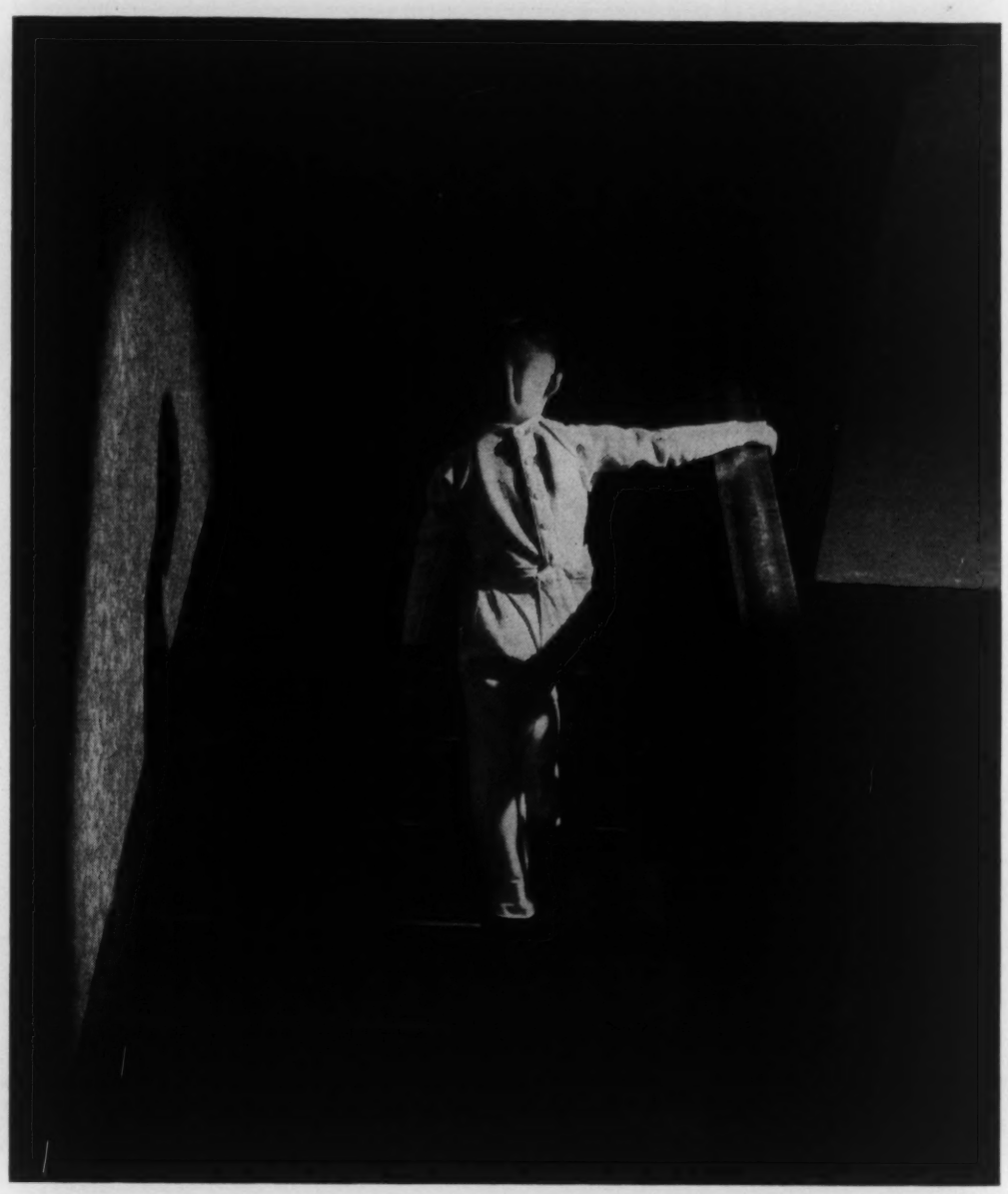
IT WAS hard to discover anything very gay about "The Gay Sisters". The oldest sister (Barbara Stanwyck) is a furious-tongued spinster. The second (Geraldine Fitzgerald) is a rather jaded nymphomaniac. The youngest (Nancy Coleman) is a sad little piece who tries to commit suicide with an overdose of luminol. Nothing very gay about that.

It is rather difficult to explain the goings-on in "The Gay Sisters" but maybe I'd better make a try at it. It seems that the father of the Gaylord sisters died in the first Great War, leaving his three little daughters half a billion dollars so securely tied up in red tape that the best lawyers in New York spent twenty-three profitable years pretending to untangle it. Meanwhile the sisters continue to live on nothing a year in the Fifth Avenue mansion, which grows more tattered and forlorn with every sequence. (You might think that the sisters would be rather tattered and forlorn themselves after twenty-three years of costly litigation, but actually they're as smart as Power models all three—a point that the film doesn't even attempt to clear up.)

George Brent looms up rather vaguely as a millionaire contractor who can get the will probated in a jiffy if Barbara Stanwyck will only sell him the family mansion. But Barbara won't, because she has a prejudice against selling property and a still deeper prejudice against Mr. Brent who is, to take a short cut, the unacknowledged father of her six-year-old child. This is the general plot. The characters spend most of their time trying to talk their way out of it.

The original novel by Stephen Longstreet appears to have been a complicated comedy pointed at the legal profession. The screen version omits the point and the comedy, leaving only the complications. Recommended only if you like your entertainment the hard way.

Learning how a blimp behaves: officers-to-be for U.S. Navy submarine-hunting blimps get a practical demonstration in aerostatics. A moveable weight on model is shifted about and effects are noted on scale.



...Quietly up the Stairs he Went

What were his dreams then, you sometimes wonder. He was a quiet, thoughtful little fellow who seemed always to be looking far ahead.

He still is quiet, but now he's straight and strong and a cold fury lights his eyes as he wings his bomber through the flak, and his face wears a proud smile when he brings his exultant fighting partners home in a murky English dawn.

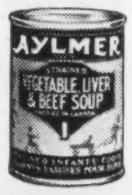
He is young Canada—the *important* generation—fighting on the seas, in the air, on the beaches; fighting for something only his heart can tell about.

Is young Canada going to be backed up by the best there is in the way of planes and ships and guns? The answer will be in the number of Victory Bonds you buy. As you go quietly up the stairs tonight, let your thoughts range far. Decide, by yourself, how *much* you can lend tomorrow.

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE VICTORY LOAN BY THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

Aylmer INFANTS FOODS

• 12 varieties! Specially prepared for Baby. At your grocer's.



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Make your own skirt, suit, dress or sportswear

• Plain frock or Tartan dress—it will tailor better and wear longer when it is made of Viyella—the soft, lightweight English Flannel.

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears

GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST

36" and 54" wide. At all leading stores or write Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto.

THE DRESSING TABLE

The Sikh And His Diet

BY ISABEL MORGAN

YOU are what you eat.

Information has just been received by the Milk Foundation of Toronto concerning investigations made by Sir Robert McCarrison, a pioneer worker in the modern science of nutrition. Sir Robert has been making a survey of nutrition conditions in the East, and his findings are reported in a book "Nutrition and the War."

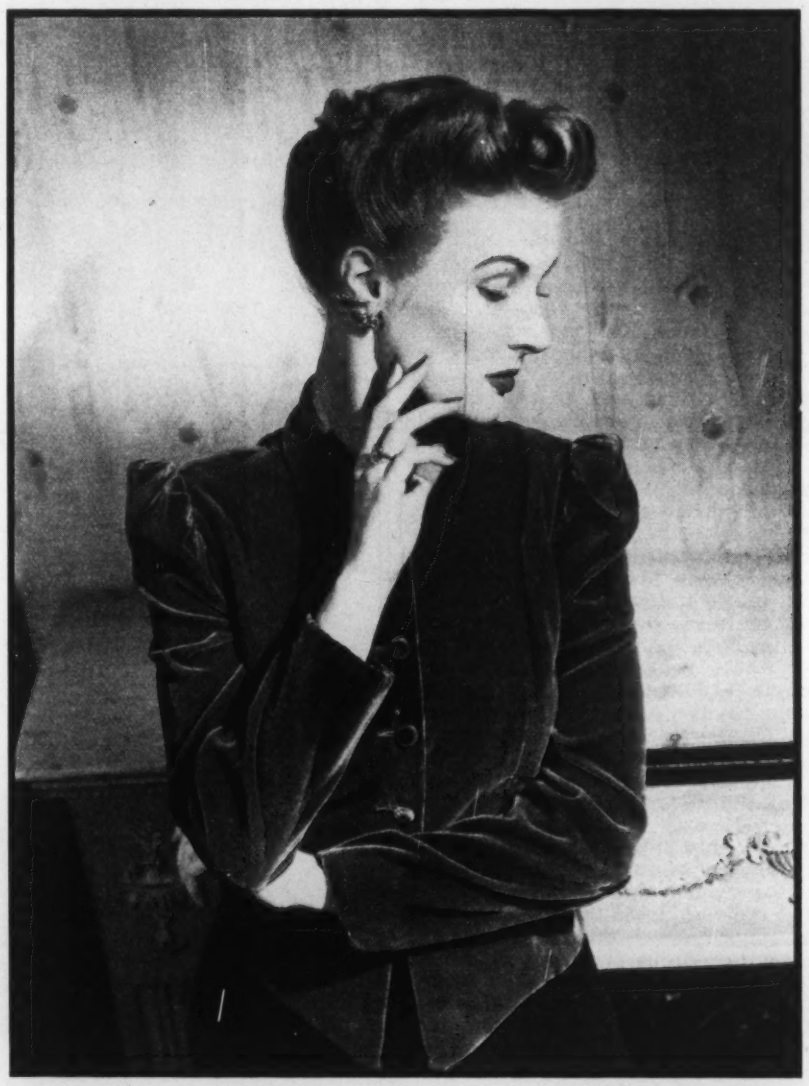
His report of a survey conducted among the Sikhs showed that they possessed a remarkable degree of physical development. They were in perfect physical condition. Their skins were clear and shining. They possessed powers of endurance which "are probably unsurpassed by any other races of mankind."

Upon investigation, it was learned that their diet was composed mainly of coarsely ground whole wheat, milk, milk products, tubers, roots, green leafy vegetables, fruit, with only an occasional meal of meat.

Conditional

Just off the press—"Lady Be Fit" by Dorothy Nye, (*Harper and Brothers*, $2.50) in which women on the warpath via new or increased activity will find full and complete information on how to go about taking the terse advice contained in the title of the book. It's mainly concerned with exercise (the home variety) and how to take it so that it does the most good for the type of person one happens to be. There are three of these types, according to the author, the Soft and Lazy, High-Powered and Tense, Middle-of-the-Roader. Directions for the exercises are so clearly described, as well as amusingly illustrated, that the exerciser can go ahead without taking too much time out to find out what to do next. Besides exercise, there is among other things some extremely sound advice on how to relax, posture, and how to pamper your feet.

Miss Nye handles her subject with authority. She is the author of a previous book "New Bodies for Old," and among other things has been a field worker for the National Y.W.C.A.; an instructor at Barnard College, Columbia University; an instructor for industrial organizations and has had her own studio in New York City for corrective physical education.



Fuel shortage to the contrary, there'll be no rationing of warmth this winter — either indoors or out. Fashion has turned practical for the duration, and jackets of flannel or velvet for wear over dinner and evening gowns are the season's biggest style "scoop." The crimson velvet dinner jacket above is a bright conversation piece for winter evenings.

All That Glitters

The woman who has good metal costume jewellery will do well to preserve it, and in buying it will also be wise to spend a little more to get something that has good design, is well made and will last.

With our very simple war time fashions, "dressing up" with jewels is helpful in adding to the decorative effect.

There are some very new necklaces of amber, of less precious gem stones in collar effects. Placques that are mostly floral in either formal or actual interpretations, richly jewelled, are posed at the base of the throat and suspended by snake or link chains. These necklaces in gold and silver are very handsome with the new severe necklines and give distinction to simple little dresses that otherwise may be too casual.

There is a new short sleeve clip fashion that is fun and also the insignia of one's favorite soldier, sailor or airman is worn on the sleeve.

Pendant earrings are just beginning to come back into their own again.

The newest rings are huge, and in colors that cheer as well as astonish.

Bracelets are "a must"—and, of course, those of gold set with colored stones are most popular. Gold links are square, oblong, round and irregular and silver leaves and scrolls are chaste and lovely. Hat pins—clips and pins are worn on hats and jewelled hair pins and bars keep up the scolding locks that love to stray with "wanton wiles." Brooches are worn to hold in place the scarves that are part of 1942 head gear. Watches slip in and out of jewelled settings in bracelets.

It will never be "bad taste" in war time to look one's best. Looking seedy and being careless of personal appearance has nothing to do with patriotism and service. One look at the well-assembled uniforms of the men in the services shows how important it is to morale to look right as well as to do right.

Of The Times

Fashions of the future mingled with fashions of today in a parade that was entirely different, "Fashions of the Times", held in New York recently. It was planned to show American civilian life dressed through the emergency, alert, attractive and wholly within recent government regulations. Mayor LaGuardia opened the four-performance presentation, in support of the project and its salute to the industry which employs 400,000 and fosters the birth of American creative talent. It was given to benefit The Army Emergency Relief Fund by The New York Times.

The production was full of wartime significance, depicting American civilian life in war and after-war activities. Tribute was paid alike

IT IS SO VERY Gentle

BY APPOINTMENT

You'll love Yardley English Lavender soap—for its oh-so-kind lather—for its lavender touched daintiness—for its sublime refreshment. And you'll find it quite reasonable in cost because each cake lasts so very, very long. 35c a large cake—3 for $1.00.

Yardley

ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP

ADA MACKENZIE

Just Arrived from Britain

TWEEDS

TOP COATS, SUITS, GLOVES & HATS

SWEATERS

CASHMERE, SHETLAND, BOTANY AND ALPACA

Uptown Shop 26 Bloor St. W. ★ Downtown Shop 1 Adelaide St. W.

TORONTO

Another Victory Recipe by

Sunbeam MIXMASTER

Sunbeam

BUDGET-SAVER MEAT PIE

• INGREDIENTS:—1 lb. ground beef, ¼ lb. ground smoked ham, ½ c. bread crumbs, ¼ tsp. chili powder, ½ tsp. ground sage, 1 egg (not beaten), 1 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 1 c. milk, 3 tbsp. fat (for browning meat balls), 1 tbsp. flour, ½ c. water (or beef stock), 4 carrots (cut in large pieces), 8 small onions, semi-cooked, 2 c. whipped potatoes.

• METHOD:—Place first 8 ingredients in large Mixmaster bowl. Turn to No. 2 speed and mix thoroughly. Add ½ cup of the milk and combine, still on No. 2. Form into tiny meat balls about 1½ in. in diameter. (They will be quite soft). Brown quickly in hot fat. Remove balls from fat and blend flour into fat. Stir in water and remaining ½ c. milk and make a thin gravy. Place meat balls, carrots, and onions in a casserole, and pour gravy over all. Cover and bake in a moderate oven of 350°F. until onions and carrots are cooked tender, about 30 min. Heap tablespoons of Mixmaster-whipped potatoes on top and brown in a moderately hot oven of 400°F., about 15 min.

Delicious - Nutritious - Serves 8

Easy to make on Your MIXMASTER

Other *Sunbeam* Appliances are: IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, AUTOMATIC TOASTER. *Sunbeam* HEATING PAD, etc.

Because of the necessities of war, the manufacture of certain electrical appliances is now forbidden. MIXMASTER is one of them, but probably some dealers still have a small stock. Sunbeam Automatic Toaster, IRONMASTER, SHAVEMASTER and Sunbeam Electric Heating Pad will be available at some dealers in reduced quantities, at least for a short time. Flexible Shaft Company Limited, Factory and Office 321 Weston Rd. S., Toronto, Ont.

to the hard-working American woman in war industry as the full-time volunteer worker, and her opportunities for dressing functionally but attractively during the emergency.

Courageous colors to hearten the sombre clouds of war flashed through the scenes. Reds predominated, from pink to deepest flame. Jewel tones from topaz to sapphire, yellows, greens, and sparkling plaids held the centre of the stage. Dyestuffs allotted to non-priorities use were shown to be more than adequate for today's realism and for tomorrow's fantasy. From budget to expensive types the panorama was geared to wartime buying. At the same time it showed designs completely surmounting the challenge of government restrictions with superb brilliance and ingenuity at each price level.

The practical vied with the glamorous. New street length dinner gowns to sparkle under dim-out restrictions, practical fuel-saving warm costumes were shown. "Bundling" in shawls over wool pajamas, country suits, alert outfits, and sports costumes received attention. Cottons for patriotism in quilted plaids, corduroy, velveteens, flannels were warm, colorful, functional. Everywhere bright colors persisted.

Laboratory fabrics appeared as glorious costumes of the future, a scene in the fashion editor's office. Withheld from general consumption for the duration to provide essential materials of war, these fabrics were designed in exuberant fantasy fashions. A Vera Maxwell travel flight costume of three types of Celanese fabrics, another bold red, white and blue costume in Bemberg yarns woven into silken fabrics, were side by side with a superb bare-shouldered evening gown in black and pink by Kiviette using duPont's rayon cordura which, by the way, is being used as a lining for rubber tires. Purple-dyed deep-pile aralac fashioned a coat designed by Helen Cookman worn over her dress of lavendar lighter weight aralac, an exciting new casein-derivative which will be woven in many weights after the war. Another first appearance in this scene was a fabric made of wool mixed with California redwood in a flight suit of red and green plaid, with yellow jersey hood and scarf. Yellow lined mitts carried the color contrast to the model's hands.

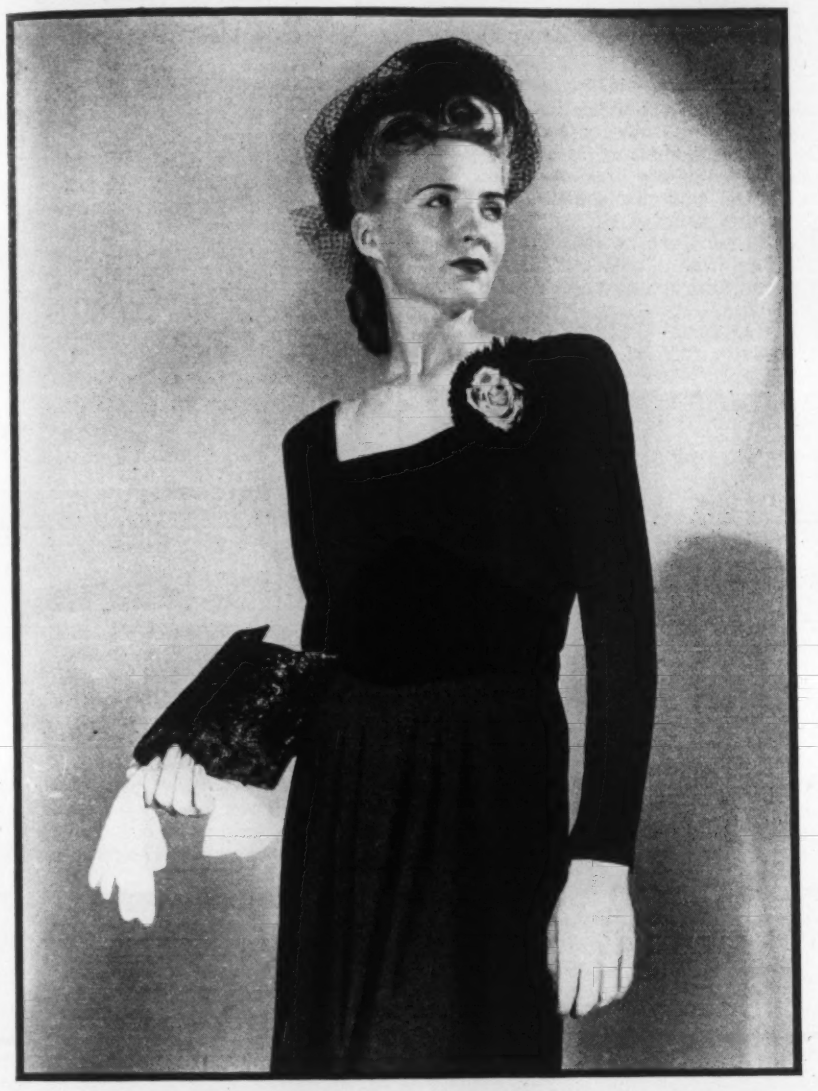
For realistic living today, there was a surprise alert suit of coral nylon fleece. Lights flashing from its green stone-studded belt, providing chic even in a jiffy-number.

Three generations went to church in trim warm outfits, mother in blue and brown with squirrel fur tuxedo fronts, the children in navy reefers lined with bright red. Grandmother in wine striped tweed over a beige hand-knit was warm, and in full contemporary chic.

Stenographers, secretaries, USO girls, brides and society women mingled with uniformed officers . . . street scene anywhere in the U.S.A. Fuel, rubber and tin can salvaging women in the home front scene were dressed in warm attractive costumes.

Heavy togs of the "bundling-up" type were shown in a variety of styles. Mother and children were dressed in bundling slip-over shawls. A smart business girl, at home and saving fuel oil, was seen in jersey slacks with a hand-loomed fringed shawl tightly wrapped about her shoulders; a skater had a wool-ringed scarf thrown over neck and shoulders and a football fan was seen in a magnificent coat of plaid tweed, with a hood scarf thrown over her head.

A renewed interest in floor-length evening gowns for theatre, opera and formal evening entertainments was manifested. Earlier this season in New York it seemed that women might abandon them, but the desire to please and look attractive for men in the service, and those out of it as well, is so strongly on the increase that formal gowns are coming into their own again. Style effectiveness in gowns of high shades was achieved through the use of accessories of even more brilliant colors, as purple with cyclamen and gold with emerald.



The street length dinner gown, one of the styles created for wartime evenings, is a significant newcomer. Square-cut neckline is matched by a back decolletage and a velvet girdle contrasts with textured crepe.

JUST DESSERTS

I THOUGHT I was getting into a rut;
That exciting new desserts were what
My family craved; so, aiming to please
I've been trying out dozens of recipes.

Now my family gives three cheers
(Though once they professed to despise it)
When good old applesauce appears—
At least they can recognize it!

MAY RICHSTONE.

SONNET MCMXLII

WHEN, in disgrace with fashion, women's eyes,
I used to wear my cheap fawn cotton hose,
And trouble deaf heaven with my foolish cries,
And look in my slim purse, and moan my woes;
Wishing me like to one with wealth and grace,
Tricked out like her, with sheerest hose possessed,
Desiring this girl's legs, and that girl's face,—
Of all the girls in town contented least;

Had I known then that soon it would befall
That every girl would thank her lucky stars
For *any* stockings to put on at all,
Why, then I might have spared me all those tears;
I might some superciliousness have shown;
I might, gadzooks, have had *a lot more fun!*

WINNIFRED EVANS PANTER.

Daredevil!
DOROTHY GRAY BATH SET
with a new fragrance and a new idea
$2.25
AT SMART COSMETIC COUNTERS

● Watch the pink-and-white ballet dancer change costume! Set includes Dorothy Gray Dusting Powder and Cologne, both in facinating new *Daredevil* scent. Order several as gifts, keep one to play with, yourself, $2.25.

● Inspired stocking stuffers . . . these individual *Daredevil* items. Daredevil Cologne, in cute "strip tease" package, $1.15. Dusting Powder, $1.10. Daredevil Talcum, 85c. Lipstick, $1.15. Cream Rouge, $1.15.

DOROTHY GRAY
683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
American design of Beauty

Do You Know You Have 2 Waistlines?

Adjustable Waist by NEMO

You don't believe that you have two waistlines? So few women are aware that their waist expands from 1½ to 3 inches when they sit, stoop or bend. And even worse—so few foundations seem to realize this fact.

"Adjustable Waist" does! The patented horizontal stretch at the top back automatically takes comfortable care of this midriff expansion, thus giving you style without sacrifice of comfort.

. . . And Nemo's Adjustable Waist is made in a wide variation of figure types—for Junior, Average, Straight Hip, Full Hip, Short and Larger figures.

Sold in leading Corset Departments from Coast to Coast

NEMO FOUNDATIONS - TORONTO, ONTARIO.

THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

An Appreciation of The Muffin

BY ARTHUR HORNER

THESE autumn evenings remind us that the muffin season is at hand. But the muffin is of ancient lineage and has gathered traditions; and unless we observe the conventions and get the proper muffin spirit, the penalty is indigestion.

To begin with: what kind of evening gives the true muffin setting? For alas, how capricious these autumn evenings can be. Do they choose wisely who toast and eat their muffins before a rosy fire, with curtains drawn and all made snug and cosy within—whilst outside, a sharp frost nips the air? Or, are muffins for that other kind of evening, when rain pours down and all is damp and sticky?

Dickens thought of them in midway weather; when there is neither frost nor rain—just damp. "The damp muggy evening" is the time when "the muffin boy rings his way down the little street"; when there is "just enough damp to make the pavements greasy but not enough to wash away the mess". Then, you will remember, from Sketches by Boz; "Mrs. Meakin of No. 4 has no sooner opened her little street door and screamed 'muffins' with all her might, than Mrs. Walker at No. 5 puts her head out of her parlor window and screams 'muffins' too; and Mrs. Walker has scarcely got the word out of her lips, than Mrs. Peplow, over the way, lets loose Master Peplow, who darts down the street with a velocity which nothing but buttered muffins in perspective could possibly inspire, and drags the muffin boy back by sheer force."

We have not, in most parts of Canada, copied the old-country muffin boy with his wooden tray full of muffins, covered wth a green baize cloth, his bell and the street cry of 'muffins!'; but the eating of muffins is none the less a memorial of times past. For there is something eternally sentimental about the muffin and its ritual, not merely because of its lineage but because it is perenially associated with the close of day, when all Creation goes sentimental. It is the time of the "Song at Twilight"; of Vespers and the Evening Hymn; of the twitter of birds. And the muffin comports with intimate and familiar things: the tea-cozy, toasting fork, kettle on the hob, the chat with friends, work-basket, knitting—a time when memories come to us of those known and loved.

And although its lineage is long and honorable, its origin was humble, and humble it remains. For the muffin is just a member of the cake family that has failed to rise in the world. It belongs to the ancient, one-storey order of cake architecture, like the oat-cake, and its cousins, the pykelet and crumpet.

Shakespeare's Cakes

For cakes started like that—they were flat at first. When Shakespeare mentions cakes, he does so with a note of disrespect. The kind of cake he had in mind when he mentions "cakes and ale", was the tasteless flour and water variety that could be used with cheese and ale. It was after Shakespeare's time that cake architecture developed facade and elevation; that, no doubt, is the reason why wedding cake assumed the Classical rather than the out-of-date Gothic model.

A Symbol

But the muffin, skillfully toasted, with a proper spread of butter and sprinkling of salt and pepper, is not an indigestible dish, if eaten in the proper environment of leisurely content. And it stands as the symbol of something that our modern households are in danger of forgetting, for all our improvements in hygiene and planning,—that is, the spirit of *coziness*.

Youthful but sophisticated is this satin-striped taffeta of many vivid colors. The draped bodice melts into a black satin girdle for a tiny waistline and the skirt is an invitation to waltz under soft lights.

The Brave Deserve the Fairest
be at your best with
DOREL
Distinguished creations of genuine precious oils and essences from pre-invasion France. Three lovely, modern fragrances to make every occasion memorable:
AUDACE — Light, daring, whimsical
HORIZON — Sweet and clear as early morning
COMETE — Rich, warm, romantic
You can sample DOREL at exclusive stores everywhere.

THEY LOVE THE SCHOOL CLOTHES IN THE NEW LUX KNITTING BOOK
—AND, REMEMBER, "HAND-KNITS" WEAR LONGER!
MAKE YOURS FROM THE NEW LUX KNITTING BOOK
These pullovers are easy on that wartime budget...for "hand-knits" wear longer. Easy to make, too, from the NEW Lux Knitting Book. Four books in one—112 pages—115 designs, all test-knitted. Charming and practical things for everyone. Send one large Lux box top and 15¢ with the coupon for your copy. Don't fail to get your New Lux Knitting Book.
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
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● For the present, the task of ridding the world of war is making it impossible for us to continue sending Canada the delights of Peek Frean's famous English biscuits and Vita-Weat Crispbread. As soon as that task is complete, these delicious biscuits will once again reach you from England.

Peek Frean BISCUITS from LONDON, ENGLAND

Dall's Limited
613 Granville St. VANCOUVER CANADA
Write for New Catalogue of LINENS and REAL LACES

Oriental Cream GOURAUD
The cream to use before the evening dance. No rubbing off—no touching up. A trial will convince.
White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun Tan

THRIFTY BUYERS ASK FOR THEIR CHANGE...
... in WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
Get them from your Grocer. "Buy for the future, when you buy for today."
Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS
Christie's Biscuits
"There's a Christie Biscuit for every taste"

THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

The Origin of Christmas Cards

BY W. S. PACE

CHRISTMAS cards of today are quite different from the Yuletide greetings of old when exquisite designs were produced for them by famous artists and verse making was confined to the literary lights of the period. Less than a hundred years ago, in the year 1846, Sir Henry Cole of London suggested the idea of sending Christmas cards to Mr. J. C. Horsley, a member of the British Royal Academy and of interesting those who had a talent with the brush.

His suggestion was ridiculed at first but was later embraced by the whole nation from the King to the lowliest servant, and Sir Henry himself sent out a thousand to his friends on the Christmas following. The cards of that day were very costly and the designers reaped a large harvest from the sales, thousands of dollars also being expended in contests where huge rewards were made to the lucky winners. With small variation we have been copying Sir Henry's greeting ever since, for his message read, "A Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year to You."

From All Walks

But with the passing of time the spirit of Christmas has been brought to us by the brushes and verses of hundreds of folk from every walk of life: invalids, frail old ladies who are confined to their beds, soldiers who have been crippled by the war and many young people who must spend their lives in homes for the incurable. It is from many of these that we get our laugh-provoking designs and paintings of children in their happiest holiday moods. It was said of one old lady in the U.S.A. who had been bed-ridden for years that her sprightly lines and gay colors gladdened the hearts of those more fortunate than herself and at the same time made a contact for her with the outside world and kept for her a little niche in life.

Universal Wish

The honor of writing what was said to be the most universal wish that was put on a Christmas card for many years went to a London invalid. It ran like this:

May the giver of gifts give unto you
That which is good and that which is true,
The will to help and the courage to do,
A heart that can sing the whole day through
Whether the skies be gray or blue——
May the giver of gifts give these to you.

In 1862 the practice of sending Christmas greeting cards had become so popular the Charles Goodal and Sons of London, Eng., issued a series costing hundreds of pounds which were designed by noted artists. The originals were later sold to magazines or picture publishers for other purposes and a collection of these paintings sold by a gallery in 1884 brought $10,000.

One lucky publisher was the discoverer of Kate Greenaway whose work he had seen exhibited in the picture galleries. Her charming sketches of children, fairies, sprites and gnomes, and little folks in quaint empire gowns became famous the world over. A popular amateur of children's sketches was the Marchioness of Waterford.

An Englishman with a penchant for greeting cards had a collection of them filling over a hundred volumes and weighing six or seven tons. In these books were 163,000 varieties of cards proving the success of Sir Henry's enterprise. He was much criticized at one time, however, for producing a family scene wherein wine glasses figured, prohibition being at that time much in the public eye because of the excessive wine bibbing.

In 1870 Louis Prang was exiled from Germany and settled in Boston thus bringing to the U.S.A. a genius that produced some of the loveliest greeting cards the world has ever seen. He was also responsible for introducing art into the public schools and scores of artists owe to him their start. His prize contests were instrumental in bringing to light such artists as Dora Wheeler, whose beautiful painting of a mother and child gazing at a madonna in the sky brought her a reward of $2000. Elihu Vedder won a thousand for a classical figure that is now in the Congressional Library in Washington.

Holly and Mistletoe

American cards are more Christmassy than those of Europe, holly and mistletoe abounding in Christmas greetings, and it was an American lithographer who introduced the brilliant poinsettia into the Christmas family. Although the majority of writers of Christmas card verses are unknown there are now many famous names among them: Carrie Jacobs Bond, J. P. McEvoy, Frank Staunton, who wrote "Mighty Lak A Rose", Gus Kahn—song writer, and Edgar Guest.

The greeting cards of the royal family, which are usually of very simple design, are published by Raphael Tuck and Company of London, whose New York offices also publish many cards. This firm has made greeting cards for the royal family since the time of Queen Victoria and the founder of the company was knighted because of his artistic contribution.

Of late years the character of Christmas cards is influenced by the events of the day in some quarters although there are those, like Queen Mary, who favor a peaceful scene of an English home and garden, a beautiful floral design, or perhaps an old stage coach of the early times. In the last few years the war has given the fun-loving and humorous English a chance to express their amazing optimism and to get a few sly jokes in at the expense of the enemy on their Christmas cards.

Hitler's cards, in marked contrast to those of the English royal family, feature the ever present menace of war and with little thought to the true meaning of Christmas, replace the words "A Merry Christmas" with some to his own liking.

SUMMA CUM LOUSY

Paul Joseph Goebbels, who has charge of propaganda for Adolf Hitler, attended eight German universities.—News Item.

Air: Oh, dear! What can the matter be?

HONEST Joe is crusty and "curse it"-y;
Truth he can take and reverse it. He
Studied at university
Culture that's spelled with a "K".

He went not to one but to eight of 'em;
He helped to shut every gate of 'em,
For the worst reprobate of 'em
Was, without doubt, Goebbels, J.

See the disgust of the hoary ol'
Men of the tribe professorial.
"Is *that* to be our memorial?"
Asked the old men in dismay.

"Did we mould one so rebel-ish?
Crammed full of ideas so devilish?
If all our products are Goebbel-ish
What will the Party say?"

The Clan Totalitarian
Said: "Our Party wants nary an-
Other such erudite Aryan.
Put up your shutters today."

And they did!

STUART HEMSLEY.

YOUR HOME ENJOYS LOOKING ITS BEST!

Rugs, upholstery draperes should be sent regularly to Parker's

Parker's Unique cleaning is ideal for fine household furnishings.

You can trust your lovely things to our dry cleaning service. This complete service includes careful inspection before cleaning, and all the individual attention and hand work that may be needed to return your furnishings looking like new.

Our process gently removes soil, grit and fabric film, leaving colors clear and texture refreshed.

Send clothes too, for this fine cleaning. Sanitone cleaning brings new sparkling brightness — fresh colors. The Parker reputation is your guarantee.

"BUY VICTORY BONDS"

Parker's

CLEANERS - - - DYERS

791 YONGE ST., TORONTO

THE CLEANERS YOU CAN DEPEND ON

KENWOOD keeps the Navy Warm

SO NOW, YOUR KENWOODS MUST LAST LONGER

If your local merchant is unable to fill your order for Kenwood Blankets this fall, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing you've gone without for the Navy's sake.

And if you know North Atlantic winter weather—bitter cold, searing gales, mountainous seas, you'll know how much the Navy needs the comforting warmth of Kenwood quality.

If you already own Kenwood Blankets it now becomes a duty to make them last longer. Because blankets are subject only to minor wear in actual use, the real danger to long life is in faulty washing. Wash Kenwoods correctly and you will prolong not only their life, but their beauty, too. Write today for Kenwood washing instructions. Free.

MADE IN CANADA

KENWOOD MILLS LIMITED

ARNPRIOR, ONTARIO, CANADA

CONCERNING FOOD

Eating with an Air

BY JANET MARCH

WE FOUND the place with difficulty in New York's "dim-out". It was somewhere in the Fifties, small and shabby, but the proprietress met us on the doorstep before we could turn away, and ushered us upstairs using her hands as only a French woman can. "You will have hors d'oeuvres, onion soup, Dinde en casserole, and an ice" she said firmly, and barely waited for assent.

The dinner appeared miraculously quickly and was excellent. The room was full of French people, and I strained my ears and my poor French to eavesdrop. Were they refugees, Free French, perhaps even American citizens? They sounded straight from Paris. It was somehow inspiriting just to see and hear them, and internally inspiring to eat food cooked with French deftness.

It is always surprising how many good little restaurants there are in New York in just a few blocks, and now with no shop windows lit, and with Broadway as black as doom the small places where you can linger over a late dinner are popular. So far the war does not seem to have shortened menus. Room service, that impersonal voice, does ask if you take sugar, after inquiring whether you want the Times or the Tribune with your breakfast. In the automats no nickel will sweeten your tea, you have to go and collect it from a human guardian. The coffee is as excellent as ever, though you may only buy one pound at a time. Housekeepers murmur about the meat shortage but the restaurant keepers appear to have plenty, and then there is "Sea Food" to help out. Why hanker for a steak when you can have a lobster?

The difficulty is not to eat too much. There is something about New York's air which sends appetites to new highs. Perhaps it is the sea, though personally I always thought it an over rated piece of water, foggy, cold and horrid to swallow. Whatever it is I came away with a lot of good meals behind me and a determination not to fall into a rut of having the same old things at home again and again. Here are a few recipes, a little off the main track which you may like to try.

Chicken Stew

4 carrots sliced
2 medium onions sliced
6 tablespoons of butter
2 tomatoes sliced
1 tablespoon of flour
¼ pound of mushrooms
1 young chicken
1 cup of chicken stock, canned or fresh
1 tablespoon of chopped parsley
½ cup of claret
Salt and pepper

Sauté the onions in the butter and after they have cooked for a minute or two add the carrots. When they are lightly browned take the vegetables out. Have the chicken cut up in eight pieces, and brown in the butter, then take the chicken out and stir in the flour and salt and pepper, add the stock and stir till the sauce thickens. Add the tomatoes, and then put back the pieces of chicken and the onions and carrots. Cover the pan and let it simmer for about an hour. Cook the mushrooms in salted water for five minutes, and add to the chicken mixture, letting it all cook for fifteen minutes after the mushrooms are in. Just a few minutes before serving stir in the claret. Pour into a casserole and sprinkle with the parsley and serve.

If you can find a steak you might like to do this with it.

Beef Steak de Luxe

1 steak, about an inch and a half thick and weighing about 3 pounds
1 cup of oil
1 pound of mushrooms
1 green pepper
1 clove garlic
1 tablespoon of Worcester Sauce
2 tablespoons of butter
Dash of tabasco sauce
Salt and pepper

Put the salt and pepper and Worcester and tabasco sauces in a bowl and mix, adding the olive oil slowly. Rub the steak with garlic, and then pour the oil mixture onto it and allow it to stand for at least an hour. Turn the meat over once or twice in this time. Cook the steak under the broiler as quickly as possible. Sauté the mushrooms in butter and put to keep warm, then sauté the pepper sliced. Put the steak on a platter and cover with the mushrooms and pepper. If you can't come by oil try Canadian red wine instead, but if you do this leave off the rubbing with garlic, the tabasco sauce and all but a dash of Worcester sauce.

Just now when there are lots of peppers to be had did you ever try frying them?

Fried Peppers

Cut the tops off and take out the centres and seeds. Slice in circles, dip in milk and then in flour and fry in deep fat.

Scaloppini

3 tablespoons of oil
2 tablespoons of flour
2 cups of stock
1½ pounds of veal steaks
Nutmeg
Salt and pepper

Cut the steaks very thin and pound them well. Brown in the oil. Heat the stock and thicken with the flour which should be stirred into a smooth paste with cold water first. Add the salt, pepper and nutmeg. Pour over the veal and cook in a covered frying pan till tender. A sprinkle of lemon juice before serving improves the dish.

Cucumbers with Cream

Wash the cucumbers and cut them in thickish slices. Don't peel them. Cook for a few minutes in boiling salted water, barely enough to cover. Add ½ cup of thick cream, and bring to the boil. Season with pepper and sprinkle with fresh chopped chives and serve.

Goulash

2 pounds of meat, preferably one of lean beef and one of veal
4 onions, chopped
2 cloves of garlic
2 tablespoons of fat
2 cups of potato cubes
1 teaspoon of paprika
2 bay leaves
1 teaspoon of salt
2 cups of tomatoes
½ teaspoon of caraway seeds

Cut the meat up into inch squares and brown in the fat with the onion and garlic. Add the salt, peppercorns, paprika, bay leaves, and caraway seeds. Pour on the tomatoes and cover and let simmer till the meat is tender. Add the potatoes about half an hour before the meat is done.

PHILOSOPHER

LET A leaf click in the wind,
He will hear it; let a bird
Bugle its brief, shining word,
He will listen. Once he sinned
By turning a deaf ear to these
Clear-toned messages that came
From the sky, the fringe of trees;
But now his wisdom is a flame,
Bright-burning, steady; now men seek
His chosen place, to hear him speak!

PAULINE HAVARD.

Once upon a time, a sleepy little bean stirred, stretched, yawned—then pushed back its coverlet of rich black soil to greet the morning sun. Swiftly its shoots grew, foliage burst forth, pods sweetened and took on a golden hue. Then man quickly gathered this wondrous harvest at the moment of perfection and scientifically sealed it in spotless cans.

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When you need a . . . "quick snack" in a hurry, with no time for a regular meal Have a sandwich and a cup of delicious beefy

BOVRIL

42-16

"COMFORT IN A CUP"

THE OTHER PAGE

Not About the War

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

MILITARY commanders know there is value in even forty-eight hours leave for a man. President Roosevelt has given it as his opinion that baseball should continue despite the war—and because of it. Deems Taylor, and with the backing of some army men, made a broadcast plea the other day for music not to be forgotten during the present stress. And from Malta, assaulted since the war began and still with the flag flying, a request was recently sent over the air to London for a repetition of the Football League scores, as these had not been heard properly because at the time they were announced that island had been undergoing a heavy bombing.

Let us have an end to the use of the word *Escapist* as a term of contempt. A little escape is all to the good. The astute Hitler would like us never to escape—hence his "war of nerves" as well as of bombs. With that preliminary clearing of the way I would lead readers to a certain sanctuary that I know.

I had myself not long returned to it at the urge of many appealing memories of my first glimpse of it, and happily settled down here in a shingled house by a lake-side, when Sir Charles G. D. Roberts looked in on me, passing by. We strolled down to the beach and sat there on the boat-jetty. In silence his gaze roved over the scene, the forested mountains, the mirroring water.

"I suppose," said he at last, "people come along here and tell you that you are living in a backwater and ask you why?"

I acknowledged that they did.

"And they say," he suggested, "that it must be monotonous, always the same."

"Some do," I admitted.

"Well, I know it is not. It changes from month to month, from week to week, from day to day, from hour to hour," he paused, "from moment to moment, as it has been changing since we sat down here."

At last he tore himself away from the lake-side. The cliché is right: he tore himself away, and we went up the narrow gulch behind the mountain-side where a creek nudges its way through underbrush.

"Those are beautiful," said he, pointing to the skunk-cabbage flowers. "I don't give a damn if they stink; they are beautiful. No, it is not a backwater; it is a sanctuary."

SHORTLY after his visit a man older than he was then came along, another writer, one whose essays, back in the 1890's, were in many journals—W. J. Dawson. They were gathered together in three volumes: *Makers of English Prose, Makers of English Poetry, Makers of English Fiction.* He too walked with me on the beach and was very quiet, obviously deep in thought. Then—

"Yes," he said in a definite voice, "you have chosen the better part." It was as if he had had a discussion with someone on the subject, or with himself, and was voicing his final considered verdict. "To you this is no backwater out of the world—neither to you nor to your wife. You can get books here and there is such a thing as the international mail-service." (He would no doubt have added radio in his summing up had his visit been only a year or two later.) "Here you can do your work. You have chosen the better part. You have lived in London, you know big cities, and you have chosen this—wisely, despite what some people may say."

Yes, we had known London. London is a wonderful place, the world's greatest repository. You can see there mummies from old Egypt; you can see Cleopatra's Needle there; boomerangs from Australia you can see there and Indian war-bonnets and East Indian silver-work and Benares brass and Chinese cloisonné. You can see the landscapes of Crome and Constable, the portraits of Reynolds and Raeburn there. You can go through quiet rooms looking at the preserved handwriting of Defoe and Keats. Singers and play-actors, violinists and pianists you can hear and see there. And yet—and yet.

LET me tell you: One day I went into Hyde Park and along to the Serpentine intending to rent—or hire as they say there—a boat and go sculling. But I did not. Nursemaids with perambulators and children were all along the banks, and people tossing crusts to the swans, and a man with a sharp-pointed stick was spearing discarded paper bags and putting them into wire receptacles. Beyond the plots of grass ("Please keep off the grass") gleaming windows of houses encircled all. I wanted suddenly to get away. I did not want to row round the Serpentine. I wanted to see a family of Indians paddling a skin canoe along Kootenay Lake. I am no sentimentalist. I have seen families of Indians paddling by on Kootenay Lake who were, not to put too fine a point on it, lousy; but that was where I wanted to be. I would have given all the mummies and the bronzes and the cloisonné and the treasure of autographs, and the voices of all the living singers, for a sight of Kootenay Lake, the precipitous forested ranges and the glint of Kokanee Glacier high aloft.

A CREEK flows into the lake opposite our home here. In the spring when the snows have melted up in the heights it roars, and the roar of it across the water sometimes reminds me of the roar of London as I have heard it on rambles beyond the suburbs, as far out as the commons of Hayes and Keston. But never does the roar of the creek make me wish to go back to London as the roar of London, reminding me of creeks brawling down in the quiet pine-scented nights, made me wish to get back to the west.

It pinches the heart with a sense of hours lost to remember things like that when walking along the Strand or down Regent Street. Back in London I'd be always remembering, remembering the mornings and stepping out on to the veranda and smelling Canada, and seeing an egret, a fish-hawk, at its fishing; remembering how evening comes here, the blue bloom on the narrow lateral draws, the gulches; remembering the nights, the day's work done, the strolls along the lake-side with Tatters tagging along, the sleepy pipe of ducks offshore, the old dog wading in and lapping up the stars. The people too I would recall, with something in them that this land gives them and that I like. It's a tame word that—like! Shopping at Harrod's I would remember shopping at our settlement store, and the recollection would unsettle me.

But here is the end of this Escape for writer and reader because as I was penning these last lines I heard a sound outside. We have in due season great flights of geese going over, driving the wedge of Spring into the north, but that was another sound just now, not of geese honking overhead but a steady drone, and when I looked out I saw a flock of planes, heading west. They droned high up, droned of the war.

Perhaps this article will be seen by some of the boys who have left the settlement to do their bit against the "evil man" who, if he had his way, would allow no escape from his war of nerves or from his war of bombs. By the letters they write us it is clear they understand—as did "C.G.D."—what the spell is of this land. They all say they are anxious to come to grips with the enemy and end the war—so that they may get back here again.

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EATON'S - COLLEGE STREET

The Issue: Free Enterprise Versus Collectivism

BY STANLEY McCONNELL

The socialist solution of the economic problem is offered as the only alternative to the ills of "monopoly capitalism". It traces these ills to the profit system. But if profit is not legitimate, it follows that the worker who invests his savings in capital goods is not entitled to any return on his investment.

On this faulty analysis, the collectivists reach the broad generalization that private property is an evil. Their program, while vesting supreme economic power in the state, by its very nature removes all adequate checks and balances against its misuse.

The future of democracy depends upon an early clarification of the central issue of world revolution—free enterprise versus collectivism.

ONE may look in vain through the standard works on political economy for an explanation of the collectivist movement. From Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* to the latest economic treatise there is nothing to account for a trend which has now become a serious challenge to the system of free enterprise.

Though forecast by Karl Marx in *Das Kapital*, it was dismissed by the capitalistic world as a philosophy for revolutionaries and dreamers till in the Russian revolution it graduated from economic theory to a political fact which could no longer be safely ignored.

The collectivist bibliography is more explicit. Contemporary collectivists take their cue from Marx and deviate but little from his findings. They point to the increasing concentration of wealth which by eliminating competition destroys the mechanism of the free market and tends more and more to "monopoly capitalism". This concentration of ownership leads to the maldistribution of income, the lack of purchasing power and the inability to utilize the productive capacity of the machine.

As to the facts themselves, the collectivist position is fortified by everyday experience and an imposing body of authority. Their analysis of the facts is less convincing. It is the familiar Marxian theme of class warfare based on an assumed conflict of interest between the property owner and the worker. The profit system is held to be the taproot of capitalistic ills. As one writer puts it, "it is clear that the capitalist method of distribution must create two groups, or classes, of persons, the first of which derives its income from payments for its work, and the second of which derives its income from payments in respect of its ownership of property in the means of production." *

The collectivist believes that profit and in general all income derived from ownership of the instruments of production, including rent, interest and dividends, is unearned and constitutes an exploitation of the worker. Let us accept this conclusion as an hypothesis and proceed in the Euclidean manner.

In a money economy, productive property is acquired in exchange for other things. It may be purchased with the proceeds of labor or with money obtained by the sale of other property. The investment in capital equipment is made possible by setting aside a portion of one's income for that purpose. The object in view is to obtain a larger future income through the increased productivity of the new capital.

John Doe, a skilled mechanic, if he is thrifty will save part of his income for investment in stocks or bonds. In that sense he has stored part of his

*The Theory and Practice of Socialism, John Strachey.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Robert P. Jellett

THE recent appointment of Robert P. Jellett of Montreal as the new President of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce emphasizes his fine record of activity in finance and public service institutions at a critical time in Canadian history, a time when strong business leaders are essential to the successful prosecution of the country's war effort and for thoughtful consideration of relative economic problems. Best known in the commercial world as Vice-President and General Manager of the Royal Trust Company, with which he has been associated for 40 years, Mr. Jellett brings with him to his new office a wealth of experience and a record for sound judgment and practice.

The new President has long been actively associated with the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and always interested in the national scope of its work. He has been a member of its executive committee for six years, chairman for two years and last year was a member of its advisory council. In June of 1939 he led an important delegation from the Canadian Chamber of Commerce to the tenth congress of the International Chamber of Commerce in Copenhagen.

Robert Patterson Jellett is an Ontario man by birth and education. The son of the late Judge Jellett, he was born in Picton in 1881. He received his education at Trinity College School, Port Hope, of whose governing body he is a member.

Mr. Jellett began his business career in Toronto where, at the age of 16, he entered the employ of the brokerage firm of Sampson, McCuaig & Company as a junior. That was in 1897. A year later two things happened which had much to do with shaping the life of young Jellett. One was his entrance into the banking business with the Bank of Montreal at Brantford, Ontario; the other was the organization of the Royal Trust Company in whose future direction he was destined to play an important part.

After two years at the Montreal's Brantford branch he was transferred to the Toronto office where he also remained two years. It may have been chance or it may have been that his seniors had quietly been grooming Bob Jellett for a post of growing responsibility with the comparatively new Royal Trust Company but, whatever the case, so the story goes, on reporting to the Montreal's head office one fine day in 1902 he learned that he was to join the Royal's staff forthwith.

Then followed steady progress through the years to 1912 when he was made assistant general manager and superintendent of branches, a position he held until his appointment in 1928 to the one which he holds today as general manager. In 1939 Mr. Jellett became vice-president of the Royal Trust and a member of its board of directors. He is also president of the Royal Agencies Limited and Canadian director of the Phoenix Assurance Company of London, Eng.

Besides serving the Royal Trust and these other business interests in a high executive capacity, Mr. Jellett finds time to serve as governor of Montreal's General Hospital and as a past president of the Montreal Board of Trade and Dominion Mortgage and Investments Association. Last year he acted as chairman of the War Savings Committee, Western Division, Province of Quebec. Other recent public service activities have included the chairmanship of the first Red Cross campaign in Montreal, the Restoration Fund of the Church of England of Canada, the Anglican Forward Movement and the Financial Federation.

Mr. Jellett finds recreation in the Royal Montreal Golf Club, Mount Royal Tennis Club, Montreal Badminton and Squash Club and the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association of which he is a past president.

Donald B. Wallace

IN MODERN business as in modern war, age is fast making way for youth in the higher places of command, a trend recently illustrated in the appointment of 33-year-old Donald B. Wallace, special representative of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as assistant to the vice-president and general manager of Canadian Pacific Air Lines Limited. As such, Mr. Wallace may be accounted the youngest executive officer in the wide-flung C.P.R. organization.

Prior to being appointed special representative of the Canadian Pacific Railway a year ago this fall, Mr. Wallace had been on loan to the British Government as Administration Manager of the Atlantic ferry bomber service, the civilian ferrying organization which is now the R.A.F. Ferry Command.

Mr. Wallace's connection with the C.P.R. dates back to 1935 when he entered its employ at Montreal to serve in the office of the comptroller, the statistical bureau and act as assistant special representative prior to becoming associated with the Atlantic ferry bomber service. He has been engaged in a number of research studies for the company and acted as an observer on the continent-wide tour of the Rowell-Sirois Commission.

In his various capacities with the C.P.R. Mr. Wallace has travelled widely in Canada. Recently in connection with his new duties he carried out an extended inspection trip of the Northern air lines, air training schools and overhaul plants now operated by the Canadian Pacific.

A native of Halifax, N. S., Mr. Wallace attended Acadia and Toronto University, graduating from the latter institution with an M.A. degree in Economics and Transportation in 1934. He then joined the editorial staff of the "Financial Post" in Toronto which he left the following year to go to Canadian Pacific.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

War Loans and War Strain

BY P. M. RICHARDS

IT'S too early in this Victory Loan to know how it's going to go. While Loan executives and salesmen profess confidence in success, there's unquestionably less confidence on the part of other knowledgeable citizens who have an equal stake in the Loan's success but who, not being salesmen, are able to take a more detached view.

That attitude is based on their daily contacts with the many people who believe themselves to be financially unable to buy bonds because of the new taxes and, in many cases, the loss of income through governmental curtailment of business activities deemed non-essential in wartime; and on the plainly observable fact that many workers in non-war industries are resentful because the war which has brought prosperity to others has brought only curtailment of purchasing power to them. With homes and families to maintain, they are apprehensive regarding Selective Service and feel economically insecure; they have bought bonds in past loans and are buying war savings certificates, and are inclined to feel that they can't do any more than they've done already.

Actually there is no reason, as regards the nation's financial resources, why the Third Victory Loan should not be as successful as any of the loans preceding it. The nation has the money; the government's huge war spendings go back into pay envelopes; national income and savings deposits in the banks and other financial institutions are at a new high. And there are the best of reasons, morally for the Loan's success; Canada's fighting men are already taking a greatly increased part in the bombing of Germany and in commando raids and in operations at sea, and there will soon be the second front, which is bound to tax our resources to the utmost. There are evidences that the war against Hitler has reached a stage comparable to that which existed in March and April of 1918 and that victory or defeat depends upon the extent of the effort we make now.

People Not Sufficiently Sold

If this Loan drags, if it is not as successful as it should be, it will be because the people have not been sufficiently "sold" on the need for it—and on the need for Selective Service and for wage limitations and for the withholding of materials and electric power from less essential businesses and for the rationing and curtailment of consumer goods. Canadians are as patriotic as any people, but they are accustomed to freedom and have been educated over many years to believe in their right to a high and rising standard of living. And most of them still think we are in the war mainly to help Britain.

The way in which the Government has gone about the contraction of gold mining and the shifting of gold miners to the base metal mines is a case in point. The gold miners were being told not so long ago that they should work harder than ever to produce gold needed for the purchase of war supplies from the United States; now, suddenly and confusingly, gold is apparently a non-essential and the miners are asked to go to Sudbury to produce nickel. Timmins and Kirkland Lake are no longer "camps" but important, substantial cities; gold mining is their basis of existence; the miners own their homes there. An article elsewhere in this issue tells of the hurt being suffered by Timmins, of the resentment of miners who do not understand the situation, and of the harm to the war effort that can result from this. It also offers some suggestions for improvement. It should be remembered that Timmins and Kirkland Lake are very loyal, public-spirited communities; if their morale is down the fact indicates that there is something wrong with the Government's methods.

"Nothing Matters But Victory"

A Victory Loan slogan asserts that "nothing matters now but victory." This, really, is not true, and the people do not believe it to be true. Certainly without victory we are lost, and nothing must be permitted to obstruct it. But even victory should not be regarded as an end in itself, but rather as the first great essential in the building of the better world which all the leaders of the United Nations have, over and over again, promised their fighting men and workers for victory. It is precisely because our own Government, for one, behaves as if it believes that slogan to be the literal truth that Victory Loan morale among workers is not stronger than it is. The people of Russia fight valiantly not only to destroy the enemy but to preserve the new way of life they are building. What are we building? Are we building anything? If so, let's tell the people about it; it would be very good for our war effort.

Regimentation such as the people of Canada are now being subjected to involves great strain on them, and regimentation and strain are going to increase sharply hereafter. Though the national income is up, the income of many thousands of individuals is down; all the workers are not in swelling war industries; businesses which have taken years to build and which represent the invested savings of a lifetime are being forced to close. It's hard to bear, especially when the nature of war has not been brought home to the people of Canada as it has to those of Britain.

The Government should do much more than it is doing to explain the need for its restrictions. And it should do more than that; it should convince the people that victory, instead of being the only thing that matters, is going to open the door to a better way of life that will make their sacrifices more than worth while.

labor in capital instead of using all of it for current expenses. If the socialist thesis that the property owner is not entitled to income from his property is true, John Doe has no right to any income on his stored labor, even though the capital into which it has entered increases the effectiveness of all current labor, including that of Bill West who has elected to spend all his income on present satisfactions.

A False Premise

This conclusion, as Euclid would say is absurd. Consequently the premise on which it is based is unsound. Yet it is upon this illogical foundation that the socialists have rested their case. They have observed that profit invariably accompanies ownership. If profit is an exploitation of the worker, the only way to eliminate it is to do away with private ownership. The capitalist may be a manufacturer, a business proprietor or a farmer. He may be, and usually is, both a property owner and a worker. As such he has no place in the rigid Marxian categories of capitalist and worker. Since the middle classes did not fit the theory of the class war and objected to being deprived of their property, they were booked for liquidation.

In accepting the false premise that profit is not a legitimate return for value contributed to the community, the collectivists were thus led to attack the basic structure of the industrial order, the institutions of private property and the market.

An exception is the author of "The Making of Tomorrow" who, while convinced that collectivism is the shape of that world, recognizes the inherent conflict between socialism and democracy: "The dilemma is whether a collectivist society—that is, one founded on our real possibilities of production—can be established without destroying the essential principles upon which democracy rests." †

The point is well taken, for the political freedoms, freedom of speech and assembly, culminating in the elective franchise, were won only when men had won the freedom of contract, the right to buy and sell property and its product, which finds expression in a free market.

It was the gradual assertion and expansion of that right which broke down the fettering restrictions of the feudal order and released the energies of the industrial age. It was the struggle by entrepreneurs and merchants for freedom of action which found expression in the classic phrase: *Laissez faire*—Let us alone. Their only means of enforcing that right was the economic power gained through the acquisition of property.

The socialist program would reverse that historical process and by depriving the people of their economic freehold would in the end deprive them of a free franchise. Socialists insist that the political side of democracy would still function and that those in authority could be removed at any time.

Experience teaches the contrary. A collectivist government, controlling as it would the whole economic life of the nation through a managing officialdom, could decisively influence the vote of the electorate or dispense with it entirely as the totalitarian systems have already done.

In his masterly exposition of the collectivist movement, Walter Lippmann underlines the dilemma of the present age: "The collectivists . . . have the zeal for progress, the sympathy for the poor, the burning sense of wrong, the impulse for great deeds which has been lacking in latter day liberalism. But their scheme is founded on a profound misunderstanding of the economy at the basis of modern society, and their actions, therefore, are deeply destructive and reactionary. So men's hearts are torn, their minds are divided, they are offered impossible choices. They are asked to choose between the liberals who came to a dead stop—but stopped on the right road up to wealth and freedom and justice—and the collectivists who are in furious movement—but on a road that leads down to the abyss of tyranny, impoverishment and war." ‡

Nazi Collectivism

The rise of collectivism of the Left with its challenge to all propertied interests and to the institutions of democracy called forth nazism and fascism, or collectivism of the Right, which in its reactionary swing went farther than its sponsors had intended, confirming Lord Acton's dictum that "power corrupts but absolute power corrupts absolutely".

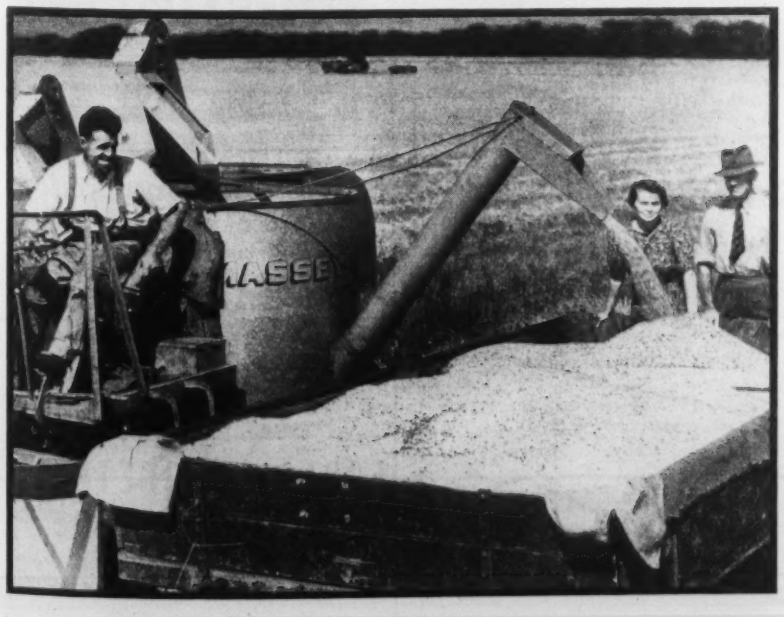
Caught in the whipsaw of these vast, imponderable forces, the citizens of the democracies awoke to the realization that they had somehow lost control of events. They found themselves suddenly involved in a military and ideological war for which they had no suitable strategy or weapons. In the latter they had taken no part. Aware of the increasing dislocations of the capitalistic order, they had failed to identify the cause, confining themselves to the treatment of effects.

The two great wars which have devastated Europe within a generation are the culminating phase of a social revolution which began long before and will continue when the guns are silent. It was forecast in the writings of Edward Bellamy, Henry George, Karl Marx and other writers who sought to interpret it. It found its epicentre in the Russian revolution which deliberately set out to create a new pattern of society. It expanded into the totalitarian systems.

It is the conflict between two ways of life, one seeking to preserve individual freedom and initiative, the other subordinating the individual to a comprehensive system of overhead state controls. In its outer aspect, it appears as a political conflict. In its inner reality, it is deeply rooted in economic causes which, unidentified, have issued in the bitter struggle of social classes.

The economic axis of world revolution is the issue of free enterprise versus collectivism. In this sense the fight for democracy involves more than a military decision over the Axis powers. If democracy is to survive, it must clarify that issue and resume the road which leads to freedom, justice and social security.

†Raoul de Roossy de Sales.
‡The Good Society.



This is not a scene on a Western Canada wheat farm as might be thought at first glance but a picture from one of England's many "intensified growing districts" where this Fall combine-harvesters have been working ceaselessly to help gather the largest crop in Britain's history. The Canadian-made high speed harvester shown above is engaged on land near Winchester and is threshing grain as fast as trucks can load and take it away. In Britain the acreage under cultivation has increased by half since 1939, 300,000 acres of waste land having been put in crop.

ADEQUATE ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Safeguards Victory Loan Payments.
No falling behind in Income Tax

ASSURES A STEADY INCOME

THE GENERAL ACCIDENT GROUP
357 BAY ST. TORONTO

THEY LOOK TO US

OUR sons sacrifice their years . . . the spring years . . . their youth. They offer their health and strength . . . their blood . . . life itself.

We at home are asked to keep them fed . . . clothed . . . armed . . . armed to fight. And they fight for *US*.

★

All we have to do is to invest in this third Victory Loan to the limit of our financial resources, and what is this compared to the sacrifices of our sons?

★

Our Government now calls for $750,000,000 to carry on the war.

★

Canadians have over-subscribed four War Loans since 1939, and the Savings Deposits in the Chartered Banks of Canada are practically as high today as before the war started.

Canadians are able to over-subscribe *this* Loan.

And Canadians WILL!

BUY THE NEW VICTORY BONDS

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

HELP THEM FIGHT!

264

NO MORE OIL

for heating Commercial & Industrial Buildings.

BUT YOU CAN GET IMMEDIATE DELIVERY OF A

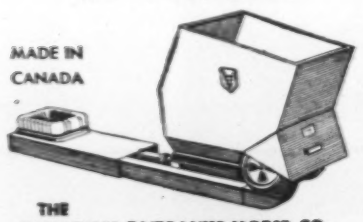
FAIRBANKS-MORSE Automatic COAL STOKER

Co-operate with the Government on oil conservation by installing one of these rugged, efficient coal stokers.

It provides clean, reliable automatic heating and enables you to use cheaper coal than with hand firing.

We can refer you to hundreds of satisfied property owners. Let us talk it over —but NOW!

Capacities from 50 to 500 lbs. of coal per hour.



THE CANADIAN FAIRBANKS-MORSE CO., LIMITED — Factory - Sherbrooke, Que.
Saint John Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

GOLD FRONTIER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I was very interested in reading your comments a few weeks ago regarding Gold Frontier. A few days before that issue came out a representative of a prominent local firm of stock brokers tried hard to sell me some of this stock. Almost every objection mentioned in your article I brought up, but every one he lightly brushed aside as having no application to Gold Frontier. In fact he wasn't interested in putting through a sale I agreed to because he couldn't put the proceeds into Gold Frontier.

—A. M. B., Mimico, Ont.

Action of the salesman to whom you refer plainly indicated that all he was interested in was the commission from the sale of treasury shares. If operations on the Gold Frontier property in the Red Lake district have not already been suspended they will be shortly, for the duration. However, it is interesting to note that the company is not sitting back and awaiting the end of the war, but has become interested in a base metal operation.

The property in question is the Noble Five Mines, near Sandon, B.C., a former silver-lead-zinc producer. Gold Frontier will finance the formation of a new 3,000,000-share company to take over the property. Two million shares are to be issued of which Gold Frontier will own 1,200,000 shares, the balance going to Noble Five, less a commission to Kootenay Mining Syndicate. The new company will issue up to $100,000 of debentures to Gold Frontier for expenditures in bringing the property into production.

The property, which is equipped with a 100-ton mill, has been inactive since December 1937, due to low metal prices. Noble Five has a record of having produced around $1,000,000 and it is said the property can be brought into operation within a short time.

CONSUMERS' GAS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you tell me anything about the results experienced by Consumers' Gas in the fiscal year which ended last month? I know the annual report is not out, but perhaps you have information. In particular, I would like to know to what extent the company has drawn on reserves to meet dividend requirements in recent years.

—W. E. H., Belleville, Ont.

Sorry, I haven't any information as to earnings of Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto in the fiscal year which ended on September 30, but pending the appearance of the annual report about the middle of November there is the known fact that the company's gross gas sales for the first eleven months of the year showed an increase of more than 10 per cent over those for the same period of the preceding year. Against this, there is also the fact that the year just ended was a difficult one for the company, from an operating standpoint, with price ceilings and rising costs. In the fiscal year ended September 30, 1941, the company showed earnings of $6.84 per share.

As regards dividends and withdrawals from reserves, the situation is that in April 1941 the annual dividend rate was reduced from 10 per cent, which had been paid without interruption for 66 years, to 8 per cent and the new rate has been maintained since. That cut from 10 to 8 per cent was made in spite of the agreement between the City of Toronto and the company, embodied in an Act of 1887, which provided that the price of gas should be held to a point sufficient to provide a 10% dividend on the stock. For a number of years past, the company had been drawing on reserve, established from surplus earnings of earlier

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND. American common stocks, for some months back, have been in a broad accumulation area, with various technical indications pointing to a major market upswing as having commenced from the April 1942 low points.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April low points with peaks, to date, but recently made. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

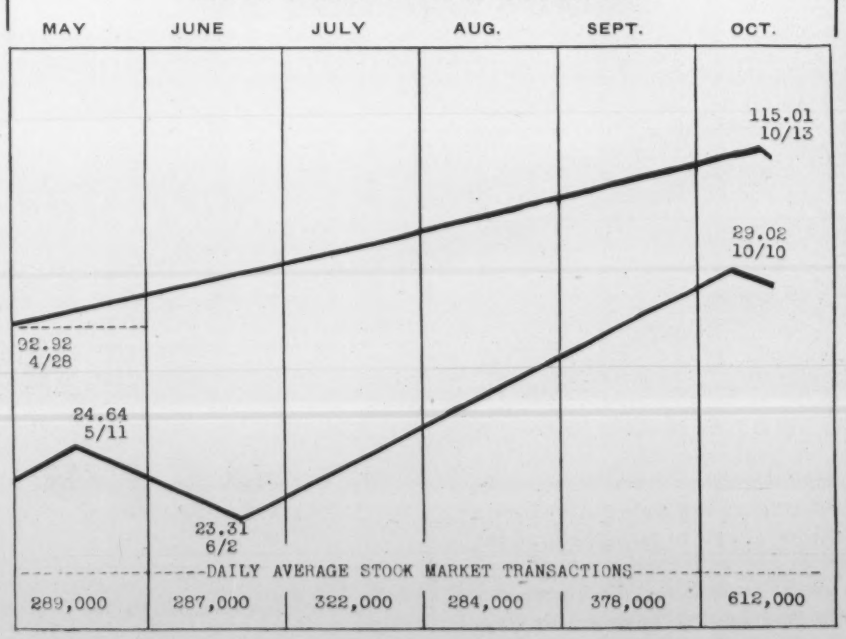
MAJOR UPTREND CAN BE PUNCTUATED BY SIZABLE SWINGS

During the course of the sidewise movement, or trading range, that characterized the market from mid-July to early October, these Forecasts, on frequent occasion, projected 28.02 and 109.92 as closing points on the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages, respectively, the attainment of which would indicate upside penetration of such range, and further substantial advance. It is interesting to note, in connection with the significance of the above points, that on the day they were attained (October 2) the stock market registered the greatest volume of the preceding seven months, and that the upmove that immediately followed was one of the most intense the market has witnessed since April 28.

Extent and duration of the major downtrend from September 1939, combined with certain volume indications, and with the fanning out action of individual stocks, all pointed to April 1942 as the probable termination point to the bear swing. Despite the extreme pessimism of that period, we took a constructive attitude toward the market outlook, as readers will recall, recommending accumulation of stocks and projecting an area of 120/125 on the industrial average as a tentative objective for the advance. In the course of the upmove that followed, to the present occasion, we have stated from time to time that we have observed no technical indications suggesting termination of the move or an area of intermediate distribution. We added in a recent Forecast, however, that if the month of October were characterized by substantial price advance and volume turnover, we would feel called upon to recommend, from the intermediate standpoint, the sale of stocks.

We see no reason, in view of recent action, to change the above viewpoint. Even though we believe that a major uptrend is under way, we must recognize, under conditions prevailing over recent years, that such uptrend can be punctuated by rather sizable swings of intermediate character. Accordingly, after five or more months of advance, we are more inclined to regard current strength, along with public bullishness, as an occasion for caution, and would be disposed to recommend selling should the move gain momentum over the several weeks ahead.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



PLAN AHEAD

The government of Canada has announced plans to finance much of the war expenditure out of current revenue. War taxes of various sorts are being imposed. To meet them the first step is to save systematically. Open an account with this Corporation and be ready when the government calls.

2% on Savings—Safety Deposit Boxes $3 and up —Mortgage Loans.

CANADA PERMANENT Mortgage Corporation

Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $66,000,000

ALL FOR EACH... ...EACH FOR ALL

Working together for mutual protection, plus faithful adherence to sound insurance practice, is the basis of The Portage Mutual's success and solidarity. In present times The Portage Mutual feels more keenly its responsibilities, and seeks to emulate the fine examples of fortitude and co-operation displayed by Canada's armed forces.

FIRE and WINDSTORM

The PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.
WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON
109

Clarkson, Gordon, Dilworth & Nash
TORONTO MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
Chartered Accountants
E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS
Authorized Trustees and Receivers.
15 Wellington Street West TORONTO

Bonds or Bondage

Build up your holdings of Victory Loan Bonds

. . . . not only to be patriotic, but as the best means of protecting all you possess, including liberty itself.

The backbone of every estate in Canada, large or small, should consist of Dominion of Canada Bonds.

Nothing Matters Now But Victory

BUY THIRD VICTORY LOAN BONDS TO THE LIMIT OF YOUR ABILITY.

THE ROYAL TRUST COMPANY
CORPORATE SECURITY PERSONAL SERVICE

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 363

A regular dividend of 1% has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 4th day of November, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 21st day of October, 1942.

DATED the 14th day of October, 1942.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares, and a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending November 30th, 1942, payable on the 1st day of December, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 10th day of November, 1942. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, October 16th, 1942.

years, to cover deficits that had begun to be shown. These represented $460,991 in 1937, $537,347 in 1940 (with smaller ones in 1938 and 1939), and one of $241,458 in 1941. Thus in 1937, $6.70 was earned and $10 paid; $7.98 and $10 respectively in 1939; $6.30 and $10 in 1940 and $6.84 and $8.50 in 1941. It has been found difficult to increase the price of gas to the public sufficiently to re-establish the old accumulated reserves, especially with the competition provided by the Toronto Hydro-Electric System, which enjoys a strong municipal advantage in regard to taxes.

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

As the holder of bonds of Brandram-Henderson, Limited (6 per cent 1st mortgage due 1956) I would appreciate your opinion as to the trend of the company's earnings this year.

—F.L.C., Montreal, Que.

While no actual figures are available, I understand that operations of Brandram-Henderson, Limited, for the first half of 1942 showed further worthwhile improvement. This result is especially significant of progress when it is recalled that sales in 1941 were the best for many years and that net operating profits of $174,410 were well ahead of the 1940 total of $132,840, while, after all charges, there was a balance of $111,524 before income taxes and bond interest as compared with $50,177 recorded for 1940.

Earnings this year will be affected by a number of factors, including higher taxes and cost of raw materials, and increased wages, with a recent advance through the cost-of-living bonus. In spite of this, it is expected that net profits for 1942, will be at least equal to those of 1941. Last year an amount of $111,524 was available for interest of $49,500, or more than double what was required. It is evident, therefore, that the position of the holders of the 6% bonds is considerably improved, as half the 1942 bond interest requirements are already available from 1941 earnings. Until 1946, under the trust deed, excess earnings of any one year, over and above the 6% interest, are earmarked and made applicable to payment of bond interest for the following year. It seems clear that net earnings for the first half of 1942 were more than sufficient to cover the balance of the full interest due for 1942.

BRALORNE, SIGMA

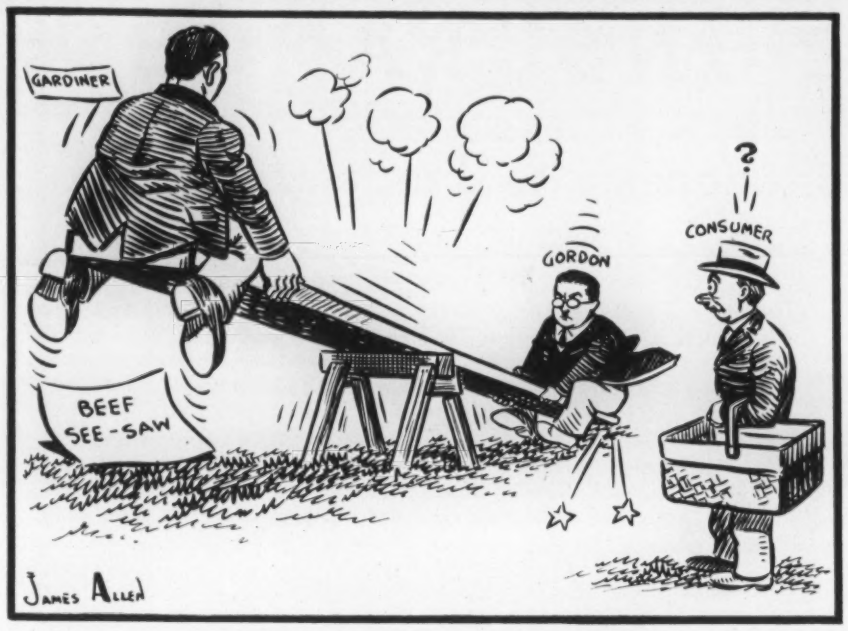
Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please give me your opinion of Bralorne and Sigma Mines and say if you think the present dividends will be continued. All the information you can give me will be appreciated.

—J. F., Saint John, N.B.

Under conditions existing today due to the war the question of forecasting the continuance of present dividends for gold mines is quite uncertain, as labor shortages, restrictions on supplies and heavy taxes, makes the likelihood of maintenance of tonnage conjectural. Both Bralorne and Sigma, however, can be said to have stood up very well against the wartime difficulties and appear assured of a long and profitable future. The former has already distributed $1.20 in dividends, the same amount as was paid last year, and Sigma has paid two dividends of 30 cents each this year as against one of 30 cents in 1941.

"Except for a possible interruption due to the need for labor and materials for war uses, the prosperity of Bralorne should continue for years," in the opinion of I. B. Joralemon, consulting engineer and a director of the company. Ore reserves are sufficient for about five years' mill requirements and the foresighted action of the management, while labor was available, has prepared the mine for economical operation for years to come. The company's financial position is strong and the prospects are for opening additional large tonnages of ore. For some time practically the whole effort of the company's exploration department has been directed towards the search for, and development of, strategic war minerals. At the present time a group of cinnabar claims in British Columbia are under development and the possibilities of this mercury showing are regarded as interesting.



NO BEEF . . . BUT LOTS TO BEEF ABOUT!

Sigma is controlled by Dome Mines, and the ore picture here is a satisfactory one. Development has always been kept well ahead of milling requirements and most of the work so far has been concentrated on the upper levels. Consequently a large increase in reserves is thus possible with a relatively limited amount of further development. While stoping has only been done to the 850-foot horizon, ore has been disclosed by diamond drilling to a depth of 2,400 feet. Despite the difficulties being experienced the tonnage of ore treated in August was the second highest for any month to date. Net assets, earnings and ore reserves all increased last year. Net working capital at the end of 1941 was $764,000, and ore reserves exceeded 1,000,000 tons, with probably a further considerable increase this year.

WESTERN GRAIN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been advised to buy the preferred shares of Western Grain Co., Limited, on the ground that the company's general position has improved whereas the price has not. I would value your opinion.

—P.N.C., Moose Jaw, Sask.

I do not consider Western Grain preferred attractive at this time. It is true that the company improved its financial position quite materially in the fiscal year which ended July 31, 1942, with net working capital increased from $435,657 to $622,481, but it still leaves a good deal to be desired and the improvement does not seem sufficient to warrant any enthusiasm over the preferred stock in view of its highly unsatisfactory record.

For the last fiscal year the company recently reported a further reduction in operating income to $509,563 from $579,259 the previous year and $625,466 two years ago. Accordingly, interest on the first mortgage bonds was earned only 1.30 times as against 1.62 times a year earlier and earnings on the 6½ per cent $100 par preferred were only $2.81 as compared with $5.55 a year ago and $7.49 two years ago.

GREENLAW

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some shares of Greenlaw Gold Mines, which I have held for years, are they of any value, or what is the present situation?

—J. P. L., Montreal, Que.

Greenlaw was succeeded by Greenlee Mines, on a basis of one new for three old shares. On its incorporation in 1938, Greenlee also acquired the assets of Lee Gold Mines. The Chartered Trust and Executor Company of Toronto, is transfer agent, but Greenlee shares are of no marketable value at present.

Gold prospects are held in the Larder Lake and Swayze Lake areas, as well as 200,000 shares of Athona Mines. No activity has been reported recently, but in 1941 some prospecting was done in a number of areas, although no new claims were acquired.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

REPORTS from Washington reflect keen disappointment in the results of the recent order to suspend gold mining operations in the United States for the duration of the war. The WPB officials made preliminary estimates which gave promise of the release of about 20,000 men for work in the base metal mines. It now develops that not more than 3,000 to 4,000 will be made available. A survey of the disorganization arising from the order has created a belief that the step was perhaps one of the more unfortunate errors made by the present Administration.

•

Those who have been studying the status of Canada's gold mining industry and who know the extent to which the gold output of these mines has stimulated the pulse of the dominion in time of crises are openly astounded at the efforts of Ottawa to ape the egg so recently laid in Washington.

•

In many parts of Northern Canada there is a growing belief that one cause of the present labor shortage in Canada as a whole may be the high average wage prevailing at this time. As a result of the high wages many men are finding it unnecessary to remain steadily at work. The number of absentees sometimes reaches as much as 20 per cent. Following payday, many of the men prefer to loaf for a time, knowing they can get along without a few days pay and also knowing their jobs will be waiting for them when they do return at their own leisure.

•

Between 85 and 90 per cent of the men working in the gold mines of Canada are either married or medically unfit for work in the nickel mines. Not only has the voluntary transfer of men failed dismally, but there is the added fact that some of the men who did leave the gold fields to seek employment in the base metal mines have returned to the gold fields after working but a few shifts in the base metal mines.

•

Everywhere throughout the gold mining fields of Canada there is a rumble of displeasure. The mining communities are not unlike keen-eyed children that have responded whole-heartedly to every urge of their mentors only to find that in the end their loyalty and co-operation has not been appreciated. The danger is that astonishment may soon give way to wrath.

•

International Nickel has recently given employment to a further 300 women. These are all employed on surface. This releases men, to some extent at least, for underground jobs. The company is making good headway with plant expansion which is designed to increase capacity about 10 per cent by the end of this year. An additional force of 1,800 men will be required to establish the planned increase in output.

•

Cochenour-Willans Gold Mines at Red Lake produced $342,555 in gold during the three months ended August 31st. Recovery averaged $21.90 per ton. Profits, after estimating the amount of taxes, has recently averaged very close to $50,000 a month.

The Royal Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 221

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of one and one half per cent (being at the rate of six per cent per annum) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Tuesday, the first day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1942.

By order of the Board.

S. G. DOBSON,
General Manager

Montreal, Que., October 13, 1942.

Lake of the Woods Milling Company

Limited

AND ITS WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

Combined Statement as at August 31st, 1942

After paying interest on Bank Loans, providing ample reserve for doubtful accounts and writing off $203,000 for depreciation, and providing $601,319.02 for Federal Income and Excess Profit Taxes, the net profit amounts to $517,059.74.

Balance—Profit and Loss and Surplus Account as at 31st August, 1941			$2,373,242.49
Net Operating Profit for the year ended 31st August, 1942		$1,486,381.49	
LESS: Interest	$118,119.81		
Depreciation, including special depreciation allowed on new Elevator Annexes	203,000.00		
Provision for Federal Income Taxes	601,319.02		
Directors' Fees	7,721.01		
Executive Salaries	75,778.53		
Legal Fees	849.68		
		$1,006,788.05	
		$ 479,593.44	
Dividends from Investment in Controlled Company	35,991.00		
Income from Investments	1,475.30		
		37,466.30	
			517,059.74
			$2,890,302.23
DEDUCT: Dividend on Cumulative Preferred Stock		$ 105,000.00	
Dividend on Common Stock		177,226.80	
			282,226.80
BALANCE—At 31st August, 1942 per Consolidated Balance Sheet			$2,608,075.43

Montreal, October 15th, 1942.

A Strong Board of Directors—Made up of Responsible Business Leaders

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1896

THE LONDON & WESTERN TRUSTS COMPANY, LIMITED

BRANCHES: VICTORIA • VANCOUVER • SASKATOON • WINNIPEG • WINDSOR • LONDON • TORONTO

D. T. MUSKETT, Manager • TORONTO BRANCH

HAS SERVED 3 GENERATIONS OF CANADIANS

About Insurance

Can Accident Proneness be Predetermined?

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Between 10 and 25 per cent of the total number of employees in an industrial plant are more liable to have accidents than their fellow workers. If these accident prone persons could be ascertained in advance, they could be transferred to work in which their peculiarity would not be a menace, and a great saving effected in accident costs.

For nearly twenty years investigators in Great Britain have been experimenting to find a test or group of tests which would serve as a means of predicting this minority of workers who are unduly liable to accidents. This article deals with some of the results of these experiments.

AUTHORITIES on the causes of accidents in industry are pretty well agreed that certain individuals have a predisposition to sustain more accidents than others exposed to the same risk, and that in any group of workers they will comprise between ten and twenty-five per cent of the total number.

In the present critical situation in many industries where the maintenance of production at its highest point is of prime importance to the war effort and where accidents slow down output and cause bottlenecks, it goes without saying that accident prone workers should be transferred to other occupations or operations in which they will not be a menace. However, the question arises as to whether it is possible by any simple and pratical process to determine in advance whether an individual worker is accident prone or not.

Extensive investigations of the personal factor in accidents have been made in Britain by the Industrial Health Research Board of the Medical Research Council, and a report on some of the results has recently been published by the Government. One part deals with the general factors affecting accident rates, such as hours of work, heating and ventilation, experience, age, organization, etc., while the other part considers the special personal qualifications which make some individuals more liable to accidents than others in the same circumstances. In this connection, the results of some interesting tests are recorded.

Much Experimenting

It is recognized that it would be a distinct advantage if the characteristics which make certain people more prone to accidents than their fellows could be measured, since such entrants to industry could be diverted to other work in which their peculiarity would not be dangerous. For nearly twenty years British investigators have been experimenting to find some test or group of tests which would serve as a means of predicting this unduly liable minority.

It was realized by these investigators that such experiments must be soundly based; that a large number of subjects must be included in the study whose age and experience were reasonably equal; and that adequate records must be available of all their accidents for a number of years. Also, that these subjects should be examined by means of a series of tests, after which they would be graded according to their test performance and according to the number of their accidents.

If it could be shown that all those who scored below a certain level in the tests had all the accidents, and that those above this level had none, then it would be a justifiable assumption, according to the report, that the tests—if used at an early stage—would be useful for selection purposes, although, in testing human beings, it is admitted that one never gets anything so clear cut. Yet the results so far obtained are regarded as promising.

In the first experiment, 600 subjects were tested, and it was found that tests called "aesthetokinetic," involving rapid and accurate hand and eye co-ordination, did differentiate people in this way. Those who were below the average in the tests had a subsequent accident rate 48 per cent higher than those who were above it, and the accident rate of the worst 25 per cent in the tests was 51 per cent greater than that of the remaining 75 per cent.

Additional Tests

At a later stage of the investigations, 1,800 subjects were tested, not only by the tests already mentioned, but also by linguistic intelligence, mechanical aptitude and perseveration tests. These, however, were not so closely associated with accident proneness, and need more research, the report states. The results showed that the accident rate of the worst 25 per cent in the "aesthetokinetic" tests was twice as great as that of the best. The tests used are described in detail in Reports Nos. 38, 55, 74 and 84 of the Industrial Health Research Board.

Of the various tests, the "aesthetokinetic" group, it is stated, showed the most consistent relationship with the accident rate. The groups used for the tests included transport workers, air pilots, railway men and men employed in engineering occupations. The "aesthetokinetic" tests measure the capacity to respond accurately within a controlled time interval to various sensory stimuli.

These tests can be given by persons who have had little previous training in psychology, provided that certain precautions are taken to ensure proper control. But it is emphasized that if these tests are used indiscriminately, without regard to controlled conditions concerning practice, methods of scoring and instructions to the subjects, only fallacious results will be forthcoming.

If, however, these conditions are strictly adhered to, there is nothing, the report claims, to prevent the practical use of the tests for selecting for dangerous occupations persons with a specially low degree of accident proneness, although it is pointed out that if reliable results are to be obtained it is necessary to use a group of "aesthetokinetic" tests and not to depend on one only.

Valid for Skilled Workers

It is admitted that the results show that these tests are valid for prediction among skilled workers only, and that so far it has not been possible to show a relation between these or any other tests and the accident rate in unskilled occupations. This lack of success in the prediction of accident proneness among unskilled workers is regarded as showing the need of further research, but in the meantime, it is plainly stated, there is no scientific justification for applying these tests in any other occupations than the skilled ones.

It is now known that in the skilled occupations in which these tests are applicable, those who do well in them have not only a lower accident rate but also a higher rate of proficiency than those who do badly. In the unskilled trades, it is pointed out, no relation has been found between the tests and proficiency. Since the "aesthetokinetic" tests measure certain factors involved both in proficiency and in accident proneness, the view is expressed that maybe accident proneness in an occupation is inversely related to proficiency in that occupation. The direct evidence on this question is stated to be still rather contradictory.

It is regarded as clear, however, from the experimental data, that whatever is involved in the performance of the "aesthetokinetic" tests is also involved in accident proneness and industrial proficiency in the skilled occupations demanding manipulative ability. This, it is pointed out, means that if the tests were practically applied they would tend to select people having a low accident rate associated with a high rate of proficiency.

In conclusion, the report stresses the importance in the case of factories of keeping detailed and adequate accident records, and points out the value of utilizing properly the knowledge already available as a means of reducing the frequency of accidents.

Inquiries

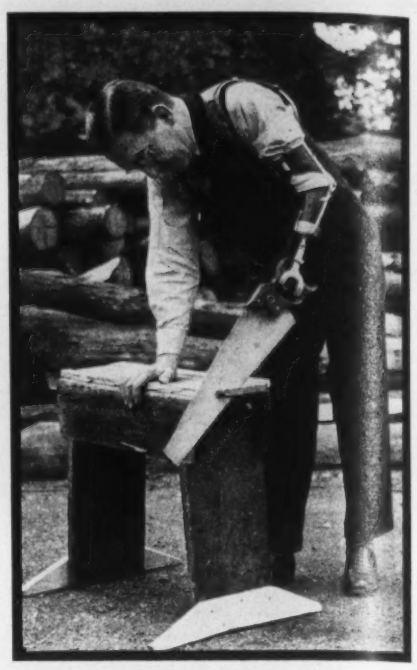
Editor, About Insurance:

Can you give me some information about "La Sauvegarde Compagnie d'Assurance sur la Vie," as to its financial strength, how long it has been in business, and if its policyholders are well protected?

—H. G. F., Montreal, Que.

La Sauvegarde Life Insurance Company, with head office at Montreal, was incorporated and commenced business in 1903 under Quebec charter. In 1911 it took out a Dominion charter, and since 1912 it has been operating under Dominion charter and registry. Its authorized capital is $2,000,000, of which $1,196,000 has been subscribed and $232,440 paid up.

At the end of 1941 its total admitted assets were $7,663,410, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to $7,325,697, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of $337,713. As the paid up capital amounted to $232,440, there was thus a net surplus of $105,273 over capital, policy reserves, special reserves, provision for profits to policyholders and all liabilities. Its total income in 1941 was $1,787,921, and its total disbursements, $1,167,386, showing an excess of income over disbursements of $620,535. Policyholders are amply protected and the company is safe to insure with.



Almost as good as the real thing: A. R. Maxwell, British Ministry of Pensions technical adviser, shows what can be accomplished with the latest-type artificial arm and hand.

Mr. Employer---

Employees' Income Tax is a Management Problem

Your employees need complete, easily understandable income tax information. They will be better workers if they get it. That makes it good business for you, their employer, to see that they do get it.

"TAX FRICTION",

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That British - U. S. Sensitivity

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The British and United States governments make every effort to avoid offending popular opinion in each other's country. Mr. Layton suggests that a little more outspoken discussion of each by the other would be constructive. Each would learn and benefit by it. In particular, Britain could learn from Mr. Roosevelt's move to arrest the progress of inflation.

SOMEONE started by saying that the British were terribly sensitive about American criticism, and someone else followed up by saying that one thing the Americans could not bear was criticism by the British, and the result is that thousands of prim ladies and gentlemen spend most of their time wagging reproving forefingers when the Britisher tries to say what he thinks about the American and when the American opens his lips on the subject of Britain. The American soldier is told officially that the British run their cars on the left-hand side of the road because they like it that way, and that it is nobody else's business. The Ministry of Information supports a considerable staff to conduct no propaganda in America. Its American Division is the back-pedal department.

But the discovery by the American soldier of why the British run their cars on the left-hand side of the road, and why their labor organizations are so much better than the American (which, of course, is something that should not be said), and why they are "reserved," is a discovery worth making, for in the process a lot will be learned about the strange folk of this island. And by finding out why the American rates his institutions above all others in the world, and why he rates success above all other virtues, the Britisher will find out a lot about the millions of people across the Atlantic.

Other benefits might also proceed from a removal of this stuffy cushion between the two peoples. If, for instance, it had been permissible for the British Press to indicate that in his recent speech President Roosevelt said things about inflation which would sit well on the lips of the British Prime Minister, and proposed action about it which would serve many needy purposes in this country admirably, perhaps the British Parliament would have been stirred a little out of its curious apathy on this vital aspect of the war. Roosevelt indicated that inflation was a great evil. Sir Kingsley Wood has been saying the same for many months. But Roosevelt asked for, and has since got, the prompt enactment of legislation to tackle the problem, legislation to stabilize wages, prices and the cost of living. America will get its protection against inflation whether it likes it or not.

Lesson for Britain

How necessary is this lesson to the British Government, which also has unlimited powers to control prices and wages and the cost of living, but which meanders through the accustomed meadows of negotiation, occasional subsidy and perpetual exhortation as though it never intends to reach the sea.

It is not to be assumed that there are difficulties in Britain greater than any which confront Roosevelt in America. Quite the reverse. British politics are filled with straw; they are a guy. There is a party truce. American politics are still very much the warring of opposing factions. This year the Congressional elections take place. The farmers and the workers in industry are going to get very lively.

Roosevelt has a vast argument in the facts that farm prices have jumped by 85 per cent and prices by 71 per cent since 1939, but America is traditionally the "go and get it" country, the country which abominates control, which would almost rather suffer a slump brought on by the exaggerated economic motions permitted in conditions of utter freedom than flourish in a "planned" boom. There will be powerful forces ranged against the President.

In Britain, taxation has been much more heavily increased than in the United States, profits have been taxed by an Excess Profits Tax of 100 per cent, rationing has reached a point even now not understood by the Americans, and as a result inflation has been partially checked. But the trick has not been done. The cost of living is still rising, and workers, who have had such grand successes in this field, are still pressing for higher wages. Now, it seems that the small increases granted to men in the forces may be made the subject of applications in other realms. Britain, no less than America, needs a "ceiling" policy for wages and prices.

Near Spending Peak

This is true even though it is an obvious fact that the scope for inflation in America is much greater than in Britain. Britain is near the peak of spending. Dr. Ernest Stern reckons per capita defence expenditure for the period April 1933 to June 1942 at £210 for the U.K. and £80 for the U.S., which is 25 per cent of national income in the former and 14 per cent in the latter.

It is, however, not the fact that the limit of the scope for further great advance in war expenditure is the measure of the limit of the scope for further inflationary development. Inflation is a matter concerning restricted available supplies and the pressure of purchasing power and incentive. So much buying power has been released and so much more continues to be released that a retrospective policy is needed. That is to say, a ceiling should be fixed to wages which may have to reduce them below the levels attained by recent bargaining.

If that policy were to hit savings, as it would, no tears need be shed. When a building is finally constructed the temporary supporting struts are removed. It would, of course, require very strong government to do this, but the British Government has not only the power on paper. It has it in fact, if only it will use it.

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